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L. Edwards

In this Issue:

Norman Reilly Raine  
Alan Sullivan, Allan Swinton

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## Choose Your Age—

*Don't accept the verdict of the years*

This simple rule in daily care is preserving youthful charm for thousands . . . follow it for one week, note the difference that comes

THERE are proved ways and unproved ways in skin care. The wise woman chooses the proved way.

The rule printed in the text at the right is probably responsible for more naturally clear and youthful skins than any other method known.

It is one any one can follow without expense or bother. Its results are proved on every side.

**B**E sorry if you must, but never for an instant look it," is the modern woman's doctrine.

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## The Elephants' Graveyard

The way that led to the Valhalla of the Jungle giant was beset with mystery

By ALLAN SWINTON

Illustrated by CHARLES L. WREN

MURRAY stopped short as Segun n'Gaba, the naked Kikuyu tracker ahead, raised his hand in warning. Then, as the wizened negro beckoned silently, he crept to join him, followed by Unfalosa with the second rifle.

Segun n'Gaba, with his lips at Murray's ear, whispered eagerly. "Lord, they are very close!" He pointed to where the ragged tangle of *Wacht-en-deetjie* thorn thickened to fairly open bush sprinkled with yellow mimosa and occasional clumps of trees.

The tanned white man in the battered sun helmet and bush-stained khaki nodded and opened his heavy .450 double rifle, shutting it with a soft little click after a glance at the breech. Then he stepped past the tracker, who took his place behind Unfalosa, looking very black and scrubby beside the towering, coffee-colored bulk of the old Zulu.

The three crept on through the thorny brush and soon entered the shade of the trees. In a hundred yards or so, in response to a hiss from Segun n'Gaba they stopped again.

Following the native's pointed arm Murray discerned something large and black, motionless in the dense shadows of a clump of ironwoods, and, in a little, came into full view of the tracker's promised herd.

Fifteen or twenty elephants stood in the shadows slowly flapping their ears as they dozed in the heat.

Murray raised the binoculars which hung by their thong from his neck and examined the herd carefully, seeking the largest pair of tusks. As he picked out a huge old bull, his eyebrows lifted in satisfaction. His shot was obscured by the bulk of a cow, so he began to edge quietly to the left till he could clear her.

Suddenly, to his great surprise, the whole herd started to attention, standing motionless with ears cocked and huge heads raised, all gazing in one direction.

For an instant, he thought he had misjudged the wind, or that Unfalosa, who was a notoriously bad bushman, had made some sound. But, the elephants were not facing them. They gazed into the bush on the far side of the clearing. Whatever had alarmed them must be there. Recovering from his sur-

prise, he slipped up the safety catch for his shot when the silent beasts terrifically came to life. Crashing and plunging, they wheeled wildly and bunched, packing close round the tusker and spoiling the shot. Then they

stood immobile, heads high, still tensely facing in the same direction. Irritated and mystified, Murray lowered his rifle. For the first time, he was conscious of a steady crackling off in the scrub, which, as he listened, grew swiftly, till, from the dense jungle where the herd watched, there burst an enormous old bull elephant.

He made no attempt to join the others, but rushed straight for the three men. With head high and trunk tight curled between two sweeping tusks he came, going like a locomotive, and in a dead straight line.

Before Murray, old elephant hunter that he was, could recover from his surprise, the beast was almost upon him. It seemed as if the old tusker were charging him.

But Murray had been charged before; the position is ideal for the head shot.

He whipped up his rifle but, just as he was about to fire, there came a yell from Segun n'Gaba. "Lord, do not shoot!" The distraction spoiled his aim. He saw a big white splinter fly from one of those magnificent tusks and before he could fire the second barrel the bull was upon him. It flashed through his mind that, at last, the many tuskers he had killed would be avenged.

But, to his utter amazement, the beast ignored him passing within three feet and charging on, madly, into the bush, still keeping to the dead straight line.

He stood, astounded, fingering his rifle and listening to the cracking and crashing that waned swiftly in the jungle depths.

At the shot, the herd had plunged to panic-stricken flight. Murray turned angrily upon the tracker, who cringed, whining in the cloying, bushmen's dialect.

"Lord, the bull was already dead. The *F'Slays* rode him. All your bullets could not bring him down till he had reached his journey's end!"

Murray stopped short in his tirade. *The F'Slays?* In his thirty years of hunting he had heard, often, whispered tales of the elephants' graveyard.

To Murray's amazement, the beast ignored him, passing within three feet and charging on, madly, into the bush.





No man, the natives say, has ever found a wild elephant which has died a natural death. In explanation, they tell how when one dies its body is occupied by the F'Shaye, the familiar spirits of Gombi, the elephant god, who guide it to the elephants' graveyard, deep somewhere in the jungle. There it lies, with the bodies of all the elephants that ever died. On its last journey the beast is invulnerable, travelling irresistibly and inevitably in a straight line to its appointed place.

The legend of the F'Shaye and the elephants' graveyard persists among all the natives of the Great Bush. But this was the first time Murray had seen anything which looked even remotely like evidence of its truth. He pondered a moment, fingering his moustache, then shrugged his shoulders. Ridiculous, of course. Curious coincidence though.

To Segun n'Gaba he said bitingly: "Tell me no women's tales to conceal thy fear! Thou wert afraid! A Kikuyu is ever chicken hearted!"

Unfalosa, who, Zulu-like, despised all bushmen, grunted, glaring down disdainfully at the monkey-like tracker, whose eyes had dropped before the white man's wrath.

Murray led back over their own tracks. He was annoyed. This was the last day of his trip—a most unsuccessful one. Ivory was becoming increasingly scarce. He had killed hardly enough to pay expenses. If he couldn't find a new bush he'd better quit the business. Damn that nigger! But for him he would have dropped the tusker. He carried two hundred pounds if he carried an ounce! And it was too late in the day to follow the herd.

Irritably he led to where his safari lay, the porters sprawled in the savage sun beside their loads. He could not go on. They were deserting, daily, as they got farther and farther away from their own country. Giving the order to camp, he took a shot gun to try for a guinea hen. Unfalosa followed with his rifle.

SIX weeks later, his safari disbanded, Murray repaired to the godown of Ibn Daoud Asef to dispose of his tusks.

As he had done ever since Murray could remember, the old ruffian sat cross-legged in the mud-floored verandah beside the godown door. A thick-lipped Soudanese waved a fan above him. He never seemed to change; and

the volume of trade which passed through his godown grew ever greater at the club, men said he was the richest man in Mombasa—or Zanzibar, either, for that matter. The crafty eyes over his great hooked nose glittered as he saw Murray.

"Peace be unto you, Ibn Daoud Asef!"

"Peace be unto you also! A short trip this time old hunter! Couldst thou not find porters enough to carry thy tusks, or didst thou weary of the killing?"

Murray smiled sourly, watching with envious eyes the boys unloading ivory from a string of native carts.

"No," he said shortly. "Ivory was scarce. A bad trip."

Ibn Daoud Asef spread his hands in deprecation.

"The hunter's fortunes are with Allah! He makes the beasts to come and go. My hunters found much ivory," and he nodded in his beard, glancing craftily at Murray.

In truth, the tusks which the big Masai boys bore in were good. They seemed all to be those of mature bulls; there was not a small one among them. Murray was irritably puzzled to know where they could have been obtained. He did not believe them the product of any of Ibn Daoud's own safaris. They must have been bought pair by pair from hunters, choosing only their best.

At this moment, his own boys arrived, bearing his tusks. Eight meagre pairs; barely six hundred pounds in all; the result of months of tireless hunting! Somehow, this morning, he was disgusted with the whole business. He was getting old. He would not go back—find some other means of livelihood.

While the half-caste clerk weighed his ivory, he watched sulkily the great specimens which still came from the string of carts in the dusty road. Suddenly, he stiffened to surprised attention. From the cart at the end, came a huge black porter with a magnificent tusk on his shoulder.

As his eyes ran admiringly along its length, half way down they found a large, white scar, the shape of which seemed startlingly familiar. Like a flash, he saw a huge bull charging down upon him. He felt his rifle in his hands, fired, and saw a splinter fly as Segun n'Gaba spoiled his shot!

Incredulously, he stopped the boy and carefully examined the scar. It was white and new, and the smooth round imprint of the glancing bullet unmistakable. He remembered the scar's shape distinctly. In moments of

extreme stress, details are impressed indelibly upon the mind.

Ibn Daoud Asef's cracked voice broke in upon his hurrying thoughts. "A poor shot, eh?"

"Where did you get that tusk?" asked Murray slowly.

The old trader's eyes narrowed. "All these tusks, my son, came down from Machado's safari, west of Ujiji."

The other was thinking, quickly. It was eight hundred miles of densest jungle, six months' journey even for an elephant, from Ujiji to the Tangra bush where, if he was not mistaken, he had seen that tusk six weeks ago. He looked at Ibn Daoud Asef sharply. The old ruffian was watching him with lively interest, so he turned and crossed to the scales, inspecting the weight of his own poor bag of ivory. But once past the eagle eye of the old Arab, he stepped quickly into the dim and odorous interior of the corrugated-iron godown.

All along one side, against the wall, stood the ivory which was being unloaded. He counted one hundred and fifteen tusks, and more to come. Each one of the largest size. In ten lifetimes, a man could not kill so many perfect specimens. He bit his lip perplexedly, and stood, waiting, till the scarred tusk should be brought in. In a few moments, he recognized the porter.

"Where is the tooth with the mark on it?" he asked.

The huge negro grinned: "Master, I put it behind the Arab's bedding, as he told me."

Murray nodded and waved him on.

A great excitement possessed him. Ibn Daoud Asef had lied about the scarred tusk. Then he had hidden it. Where had he got all this ivory? And why were the tusks so big and old? Where would a man go to find a hundred and fifty old bull elephants with perfect tusks? His mind raced dizzily. He must go out and think.

He hurried out to where the old Arab sat. Ibn Daoud Asef never walked, being carried in a litter wherever he went.

"I have checked the weight; it is little enough. You will get no more ivory from me. I shall hunt no more!"

"So! All men grow old. As thou knowest, I have not walked these many years."

Ignoring the inference, Murray raised his hand in salute.

"Send the money to the club, then. Peace be unto you, Ibn Daoud Asef!"

"Peace be unto you!" came the cracked, old voice.

BACK at the club, Murray sent a boy for Unfalosa, who lived in the bazaar. They walked down the Bund, past the old slave-barracks to the white beach, where the long blue combers roll in from the Indian Ocean.

"Unfalosa," said Murray. "What ailed the big bull I missed the last day we hunted? Why did he charge so fast and straight, and why did he pass us by?"

Unfalosa, towering, shook his grim head, with the gum ring fast in its grizzled hair.

"Lord, how can I tell? Perhaps there is truth in this story of these lice of bushmen, and he was possessed by devils."

"You think he went to die, then?"

"Lord, no man knows. The bushmen say—but thou knowest what they say."

"I saw his tusk with the bullet mark in the godown of Ibn Daoud Asef to-day."

Unfalosa's eyes widened, and, thereafter, he listened, gravely, while Murray talked for an hour with eagerness.

A WEEK later they met again beside the shimmering sea.

"At first, I could learn nothing," Unfalosa told. "But, then I found a warrior, Kalebe, who was with the caravan which brought in the tusks. It was he who carried the marked one which thou sawest. He says that, twice a year, Abdul Ben Asef, son of the old thief, here, comes to their kraals from the westward across the desert with a great safari of strange warriors and much ivory. The chief of his tribe gives porters to bring the tusks to the head of the cartroad, where the men of Ibn Daoud Asef meet them. When the tusks are stored, the Arab departs across the desert, alone."

Murray nodded, biting his lips. "Unfalosa, it is in my mind that, perhaps, we shall make no more trips which are barren of ivory. Tell this man that I will pay him well to guide me to his kraals!"

Unfalosa departed at a long lope for the bazaar.

Two months later, a little safari wound down a trail on a river's brink, some hundred miles north of where Murray had abandoned his last trip. In the lead, plodded the Masai warrior whom Unfalosa had found in the Mombasa bazaar, then came Murray with Neale, an old partner of his whose co-operation he had enlisted for the trip, followed by the big Zulu and twenty porters with loads of equipment and stores.

As they rounded a bend, the Masai, halted, pointing. "Lord, behold the kraals of my people!"

In the alluvial flat in the bend, were groups of huts each group surrounded by a mud and wattle wall.

Murray called a halt and set Unfalosa ahead. At the end of fifteen minutes, he returned, lunging down the river path.

"Lord," he said, "Dingals, the chief, bids you welcome."

"Did he ask no questions?"

"No, Lord. I said we hunted elephant, and would pass on to the north when we were rested."

"There were no signs of Abdul ben Asef?"

"None, master."

Murray halted the carriers on the outskirts of the kraal and went on with Neale, the Zulu and the Masai guide.

Before the big hut, in the centre of the kraal, sat the chief. Enormously fat, he wore an old silk hat and a skirt of oxtail tufts, and sat in state on a three-legged stool surrounded by a crowd of wives and retainers.

"O King, we go to hunt elephant to the northward. We would rest awhile in thy shadow ere we go on."

The chief nodded.

"That is good. Rest ye. But, there is no ivory in this country. You will need no porters to take out the teeth when you return."

"O King, that we know; but the tuskers have left the bush between here and the great water, and we search ever northward to find new hunting grounds."

At this, an old councillor behind the king whispered to him, hurriedly and the fat man nodded.

"To the north ye say? It is best. To the west there is nothing, that we know, but to the north, where the bush is thick, who can tell? Rest in peace. The audience is over. To-night the girls shall dance!"

The tents were pitched in the shade of the trees by the river's brink. As they emerged after, changing their bush-soiled khaki, a long string of women filed into camp, bearing mealies and chickens, milk, fish and honey, gifts from their king.

That night, there was a great dance in Dingala's kraal and long after Murray and his partner had retired the night resounded with savage revelry.

They rested three days, during which Unfalosa managed to see much of the kraals, but there was no sign of Abdul ben Asef. The chief betrayed no knowledge of the wealth of ivory which they knew he handled twice each year, and Murray became more than ever convinced of the soundness of his deductions.

The night before they left, Unfalosa slipped into camp very late.

"Master, all is arranged," he said. "We shall blaze our trail, and, when the Arab comes, Kalebe will bring us word."

They travelled for three more days, blazing their trail and then camped in a sort of pot-hole among rolling hillocks by the river. Here, in addition to admirable concealment, there was wood, water and plenty of game, so they set the boys to making camp comfortable, and

settled down to wait. Nor, contrary to their expectations, did they wait long.

On the fourth day, Neale and Murray strolled out in search of meat. Following a game-trail, that led back from the water-hole, Neale, who was behind, pointed suddenly to where a cloud of vultures wheeled above some object behind the skyline.

"Looks like a lion kill, Phil," Murray nodded. "Better get him. Don't want to have to build a boma, do we? Make sure."

Scouting up the rise, they peered over, cautiously. A mass of the loathesome scavenger birds flapped and

negro who lay on his face—a ghastly sight. Unfalosa turned him over with his foot, and, as the face rolled into view, they spoke together: "Kalebe!"

The big Masai had been stabbed; three—four times, and left for dead. But he had managed to crawl a little up the hill before he died.

"Well, this settles it."

Neale nodded. "Pretty obvious. Unfalosa, go for the boys to bury this poor devil. We'll wait."

When the Zulu left, they eyed each other, turning their backs on the gruesome remains.

"Well?"

"I—dunno" Phil.

Obviously, they followed Kalebe. If they've smelt the rat

enough to go this far, there's no sense in going back to Dingala. If it wasn't for the box I might think this his work—that old score with Kalebe, you know. But the box proves an Arab did it; dropped it in the scuffle. Wonder if he found camp, or whether he just killed this chap on principle.

You know these Arabs. They take no chances."

"Seems to me this proves old Ibn Daoud Asef suspected I was wondering some about that extraordinary collection of tusks, and if he mentioned the fact to his son, and then Dingala told him how this fellow Kalebe came back with us, it wouldn't take much imagination to assume that we came for a reason. It's likely whoever knifed Kalebe is watching us now. What'll we do?"

"I don't think it's much use trying to follow him. We'd be spotted. And if the country to the west is as sandy as Kalebe always maintained, we couldn't track him after the trail was a day or so old."

The boys came to bury the dead Masai, and the two continued their hunt for meat, soon dropping a *horlebeeste*.

As they erected a sapling, for a signal to the boys who would

come to butcher the carcass, Neale said:

"Tell you what we'll do: I'm betting that we're spotted here and shall be watched as long as we stay. Right! Let's cross the river and trek north a bit, enough to try and convince them we're really going that way. We'll cover our tracks as well as we can and then turn and go due west as fast as possible. If we push, we can go a lot faster than any Arab party would. As soon as we get to this open country, we'll be able to see whether we're still followed. After that we'll have to run south again and trust to luck to pick up some trace of them. 'Tisn't much of a scheme, but it's about the best we can do."

They marched by night, and when their manoeuvre was executed, made camp in a sheltered hollow below the highest crest they could see. Murray, Neale and the Zulu took turns from dawn till dusk to watch.

A WEEK they lay there, and were beginning to feel dubious, when, just at sunset, away to the east, there rose two spires of smoke.

Unfalosa came tearing in giant strides, amazingly sure-footed, down the steep slope.

"Master, they come! Their smokes rise!"

They scrambled to the look-out.

"Strange," said Neale as they regarded the two columns of black vapor. "Not much appearance of concealment about that. Wonder if it is the right outfit? We'll wait. Let 'em go. Then we'll cross their trail and pick 'em up."

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"Where did you get that tusk," Murray asked the old trader, slowly.

scuffled around some object on a bare, brown slope. For a long distance, there was no cover which could conceal a lion.

"Hm, something just died!" For they had passed there on the previous day, and if a lion had killed so recently, he would not yet have abandoned his meat to the vultures.

They turned to resume their search for *springbok*, but, in the little valley, Murray stopped with an exclamation of surprise, picking something from the ground and extending it in his palm.

It was one of those little, silver boxes in which an Arab keeps his chewing material—betel nut on one side and lime on the other.

"What ho!" said Neale. Then, hunter-wise, his eyes sought the dusty ground. He pointed to a wide trail leading up to the mob of vultures. It was as if a sack of grain had been dragged uphill, and, all along the trail it made, ran an inch-wide column of red ants. Both knew at once. The ants fed on blood.

Neale quickly led up the hill to where the huge birds scuffled, and broke in among them, kicking them right and left. So intent were they, that not till he knocked them from their food did they notice him. Then they flopped away clumsily, to sit in a circle—waiting.

They had been feeding on the body of a man; a huge



The Arab pulled his stallion to a halt before them in a whirl of dust and flowing burnous.



# The Flying Bluenose

And once Angus Walters raced the Bluenose when the boon of life itself was the only prize at stake

By J. H. McCULLOCH

Halifax vessel can beat Angus, Cap'n?" the helmsman queried. "She's built for ungodly windward work, they say."

The grizzled skipper took another look at the flying nonpareil, and shook his head.

"I've seen 'em all," he replied emphatically, "and as long as Angus is skipper of the *Bluenose*, they'll never beat him in a fair race. That schooner's a witch, I tell you. Look at her liftin' into dem seas, will you? No, sir! She's got 'em all beat, on every point of sailing. On the wind and off the wind, broad reach and close, she'll leave them like smoke, with Angus at the wheel."

Meanwhile, the pride of the North Atlantic sailing fleet was beating rapidly toward the dangerous fishing grounds off Sable Island. On the third night out, she sighted the east light, and, satisfied with her position, let go her anchor. At four o'clock on the following morning, the dorymen set out with their mile-long trawls, and the fishing began. There are eight dories to each Nova Scotia banker, and each dory handles more than a mile of trawl. The eight lines radiate from the schooner on eight different points of the compass, so that nearly ten miles of trawl lines, marked by buoys, surround the ship. Along these far-flung trawl lines, from daylight till dark, in fog, sleet, and bitter wind, through seas that would alarm and sicken a landman, the hard-bitten dorymen work back and forth. It is a hard life, but it breeds men.

For two days, all went well for the *Bluenose*. She had taken in two hundred quintals of fish, and the prospects for a record catch looked good. On the 'frozen bait' trip, a month earlier, the *Bluenose*, as usual, had taken her place among the high-liners of the Nova Scotia fleet, with a catch of 800 quintals. Under the circumstances, Captain Walters had visions of beating the fishing record of the *Sylvia Mosher*, high-liner of the fleet for the three preceding years.

But old Father Neptune proceeded to upset the calculations. On the third fishing morning, a sou'wester came up, driving sleet before it. Shortly after noon, the half-frozen dorymen struggled back to the straining schooner, and got their fish aboard. The skipper decreed that fishing was over for the day, for the sea was growing ugly, and the sleet hid the schooner, which is a bad condition for dorymen. During the afternoon, the wind steadily increased, and by five o'clock, a gale was blowing. The rigging was whistling, and great blunt seas, shadowed

by the snow and sleet that swept them, were charging down upon the schooner. With two hundred and seventy-five fathoms of cable out, and with her riding sail hoisted, she was meeting the seas like a sleeping gull. By six o'clock, the gale was howling through the darkness, driving a heavy smother of snow before it. The *Bluenose*, under the increasingly savage assaults of the created combers that now came snarling out of the darkness at her bows, strained at her cable. Captain Walters ordered the crew to put two double reefs in the foresail and reef the jumbo, in case of trouble during the night.

The foresail was barely reefed, when a mountainous sea struck the schooner a staggering blow on the nose. As soon as her waist was free of the green water that tumbled aboard, the skipper made his way forward. The cable had parted. The *Bluenose* was adrift on a lee shore.

## Off the Graveyard

AT THE moment her cable parted, she was fourteen miles off the nor-west light of Sable Island, the light bearing from her N.E. by E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. To those who go down to the sea in ships, nothing more need be said by way of depicting the grave predicament of the schooner. To landmen, let it be said that Sable Island is known to blue-water sailormen as 'The Graveyard of The Atlantic.' There is no more sinister place in all the seven seas. It lurks, like some hungry monster of the deep, 170 miles out from the coast of Nova Scotia, close to the lanes of North Atlantic shipping. It is a crescent-shaped sand bar, about ten miles long and two miles wide, on which nothing grows except cranberry bushes and a sparse fibrous grass. On this tough provender, supplemented by sea-weed, a band of wild ponies, the mongrelized remnant of a load of Norman ponies that swam to the island from a shipwrecked French brigantine in the last century, eke out a precarious existence.

The only human beings on the island are the handful of Canadian Government employees who maintain the life-saving stations. Its appetite for ships is insatiable. The Marine Department of The Canadian Government have prepared a map of the notorious place, showing, by diagram, the known wrecks which have occurred on the bars during the past hundred years. I got one of these rare maps from Captain Martin, of Halifax, and it shows no less than 183 wrecks of steamers, ships, barques, brigs, brigantines, and schooners. That hundreds of ships lie in unmarked graves on Sable, goes without saying.

How many of those tall clippers and Yankee privateers, that disappeared in the North Atlantic, long ago, lie buried in the live sands of Sable? A good many of them, I dare say for ancient gear, and ancient coins, are frequently cast up by Sable's uneasy sands. There is scarcely a yard of the island that has not felt the ribs of ships, and it is as greedy for them as ever. Its peculiar menace lies in the fact that its submerged bars reach

out, like the tentacles of an octopus, far into the sea. The east bar, for instance, extends for nearly twenty miles out from the East lighthouse. The government map shows a cluster of eight wrecks of big craft, including the steamer *Amsterdam*, at the extremity of this submerged tail of the island. The west bar, which runs out from the west light-house for about fifteen miles, is thickly strewn on both sides with wrecks, right out to its extremity. It will be seen, therefore, that the lighthouses are practically useless on a dirty night, especially if there is fog or snow. On such nights, the brave lights cannot be seen away out on the far-flung bars. And, as if conspiring with this sinister trap of the sea, the heavy tides swing in towards it.

So much for 'The Graveyard of The Atlantic,' off the nor-west bar of which the *Bluenose* found herself suddenly adrift. She parted about half way from the anchor up to the hawser pipe. Not knowing, at the time, how much cable was out, the skipper ordered his crew to heave the cable back aboard, instead of cutting it off by the wind-lans. If anyone doubts the coolness and high courage of a *Bluenose* skipper, let him ponder over this act of frugality. You are to remember that the schooner was drifting in a frightful sea, in a blizzard, in the dark. You are to remember, too, that the gale was from the sou'west, and that a heavy tide was hurtling in towards the nor-west bar. These conditions, according to any sailorman who knows the North Atlantic and Sable Island, sealed the doom of the *Bluenose*. No ship, in such a position, had ever got clear of that awful tentacle of Sable.

Captain Walters lost valuable time in heaving cable back aboard and all this time his schooner drifted closer to the nor-west bar. The venomous and quickened assaults of the sea warned him that the schooner was approaching shoal water, and, with that warning, he took quick command of the situation. Bellowing to his crew, he raced aft to the wheel, took a look in at the compass, and turned to the helmsman.

"Guess I'll take the wheel for this trick," he said grimly. "Better lash me to the wheel. We're liable to get some water aboard before we get out of this hell-hole."

So, the man who had steered his peerless schooner to victory after victory in races against the fastest schooners of Nova Scotia and New England, took her wheel in the greatest race of her career. While the helmsman lashed him to the wheel, the double reefed foresail and reefed jumbo were set, and the skipper, bunched and fighting, stood his schooner to westward. He calculated that the wind would last long enough in that quarter to bring him up clear of the nor-west bar. There was just about room to make it. Instead, after going about ten miles, the wind started checking to westward, which made him wear ship and go on the other tack. This took time, for the gale was so savage that the double reef foresail and reef riding sail had to be lowered, and, until they were got back up again, the fighting schooner kept drifting in toward the sounding bar.

The grim, fighting figure at the wheel saw now that he was on the brink of complete disaster. The seas were piling in over the schooner, raging as only shoal water can rage. The water was no longer black; it was yellow, and the deck was strewn with sand, the yellow sand of Sable. As soon as the sails were set on the other tack, the log was hauled. It was full of sand! The sea was breaking from the bottom. On heaving the lead, it was found that the schooner had only eleven fathoms. Off the Sable

Island bars, a few feet may take a laboring, wind-driven ship from ten fathoms to a fathom, for the water shoals abruptly. The *Bluenose* was as near disaster as any ship could possibly be, for to touch the bar near by, meant quick and utter destruction under the murderous assaults of the crackling combers.

Still there was a fighting chance if the sails held. The skipper put a look-out up on the main gall; the rest of the crew went below, for the seas were crashing across the deck. The lives of all aboard depended, now, on two things, and two only, and every soul on board, from the hard-bitten mate to the lads who 'throtled' and 'headed' the fish, knew what these things were. These two things were the fighting skill of the man lashed to the wheel, and the ability of their far-famed ship to sail close to the wind.

Meanwhile, blinded by snow, the man at the wheel fought the North Atlantic and Sable Island, silently. At times, he was completely under water as the gallant schooner threw off the charging seas. The spars were groaning, but he held her to it with knowing hands. Crash! A frightful greyback hissed down on the schooner, but she took the assault on her bows. For the best part of a minute, the man at the wheel was under water, fighting like a bulldog. When the icy water rolled away from him, he glanced back grimly at the screaming sails. God! was there ever such a ship? Under those masterly, tenacious hands, the *Bluenose* was sailing almost into the eye of the wind, beating off a lee shore like a fighting thoroughbred. She was taking bitter punishment, but, fortunately, she was able to take it across her bows. Any other sailing ship on the North Atlantic would have had to take some broadside punishment and no wooden ship could have taken that kind of punishment that night off Sable. Even so, the *Bluenose* was not to come out of her



Captain Angus Walters and his helmsman (in oilskins.)

ordeal unscathed. A mountain of water came hissing down at her, and struck her such a staggering blow that the crew, knowing instinctively that something serious had happened, tumbled up from below. The damage was plainly visible. The mauler had carried away thirteen stanchions, the rail, and everything on the deck. Some of the great oak stanchions were broken off like matches several inches below the deck, and the sea was pouring into the ship.

"Canvas her!" yelled the skipper, when the damage was reported to him.

So, in the noise and water and darkness, skilled hands canvased the laboring schooner from the bow back to the middle of the fore-rigging on the starboard side.

Although grievously hurt, she was fighting to windward as gallantly as ever. Hour after hour, she ate into the gale, and at last, at midnight, the wind hauled. The *Bluenose* was safe. She had won the greatest race of her career, and with Angus Walters at her wheel. All through that storm-ridden night, she ploughed away from Sable, and day-break disclosed the terrific fight she had put up. Her deck was yellow with sand, and she was a gaping wreck for'ard. No wooden ship ever took more punishment across her bows, and lived to reach port.

The schooner was still plunging through an ugly sea when the cook came up from below and handed the dripping skipper a pint of scalding coffee.

"She made it, Cap'n," commented the regular helmsman.

Captain Walters squinted up at the taut sails.

"Yeah," he replied. "It's a good thing we lost our jumbo and foresail on the frozen bait trip, eh? The gale that night wasn't so bad. Them old sails would have blown away quick last night, eh?"

The helmsman nodded.

The skipper looked in on the compass, and turned to the helmsman. "Work her back," he ordered curtly. "We've got to find that gear."

So Captain Angus Walters went below for a bite and forty winks, and his gaping schooner worked back to the fishing grounds off Sable Island. The next morning, in a heavy sea, she picked up her abandoned trawls, and this accom-

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The 1923 race. The *Bluenose* is running away from the *Haligonian*.



A sight to gladden a sailorman's heart. The *Bluenose* under full sail.

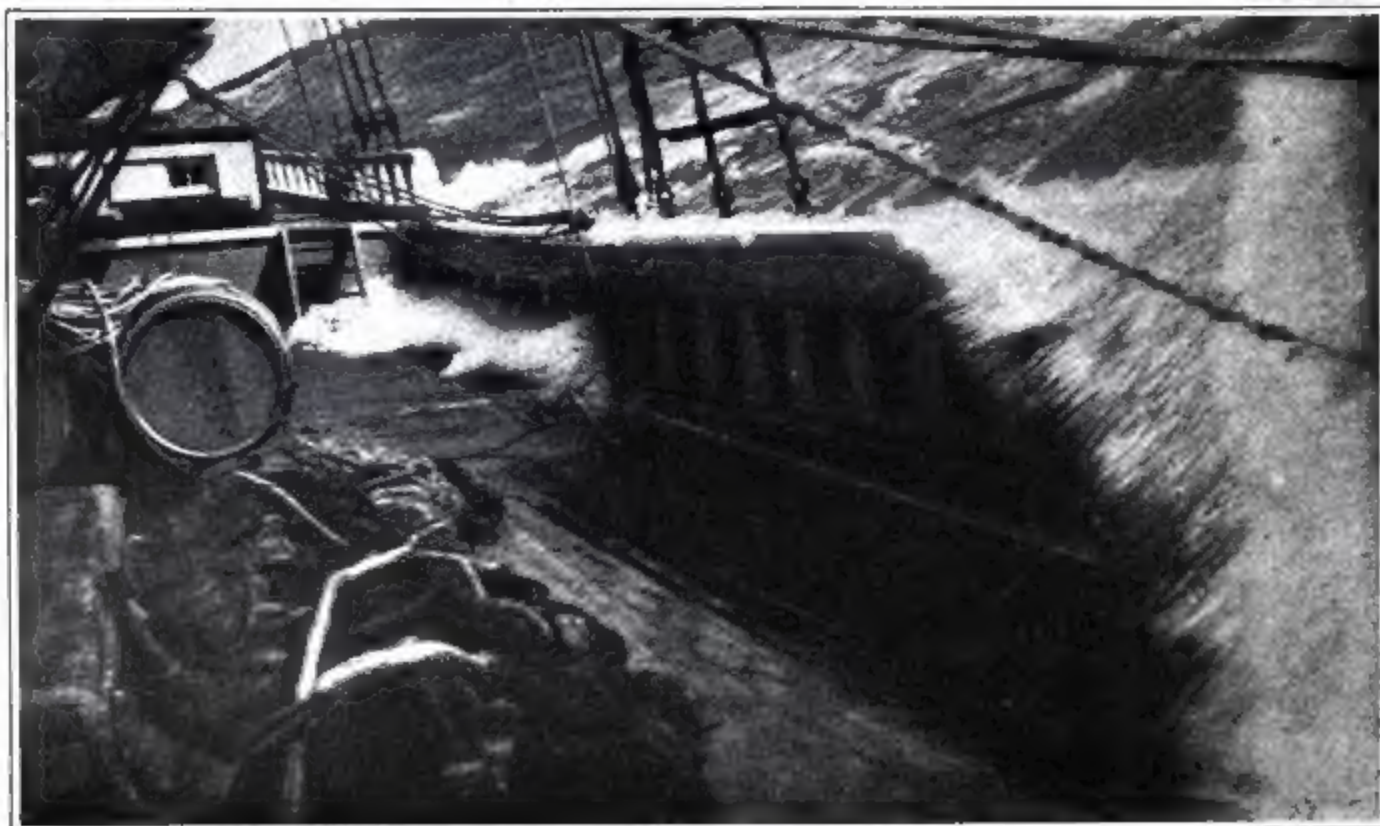
OUT from the quaint old town of Lunenburg, on the storm-beaten coast of Nova Scotia, sailed the greatest fleet of deep-sea fishing craft to be found on the seven seas. Ninety-two trim sailing schooners, carrying more than sixteen hundred dory trawlers, beat away to the tall waters in the teeth of a stiff nor'easter. Among the leaders was the *Bluenose*, whose name, with that of her skipper, Angus Walters, is known from Newfoundland to Rio. As if conscious of her peerless sailing qualities, the beautiful schooner, with all her canvas out, drew away from the rest of the fleet.

"Look at her footin' it," exclaimed the skipper of a schooner that was falling astern of the champion. "Every time she spits she shoots a mile."

The helmsman of the slower vessel glanced back at the *Bluenose*. "She's eatin' dis wind, sure, Cap'n," he admitted. "Guess Angus is out to pile up a new fishin' record this year, eh?"

"Or getting her trim for the race with the *Haligonian*," suggested the Captain, as he watched the *Bluenose* shearing the seas.

"D'you t'ink dat



A schooner boarded by greybeards.



# People Must Eat

You can't stifle the creative instinct, even in the grocery business

By VICTOR LAURISTON

Illustrated by ORISON MACPHERSON



"I like that clerk in Grant's grocery," Mrs. Nathaniel Egremont confided to Miss Sally Harrington. "He can answer anything you ask him."

MR. FLOOK, ascending the steps of 118 Englewood Avenue, heard Mrs. Jones' shrill words; yet in his placid pinkness and his grave grayness there was, even now, no hint of lava-producing qualities.

For twenty years, he had traversed this same careful, quiet, conscientious way; and not even an astrologer, familiar with the eternal and immutable stars, could have read any variation or shadow of turning in Mr. Flook's course, till the inevitable day when six humble friends carried him, feet foremost, down these same steps.

Mr. Flook might have earthquake a path through the kiddie kar, the two empty ash boxes and the detrunated doll buggy cluttering the porch. Instead, he pushed them gently aside.

He opened the door upon earthquake and eruption; but it was quite the customary earthquake and eruption of five young Flooks, flocking to be fed. Mr. Flook's seismograph never even registered.

Baby Freddie, bawling from his high chair, dominated the suppertime riot. Four-year-old Buster, perched on the table, with cautious glances at his mother, purloined a ginger-snap.

"Buster, put that back!" Buster placidly tucked the ginger-snap away. Tired Mrs. Flook's attention was distracted by Margaret.

"Mom! Just look at Jack! How elegant!" Margaret, at sixteen, had clear-cut ideas of elegance. She dressed her hair like Mae Murray, and wore clothes of her own designing, reminiscent in cut, if not in quality, of Gloria Swanson.

Jack, defying his sister's reproof, ostentatiously picked his teeth with a fork.

Mrs. Flook made no comment on her husband's entrance. Her attention was diverted elsewhere.

"Doll-rus! Leave that corn-syrup alone. You're getting your dress all sticky. Doll-rus! Do you want me to skin you alive?"

Dolores was seven, and hungry. Mr. Flook washed his hands at the kitchen tap,

sprinkled a few drops of cold water on his face, slapped the result sketchily with a dish-towel from the clothes line hung above the range; then slumped into the vacant chair and let the clamor go on.

Far from indulging in volcanic eruption, a volcanic eruption would hardly have attracted his attention.

His thoughts were engrossed with more serious matters; most, with the perplexing and perpetual problem of making both ends meet.

Mr. Flook had the common human capacity of thinking all over a subject, and around it, and under it, and above it, and on both sides of it, and clear through it; and then doing nothing about it. So, his perplexing and perpetual problem had been thoroughly canvassed. Which done, the problem remained, perplexing and perpetual.

Until this selfsame afternoon. Then, for the first time in years, light glimmered on Mr. Flook's horizon. Not eruptively, like the untimely outburst of a Popocatepetl, but quietly, like the slow, inevitable resurgence of dawn.

Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant, between spells of conferring with Mr. George A. Wintermute, of Toronto, had spoken to Mr. Flook with unwonted friendliness:

"Ah, Fen, I'm not as young as I used to be. In no great time, I'll be the silent partner here, if I remain partner at all."

Mr. Grant uttered the cryptic words with dignified finality. But instantly there flashed back to Mr. Flook's mind their talk, twenty years before, when, as a young man, he had come to Grant's.

Spencer Flook had plotted his own future, not haphazardly, but with shrewd care; after patterns laid down by H. Payson Pepsy in his famous works, 'Annals of Achievement' and 'Sixteen Secrets of Success.'

Next to death and taxes, the grocery business was the surest thing in the world. People must eat. People might wear rags, go barefoot, work with their bare hands, be the healthier without drugs and the prettier without cosmetics—but every day and three times a day they must have food.

Kensington was a growing community. Grant's Grocery was the finest, best-located store in Kensington. Young Spencer Flook loved the grocery business. He keenly admired Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant.

He had indeed wavered just an instant when his predecessor, fired by Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant after a dignified altercation, had whispered a disquieting suggestion:

"Oh, you can work for Grant if you like; but don't take his promises too seriously or his say-so about the grocery business as gospel."

But, looking into the mild, benevolent eyes of Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant that now distant day, young Spencer Flook had realized his predecessor's animus. And Grant's tragic words had clinched things.

"Young man, I am growing old, and have no one in the world to whom I can hand down the business. Some of these days some boy I train will step into my shoes."

The possibility of partnership had loomed big when Mr. Spencer Flook had married, eighteen years, ago. He had set himself sedulously to earn it. He had been diligent and honest. He had learned all there was to know about groceries. He had made himself a good salesman. Above all things, he had been loyal to Grant's Grocery, and to Grant himself.

He had turned down a chance to go on the road for a big firm. Grace had agreed with him, then. She had wept bitter tears, though, when he passed up the chance to buy the corner store at Englewood and Eighteenth, whose turnover, now, was almost as big as Grant's.

Always, at the crucial moment, some vague hint had reminded him that Grant had not forgotten that promised

partnership. So, he had stuck loyally to the one line, the one community, the one store.

And now . . . Grant's words were unmistakable.

Into Mr. Flook's triumphant thoughts cut some words from Margaret:

"It's so boring around this house! Relatives were certainly created to teach you to appreciate strangers. Kensington's a bum town, anyway. Dad, why don't you move to Florida?"

With a benignly satisfied smile, Dad disregarded the rhetorical question. Jack sought to jeer; but a shrilly inconsequential yell from Dolores drowned her brother's scolding words.

"Eeeeeeeooooooooow!"

Spencer Flook oblivious to the ear-splitting shriek, buttered bread, appeared a slice of cold chicken across the table, and made himself a sandwich. Mr. George A. Wintermute, of Toronto, had not impressed him favorably. In his brisk, snappy, undignified, impertinent way he was the absolute antithesis of Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant. Which made Mr. Grant's solicitous attention to Mr. Wintermute all the more a mystery.

A sleek black cat leapt to Mr. Flook's lap and nibbled the sandwich.

"Get down, Kayo!" Mr. Flook petted the cat; gently replaced it on the floor and then resumed his thoughts.

It was just like Grant to keep his own counsel, till at last the actual partnership came as a surprise. Mr. Flook remembered with what considerate politeness Grant had discouraged his first timid suggestions for the good of the business, tactfully gratifying Mr. Flook's pride with the assurance that his ideas were splendid, but, alas, not suited to a store with the peculiar traditions and constituency of Grant's Grocery.

Dolores interrupted with a sing-song monotone, "Spread this bread, someone! Spread this bread, someone!"

"Here, give me the bread," invited Margaret. "No, don't throw it you little fool. There, you've got it in the peaches."

The black cat was on Jack's lap now, nosing his plate: "Aaaaaaawft!" growled Jack. "Kayo, I'll chop your

head off. Get down, or I'll throw you so far, it'll take you a year of Sundays to get back." Malevolently, he regarded little Dolores. "I guess to-night I'll wheel out to the country and leave the cats, all three of them."

Dolores burst into noisy grief.

"Aw, cry, will you? The cats ain't no good." Jack complacently poured corn syrup on a slice of bread; then licked his sticky fingers.

From the high chair, a knife came hurtling among the dishes. Thus, vigorously, Freddie resented being ignored. Mrs. Flook anxiously scrutinized the table.

"Nothing broken!" she ejaculated, with relief. "Freddie mustn't! Naughty!" Then, letting Freddie escape from her thoughts, "Doll-rus! Stop that! That's no way to sit on a chair. Doll-rus."

Mrs. Flook addressed her husband for the first time since his arrival. "Anything special happen at the store?"

"Nothing much."

Mr. Flook's non-committal tone, his absent rejoinder, were inevitable as 'Mother Machree' over the radio. He had said the same thing when Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant took the first of his many trips to Florida and left him in full charge; and he had said the same thing when the big fire gutted the basement. "Nothing much," he repeated.

And, indeed, nothing much had happened—even though the biggest thing of all their lives was imminent.

Grace pushed the subject no further. "My coat looks a fright," she said.

Spencer Flook knew it. He himself wore his winter coat in October; because it was already too cold to go without an overcoat, and he had no other. The coat was three years old; the cuffs looked twenty; the pocket flaps were frayed out of existence. Yet Grace's coat was three years older and frayed still more.

"I'll trade coats," he proffered; and let that bit of jocularity hermetically seal his secret thoughts. Mostly, of white-haired, white-moustached, benevolent Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant, at last, and most unexpectedly, making new winter coats practical for both of them.

Mr. Flook felt relief. He had, after all, been right

right, in sticking to Kensington, to Grant's grocery, to Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant.

"Pen! Can't you make these children behave?"

Mr. Flook realized a bigger riot than usual was going on about him. "For heaven's sake, kids, be quiet. If you don't, I—I'll tan you."

No one noticed the ultimatum; so Mr. Flook himself, next moment, forgot it. He could picture himself bringing beautiful order and serene quiet out of this perpetual anarchy. He could picture so many things, here and at the store, that he could do. But, somehow, he never did them.

Why, it was only last night Grace had acutely observed "We're dipping into the money you saved to buy the partnership. Instead of putting your savings into the business for yourself, you're spending them to keep Mr. Grant in business . . . just because he's too mean to pay you enough to live on."

He hadn't found an answer, last night. The charge was too disquietingly true. But Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant, so uncharitably misjudged by Grace, was now about to furnish the answer.

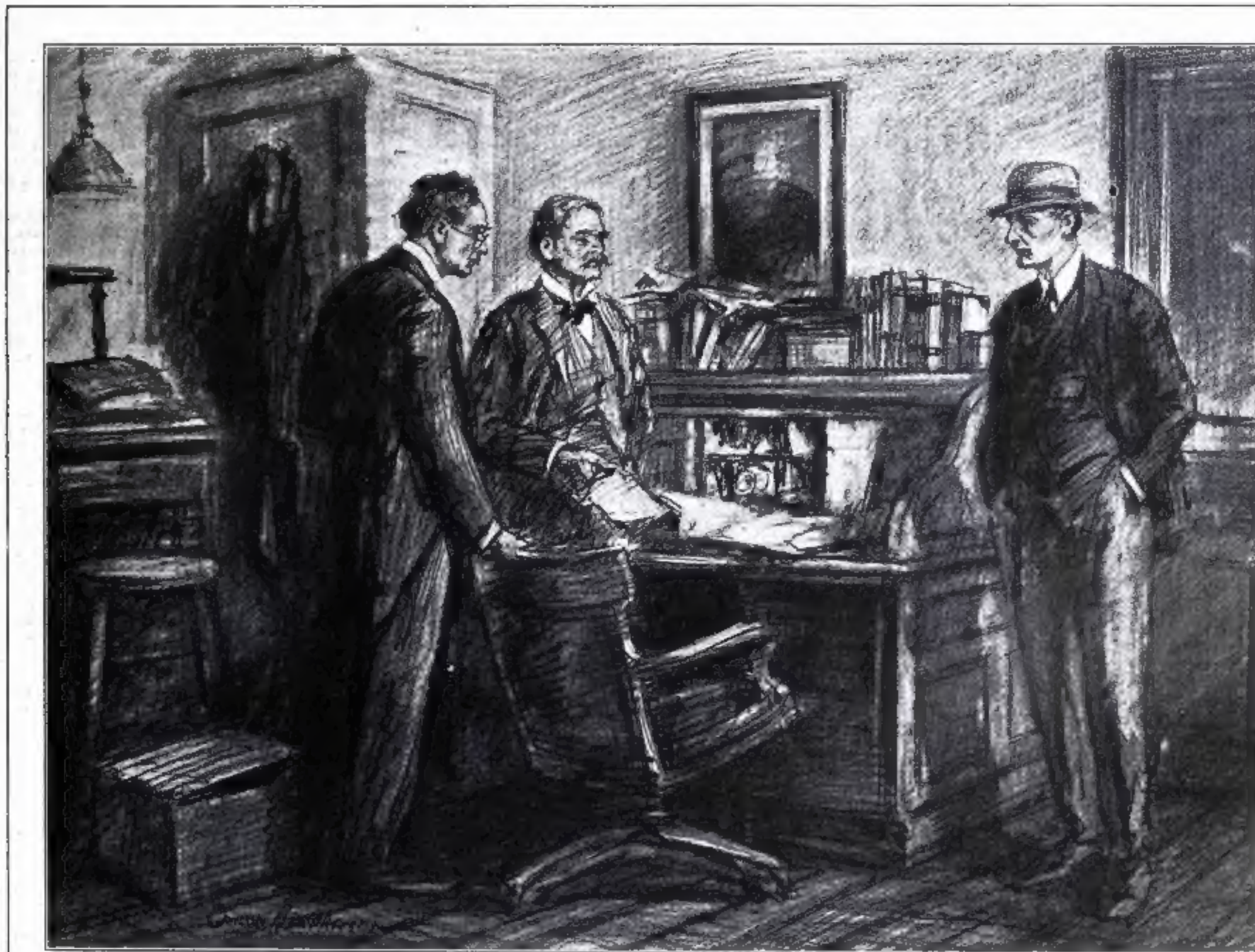
Nothing volcanic about Mr. Spencer Flook, even at the eruptive supper table. He was as extinct, as devoid of eruptive menace, as accustomed to being trod upon, as Mount Tom.

NEXT morning Mr. George A. Wintermute, of Toronto, was once more in briskly impertinent conference with ponderous, slow-moving Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant.

Mr. Spencer Flook immersed himself joyously in his day's work. He loved the foodstuffs of all sorts he sold so readily and the less expensive varieties of which he ate amid such disorder. He took pride in knowing so tremendously much about them. He thrilled with triumph when skilful salesmanship ran a twenty-cent sale into a five dollar order; or when he could induce a skeptical housewife to try a new fancy biscuit.

This morning, Mr. Flook's immersion was not complete; for even as he waited on customers, his mind

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"I am speaking," said Spencer Flook, "to the biggest four-flusher in Ontario."





Herman Trelle, of Wembley, Alberta, his wife and family. Mr. Trelle says his wife had a great deal to do with his winning the 1926 world sweepstakes in wheat and oats.

# Grain King Wears a Double Crown

Herman Trelle, Canadian, of Peace River, grew the world's best wheat and oats in 1926

By W. D. ALBRIGHT

lowed. High lights, deep shadows, and dull, gray undertones have checkered Herman Trelle's career. But through it all have persisted that dynamic energy, that boyish enthusiasm, that tenacity of purpose, which, coupled with high intelligence and a rare eye for type, have landed him at the pinnacle as the first farmer to win a double world championship in grain.

Twice before the country 'north of Fifty-five' had won world honors in wheat. Wheat grown in a garden at Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, was awarded first place at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. Chipewyan is not exactly in the Peace watershed but is near the mouth of the river and belongs to the same sweep of country, representing its more northerly latitude. In 1893 wheat grown by the Bricks near the town of Peace River was first at the Chicago World's Fair. But much water had flowed under the bridges since these victories for the Canadian north. They were half forgotten and the world was more or less justified in wondering whether they could be repeated in the face of modern competition. They have been repeated with emphasis. Trelle was a clear winner in oats and an outstanding winner in wheat.

THE 1926 world sweepstakes in both wheat and oats was captured by a thirty-one-year-old Peace River farmer who, as a high school lad in Edmonton, had found himself unable to answer the examination question: 'What is a summerfallow?' Then, he was being educated for civil engineering, and when the World War broke out, he was studying for a Rhodes scholarship.

If his cherished ambitions had not been upset, or if any one of a dozen other crises in a very eventful career had issued differently, Montana would have carried off high honors in wheat and oats, Canada would have been away down in the list of prize-winners, and Northern Alberta's third international wheat championship would have been deferred to a future date.

As it is, a rare story of achievement lies behind the sensational success of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Trelle, of Wembley, Alberta. Their triumph was a mutual one, as the victor was prompt to acclaim. Sometimes such tribute is a mere gesture of chivalry by which a man thinks to magnify his own glory. Not so in this case. Before the big victory occurred the husband had repeatedly remarked that his wife was better than he at preparing exhibits.

Nor is this all. She has been the kind of helpmeet whose loyalty and interest bring out the best there is in a man. That is a greater service than picking grain, and probably no one appreciates the fact better than Herman Trelle.

No rose-strewn path have they fol-

lowed. High lights, deep shadows, and dull, gray undertones have checkered Herman Trelle's career. But through it all have persisted that dynamic energy, that boyish enthusiasm, that tenacity of purpose, which, coupled with high intelligence and a rare eye for type, have landed him at the pinnacle as the first farmer to win a double world championship in grain.

The effect in Alberta was electric. Of recent years the 'North' had come to be somewhat discounted 'outside'. An impression had gone abroad that it was in serious plight. The situation had never really been so bad as painted and had recently improved very much. Freight rates had been reduced; immigration was trickling in

again; times were brightening, and further railway construction was in the offing. To help out came the phenomenal crop of 1926 with fields of wheat threshing sixty to seventy bushels per acre. One field actually ran seventy-two.

Then radio caught news of the double championship, clinching the fact for all the world to know that the Peace River region could produce top-notch quality as well as enormous yields. The day after the announcement Peace River farms could be sold on the streets of the provincial capital. At a low estimate the win raised the commercial value of occupied farm lands a million dollars overnight.

Provincially it means much. A win for northern, or, more properly, for central Alberta—since Wembley is only about as far above the middle latitude of the province as Edmonton is south of it—is philosophically regarded as a climatic recommendation for all districts southward. It greatly enhances the prospects of the provincially owned northern railways. It means a bigger and a greater province.

Nationally it signifies still more. Three thousand miles multiplied by nothing equals nothing; multiplied by one hundred equals three hundred thousand square miles; by five hundred, equals one million five hundred thousand square miles. This becomes the physical basis for a respectable commonwealth, affording field for development and scope for talent. Without it we become a mere appendage of the neighboring republic.

The sweepstakes wheat and oats grew 428 miles north of the 49th parallel, figuring by townships, and the previous winnings had been by points still farther north. World champion grain will yet be grown at the top of Alberta and beyond.

The future of Canada lies in its breadth.

Herman Trelle's great-great-grandfather was a trooper in the Napoleonic army and after the war he settled at Soest, Westphalia, Germany, across the Rhine from Alsace-Lorraine. For generations the family followed the occupation of farming, but Herman's father, Andreas, forsook this and took up the craft of wood-working.

In 1891 he married a farm-bred girl of purely Teutonic extraction who had been raised in the same village as himself. The young couple moved to Hamburg, left it during the cholera plague, were unable to secure an early boat to South America, as intended, and booked passage for Philadelphia instead. In America Mr. Trelle followed the carpentering trade, with an interval of homesteading in Idaho. Herman, the second child, was born in that state on December 8, 1894.

The father was something of a rover. He was foreman of construction on the Chilkoot tramway, out of Skagway, Alaska, when a snow-slide killed his whole



This is the field that grew the best wheat in the world in 1926. It belongs to Herman Trelle, and is located just three miles from Wembley, in the Peace River country of northern Alberta. Mrs. Trelle is standing in the foreground.

# Our Cousins 'Down Under'

An observer looks at Australia with results both amusing and enlightening

By HERBERT HEATON

material and mental workshop of the world, and its products are standardizing mankind in externals.

Yes, We All Have a Future

AT FOUR important points Canada and Australia are alike. Both have had, as their central problem, the task of settling a vast new country with a European population; both have been concerned, therefore, with matters of exploration, the alienation and settlement of land, transportation, migration, pests, the search for minerals, marketing large supplies of staple exports in distant markets, and more recently with efforts to build up manufactures. The story is predominantly an economic one, but while Canadian history has its small quota of wars and battles, the Australian people have never had a single real armed conflict on their soil.

Secondly, both dominions accepted, or had imposed on them, the British system of parliamentary government. Both have pinned their faith to democracy, to discussion, to the cabinet system, instead of to the presidential system of the United States or to the autocracy, assassination, and atrocity which have been the normal methods of running a state in some parts of Eastern Europe. There are differences in detail between Canadian and Australian politics. In Australia, all the provinces except one have two houses of parliament, the Federal Senate is an elected body, the provincial governments have

wider powers than in Canada, and the provincial governments are 'imported' from London. But in other things, such as the use of royal commissions, the possession of a federal capital, the printing of Hansard, talk of secession by the smaller provinces, and the love of long parliamentary recesses, the two countries are much alike.

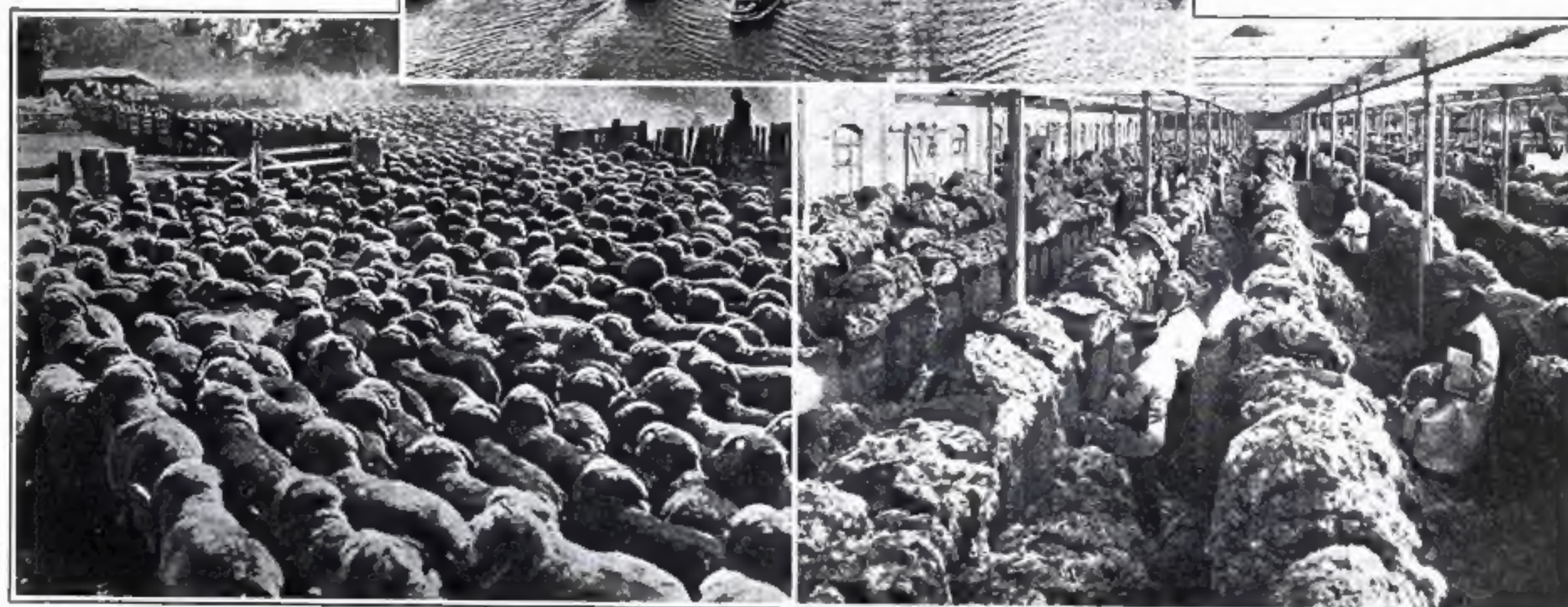
Again, in both dominions one finds a spirit of optimism, based on an unbounded confidence in the country and its potentialities. 'The future is ours,' cries every new country; 'The twentieth century is Canada's century,' said Sir Wilfred Laurier; 'God's Own Country,' answers the New Zealander when you ask him where he lives; 'the workingman's paradise,' says the Australian when you put the same question to him, and Canadian journalists who visited the Antipodes recently were amazed at the strength of the Australian belief in the great destiny of the island continent. Canadians and Australians alike will tell you that some day their country will house 100,000,000 people, and an Australian writer the other day condescendingly informed British readers that it was perhaps 'no extravagant dream to visualize Australia as being at some future day the centre of power of the British Empire'. My readers could doubtless match this assertion with many an equally confident prophecy from Canadian lips.

Finally, in both countries there is to-day a conscious and earnest endeavor to build up a distinctive culture. It is good to produce wheat or wool, but man does not live by these things alone, and there are many in our midst who wish to see Canada and Australia add their characteristic contributions to the world's music, art, letters, or drama. In the realm of oil and water color Canada has found inspiration, in the vivid hues of fall and winter, for a strong school of virile painters; Australia has done its best work in poetry and black and white art, whether that of the ether or the cartoonist. And although we have not yet become, as a public, sufficiently awake to recognize the talent that is in our midst, our young folk seem well able to hold their own when they step on to the bigger and more discriminating stage of art and letters in the old world.

Our Meat, Their Poison

SUCH are the similarities, but in each of them there are differences, due to climate, the physiography of the country, history, and the character of the people. We speak the same language, but our pronunciations are different; that of Australia is a compromise be-

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Wool growing is one of Australia's basic industries. Left: A typical scene on a sheep station in New South Wales. Right: A glimpse into an immense wool show room at Melbourne. Above: A bird's eye view of the harbor and waterfront of Sydney, New South Wales.



# Marie-Louise

Art may be vital but there are things in Nature more vital still

By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

Illustrated by A. WYNNE CLARKE

IT WAS on a Saturday afternoon that I ran into Lawrence Ashcroft on the street. He was hurrying along with that slightly bookish stoop to his shoulders that would be more pronounced if we, who were his intimates, had left him still more to his reading and writing, instead of insisting on occasional periods of recreation away from the city and his customary circles. For the holiday before last, I had been responsible—a glorious two months in northern Quebec; now, I remembered, with a slight inward uneasiness, but an outward smile, that he must have been back some time from his European honeymoon.

"The Art Gallery!" he replied, rather crisply, I thought, in answer to my question as to his immediate destination. "Does Marie-Louise take kindly to the artistic life?" I asked him. I could have bitten my tongue out after it was said. His eyes shot to mine. He replied, quickly enough, parrying it with a smile: "One cannot expect everything! I take her to all the exhibitions!"

A great desire came upon me to see again the little rose-cheeked Marie-Louise of our glorious Laurentian days. I hinted something of the kind. Perhaps he thought his non-committal silence would put me off, but it only increased my obstinacy, and I fell into step beside him, wittingly blind to any deceptions involved. His slight stoop seemed to increase, as if I had, by my company, put an added burden on his shoulders. As we approached the broad steps of the gallery, he swung upon me.

"Look here," he said, "you think I'm meeting Marie-Louise. I'm not! It's just—a friend. I'm sorry, old chap, but—"

He smiled again in dismissal. In a moment, I should have left him, but, suddenly, the smile on his face died and suffered a curious resurrection. This latter was not for me. I turned instinctively. A slim, autumn creature came gaily up; there was a little stirring of breeze behind her that seemed to carry her lightly to us; I thought of a scarlet leaf dancing in autumn wind and sunshine.

"Both of you!" she cried, offering a hand to each of us, but letting mine drop first.

"Mrs. Holling!" I cried, with due deference to the bridal state of one who was Patricia Ward.

"Pat to my friends, please!" she chided. "Come along, Lorry—I'm just famished to see some pictures with you!"

Ashcroft hesitated, his eyes on me with an evasion natural, perhaps, in a newly-married man about to escort through the gallery a newly-married woman, and embarrassed by the unexpected presence of a mutual friend who knew how, having been as good as engaged, they had gone their respective ways and married elsewhere.

"You'll come with us, of course!" suggested Ashcroft briefly, explaining to Patricia that I had thought of accompanying him.

"Of course!" she agreed, readily enough, but her eyes shot fire that her pretty lids were not quick enough to cover. With an impulsive movement she put a hand on Ashcroft's arm; it was a possessive gesture. Remembering Marie-Louise, I felt suddenly chill. The high interior of the gallery was like a mausoleum after the brilliant sunshine of the street.

IT WAS not my purpose to force my society upon them, even if my obstinacy had brought me this far. To do so, I felt, would be a disservice to our little Marie-Louise. I became, ostensibly, interested in a group of paintings, and left them to their own devices. The real fact was that my mental chaos cast a blur over the pictures, and only gradually did they come into focus. And, there again, I must amend my statement, for it was one small thing in oils that had, almost subconsciously, attracted me, and that now held me to the exclusion of all others. "Spring in the Laurentians" it was called, though I did not need the catalogue to tell me that. A simple enough composition: a French-Canadian house of the better sort, a thing of honest stone and broad mortar, of casements below and dormer windows above, unspoiled by any of the modern gew-gaws that a more flimsy and ornate and superficial taste has introduced. Set on a slight rise, the land sloped away from it in curious convolutions of brown earth, with snow in white patches, still, and, working through it all, a faint, ethereal green, so elusive yet so pervasive one caught one's breath. This spring patchwork melted into soft haze at the foot of the low, encircling hills that formed the background. In the foreground, the April sun had stirred the little farmyard into activity; some hardy fowls scratched in the uncovered mud and straw, a few ducks waddled toward a muddy colored stream that ran in a depression to the

right, a tiny stream but grown big with spring and flooding the roots and lower trunks of a thin growth of trees on its banks—young poplars and one or two sugar maples, to catch whose sap cans were hung. As yet, the branches were bare, but some cloudy promise hung over and about them, and, as one looked, faint life seemed to stir, and one felt again that sense of an all-pervasive green.

I knew at once it was Brymner's; nobody but Brymner could have done the subtle thing, and I remembered he was to have gone up the week-end and after we left. For this was the house of Paul Choquette, and one required little imagination to fancy that the figure, barely suggested in the doorway, was that of Marie-Louise herself. It induced in me a curious sensation, not wholly painful; I cared to see no other painting than this; I sat down on the leather-covered couch opposite and remained drinking it in . . . living, again, those holidays at St. Lemaire in the hills—those winter days with long, woody tramps,

while the surface remained unbroken save by our snowshoes, and then the sudden breakup of spring, the real ecstasy of seeing the first brown earth where a wheel of old Paul's wagon rutted through, of hearing the gurgle of running water under the thinning ice of the stream, the cawing promise of a crow high up in the April sky, of watching the comradeship of my friend Ashcroft and little Marie-Louise, caught in the toils of spring themselves, their love affair as delicate and subtle as that pervasive green of Brymner's picture. Mixed with it, was a fear, on my part, of heartbreak for Marie-Louise, if this should pass and come to nothing, forgetting that a man, in a case like Lorry's, may be caught on the rebound, and held . . . at least as long as spring is in the air. Perhaps, I was a fool not to think further, not to consider the greater heartbreak that might follow any more permanent attachment.

His poetry was mixed up in it too. You may have read "Spring Hillside," by Lawrence Ashcroft? It was at St. Lemaire that he wrote the greater part of it—to me the finest thing he has done, for it smells of the soil, and touches the humanities, though he regards it more lightly. He used to read the stuff to Marie-Louise, whose English, for she was convent-bred for several formative years, is good.

Sitting there, I could picture the interior: the little "front-parlor" especially opened for us; the window wide to admit the sweet spring air; Ashcroft sunk back in a deep horsehair-upholstered chair; Marie-Louise curled up, like a happy kitten, on an ancient sofa; and Ashcroft reading:

"The crooked road that runs beside the barn  
Is putting on a garb of ragged brown—"

at which Marie-Louise would sigh happily, shaking her head that he should think of that which she had seen each year when spring came round; or again:

"My window, growing weary of the white  
Of winter's onslaughts, now rejoices in  
The slow, soft pulse of Spring that beats itself  
Against the panes in cloudy tints of green—"

when she would cry, her voice breaking a little, and her eyes eager almost to tears: "Oh, m'sieu! Oh, m'sieu!"

I thought then: "She will do! She understands!"—forgetting, of course, how Ashcroft had always said: "When I want real criticism I have to go to Pat for it. She's not just gush and emotion—there's a lot of solid intellect and judgment to anchor it!"

But it was Spring, then, at the home of Marie-Louise,

Marie-Louise stood motionless in the entrance. "Lorry, I need you! I've no one but you! And, oh, I'm so fired!" she heard Pat pleading.

She staggered slightly; thinking her faint, he put a hand out to steady her; she clung to him.



at St. Lemaire in the hills. And he seemed well satisfied that she should cry in that eager, broken way of hers: "Oh, m'sieu! Oh, m'sieu!"

OFTEN, during the winter that followed my autumn meeting with Lawrence Ashcroft and Patricia Holling at the Art Gallery, I thought of how they came upon me as I still sat there engrossed in Brymner's picture. "There's a good thing!" cried Pat, with her quick little way of forming as unad opinions.

"Yes," agreed Lorry gravely. "It's good!" His eyes, as if they could not help themselves, flashed to mine. How can I express the thing I saw in them? The most precious things of life are often the most elusive; to put finger on them is to lose them. What was it? I do not know. Something as haunting as that cloudy spring of which he wrote; more elusive, for Brymner managed to catch that with his brush. It was gone like a shimmering bubble touched by the eager finger of a child, for I tried, almost with anguish, to seize it, as if indeed I might hand it to Marie-Louise—a shred of happiness perhaps—but as I reached it, it disappeared.

"Better come along with us to tea?" Lorry said, and like a fool I went. Marie-Louise, tremblingly happy over putting her wedding tea-service and china of undreamt-of daintiness to use, and childishly clumsy at her task, poured for us and served us. She was so glad, so glad to

have Madame Holling. Also, to have me, "comrade of happy, happy days," she whispered in my ear, proud of the felicity of her English phrase! Patricia sat there, deep in a corner of the chaise longue, where the lamp glow could burnish her red-gold hair to advantage, accepting the girl's ministrations with sweet and dainty graciousness, her fingers like delicately painted ivory against the honest red, still showing on those of Marie-Louise, from her days of labor on the farm. Occasionally, at some trifling gaucherie of the girl's, she would smile quickly at Lorry, her head a little on one side, as if to say: "But how quaint, my dear!" Ashcroft would fidget, and I found myself hating the crinkles about Pat's keenly observant eyes.

Afterwards, while the two were busy over the reviews of a new book, I got Marie-Louise aside, asking how she liked married life.

Her eyes were like stars; tears welled up. "You will think me so silly," she said, "but that is how it is with me—and him! He is so wonderful to me, m'sieu. One cannot speak of it." She shook the tears brightly from her. "Oh, I can see how greatly he must have cared when there were—others—such as she. Others who are not—" She laughed gently. "But there, he will not have me say that I am, after all—just ordinary!"

No, I could understand that he would not. There are thoughts that will not bear expression in words!

"Besides," agreed Marie-Louise, her big eyes gravely upon me, "it would be very terrible—would it not?—to be—just ordinary—to one's beloved!"

NOT once, during that first winter of her married life, did Marie-Louise express, in words, any uneasiness or mistrust of her man. And I doubt if any was in her simple heart. She had exalted him to a pinnacle, and what he did up there, being right in his eyes, was right in hers. In some ways, this was the very worst attitude she could have taken. Especially, did her mention of his work irritate him, I could see. She had a way, when guests were in, for instance, of speaking with a certain awed breathlessness about it. Anything he wrote was wonderful in her eyes. And Ashcroft, more than at her incompetence of judgment, her lack of the finer discrimination in literary matters, was annoyed at such candor in circles accustomed to pose a little about the things they created.

When I say guests, I mean those occasional enlargements of his literary circle; ordinarily it was to Patricia Holling that he turned. You would think, sometimes, that it was her house, not Marie-Louise's, the cool way she had of making herself at home. Holling himself had turned out no good at all. We heard of him in Europe—ostensibly on a business trip, but word drifted back of some entanglement in Paris. In justice to Ashcroft, it was I who, long before he had any inkling I believe, became aware of the subtle, desperate game Pat was playing for happiness. She was intensely modern, of course, and superior to old-fashioned ideas of marriage. Old Lorry and she both had made a ghastly mess of the business, and the sensible thing was to recognize it and retrieve the future. I wasn't supposed to hear that. She chose an unfortunate time to be confidential with a woman friend: she caught my eye as I passed, saw I had heard, and flashed a quick defiance at me.

We met at tea next Saturday, at Ashcroft's. He had just received advance copies from his publisher of a new edition of some of his "Collected Poems," and demanded the communion of a fellow artist in celebration.

I can imagine the tiger gleam in Pat's eyes when I was announced that afternoon!

However, I left them to their rapt consideration of the new volume. Marie-Louise was coming from the kitchens, after some instructions to the maid—always an embarrassment to her who had been accustomed to all menial work—and I halted her in the hall. She drew me over to a corner where, through leaded panes, the sunshine of late afternoon was touching a plain black vase, from whose dark mouth a bundle of pussy-willows lifted themselves.

"This morning," she informed me, "the baker's boy brought them! He and I have such great talks! He also is from the country!" She was wearing a simple black dress; the sleeve fell back displaying a white arm as she reached up to stroke the gray, silky things. I thought: "She, too, is Spring in a black vase!" She said: "You will hardly believe it, but I cried over them. Yes, like a great big baby, I cried!" Her eyes were brimming now, but with ecstasy. "Such a secret to tell you," she confided. "Oh, my dear friend, how could I do without springtime in the country? But my dearest promised me, all winter he has promised me, we should go—as soon as spring breaks, and the sap is running, and the stream is waking, and the silly fowls are cackling their heads off! It is to be our second honeymoon, m'sieu!" She broke off. "Oh, dear! The tea has gone in and I am not there! Come along!"

We entered the living room, where a cheerful fire burned, and soft lights were agleam against the orange glow of the window. Patricia Holling, regal and composed in a rather audacious gown of jade green, was calmly

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One of the chief functions of the Government medical service is to see that only the fit enter the Dominion. These prospective Canadians do not look displeased at having passed the required examination.

# Guarding the Nation's Health

*Ceaseless vigilance is the price of national fitness*

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

HELLO! Good morning! How are you?" "Fine."

The greeting, question and response to be heard numberless times a day, in every city, town and hamlet in Canada. Stereotyped, perfunctory as it is, yet the fact that it is the accepted form of salutation between Canadians—and, indeed, between English-speaking people, everywhere—argues that the question of health is one of the most vital importance to all of us.

And why not? For does not the incapacitation of one single member of the nation mean a sensible economic loss to the whole? Let us bring our rather hazy notions of the importance of a nation's health to sharp focus by examining two simple statements, namely, that 180,000 individuals in the Dominion of Canada constantly are suffering from disabling disease, and that, among the adult population alone, there are lost each year 16,200,000 working days.

Sixteen million, two hundred thousand days or three hundred and eighty-eight million, eight hundred thousand hours of necessary work left unperformed because the nation's health, excellent as it is compared to that of other countries, is not one hundred per cent. perfect!

There does, indeed, seem an urgent need for a government Department of Health and a colossal task for this department to perform.

The infinitely varied activities of the Department of Health roughly may be grouped under two broad subdivisions—the business of seeing to it that, by dissemination of information, the public health constantly is safeguarded, and the equally important business of guarding against the importation of disease from abroad.

Speaking generally, local health matters come within the jurisdiction of provincial and municipal boards of health. By the terms of the statute under which the federal department operates, it is forbidden the right to interfere with these provincial and local bodies. Disease knows no boundaries, however, and some sort of connecting power is needed to link the work being done by the provinces and the municipalities. Hence the federal department.

Further than that, protection of the country as a whole against disease from abroad obviously calls for some sort of national action, and there are many other matters relating to health which demand similar treatment. It is easy to see, therefore, that there is more than enough for the federal department to do without danger of its treading on the toes of the provincial health authorities who are very jealous of their rights.

To be more explicit, the department co-operates with provincial, territorial and other health authorities, and co-ordinates the efforts made to preserve and improve public health, conserve child life and promote child welfare; it inspects and gives medical care to immigrants and seamen, and administers marine

hospitals, and supervises, so far as health matters are concerned, all railways, vessels and other means of transportation; it enforces the regulations of the International Joint Commission, which arose out of the treaty between Canada and the United States, regarding the pollution of boundary waters, and other questions relating to public health, of mutual interest; it administers all statutes relating to the health of the people of Canada over which parliament has jurisdiction, and collects, publishes and distributes information relating to public health, improved sanitation, and social and industrial conditions affecting the health and lives of our people.

All of which, couched as it is, necessarily, in the unimaginative language of officialdom, may not sound very exciting. It is only when any of the activities of the Department of Health are observed close up that one is able to realize what a close-knit net of protection against disease is maintained for us by the government.

## This is What Saves Us From Typhus

TAKE, for example, the matter of quarantine service, the inspection of incoming foreigners to ensure that such scourges as plague, Asiatic cholera, yellow fever and smallpox are not visited upon us. This service means the

maintenance at every major port of a full quarantine staff with customs officers acting at minor ports where the full service of a quarantine station is not available.

There is a careful medical examination of every addition to our population—whether permanent or temporary—and this involves some very thorough and even drastic operations. A few vermin more or less mean nothing in the lives of some mid-European comers to our shores. But they mean something to our medical men, for typhus is spread by body lice, and plague and cholera, by fleas and the parasites of rats. So suspects are energetically bathed and deloused. That is what the department calls it—delousing—with no concession to the tender ears of the over-sensitive.

None of the diseases named above have penetrated the barrier raised by the department during the past eight years—which is something of a record. The exchange of information between countries when an outbreak of contagious disease occurs helps considerably, for vessels from the country affected are given particular attention when they come into a Canadian port.

Co-operation with the Department of Immigration in the inspection of prospective settlers is another important phase of the work. Feeble-minded, insane, psychopathic, nervous and epileptic types rigorously are excluded from Canada, as are those afflicted with venereal disease or other loathsome ailment, consumptives and those suffering from trachoma, a disease of the eyes. Physical disability need not mean rejection, however, provided the disability will not prevent the earning of a livelihood. A piano tuner may be blind, for instance, and not be an economic liability; a deaf man is capable of working at many things; yet a person suffering from psoriasis, a skin disease which is not transmissible, might be debarred, because his appearance—due to repulsive-looking scales—possibly would prevent his finding employment, and then he might become a public charge. It might be said, therefore, that any physical defect which handicaps or prevents an immigrant's economic productiveness, is sufficient to debar him from entering Canada. This is not discrimination in any sense. It is merely self-protection.

The Quarantine Service and the Immigration Inspection Service both deal with the prevention of disease from abroad, but each has its specific duties. The Quarantine Service deals with vessels as well as with individuals, and no ship may enter a port of Canada without passengers and crew being medically examined. Quarantine stations are maintained at Grosse Isle in the river St. Lawrence, with Father Point as the inspecting base, and Quebec and Montreal harbors, as sub-stations; at Halifax, with sub-stations at Sydney, North Sydney, and Point Edward; at St. John, New Brunswick and on the Pacific coast, at Victoria with Vancouver as a sub-station.

Each organized quarantine station

is in charge of a medical quarantine officer who meets every vessel, and that vessel may not proceed until he has given her clearance. A quarantine sub-station is a port of final destination where vessels, after being emptied of their cargo may be fumigated or disinfected with greater facility.

Last year the Canadian Quarantine Service—including Atlantic and Pacific ports—inspected a total of 2,628 vessels and 471,813 persons, composing passengers, crews, cattlemen, stowaways and distressed seamen. Of this number, 240 were detained at quarantine stations, forty-one of whom were ill of quarantinable or minor infectious diseases. The balance either were detained for observation following contacts, or were members of families accompanying the sick, from whom they could not well be separated without inflicting hardship.

Asiatic ports are hot-beds of plague, and vessels coming from the Far East receive the particular attention of the Quarantine Service. An outbreak of virulent smallpox in Hongkong, for instance, immediately becomes known to the Canadian Government through consular services, trade commissioners and other sources. The information is passed along to the service and all vessels from that port undergo rigorous inspection and fumigation. Whether such dissemination of information is important or not may be gathered from the following anecdote.

## An Ever Present Danger

A FEW years ago a Canadian Government Merchant Marine vessel was about to cast off her moorings in a Chinese port. One of the seamen had left his coat on the wharf, and shouted down to a group of natives to throw it up. A coolie complied, and the seaman died on the way home, of smallpox contracted in this casual fashion. Diseases common to the human race seem to attain particular virulence in the Far East, and if the malady had been allowed to spread further on this vessel, and there had been no quarantine service in the Canadian home port the consequences might have been disastrous.

Pneumonic and bubonic plague occasionally attack the port of San Pedro, California, which is the tidewater outlet for Los Angeles. Immediately, regulations are erected in British Columbia ports, and all vessels hailing from San Pedro undergo the routine laid down for vessels from a plague-infested port.

There is a standing rule that every ship from San Pedro, New Orleans, San Francisco Bay, including Oakland, and the Straits Settlements must rat-guard on entering a British Columbia port. Rat-guarding is the placing of metal shields around all mooring lines to prevent the rodents, all of whom are potential plague-carriers, from leaving the ship and spreading the disease on shore.

To illustrate how vessels are handled, whose personnel show signs of disease on arrival, the S.S. *Lake Winthrop* with a crew of thirty-three arrived in the St. Lawrence with an unclean bill of health from La Romana, West Indies, at which port smallpox was raging when she sailed. The captain claimed that his crew had been vaccinated before he sailed, but there being no evidence of the vaccine having taken; they were re-vaccinated at quarantine and kept under observation for three days, or until the period of incubation was complete.

A few months later the steamer



HON. DR. J. H. KING,  
Federal Minister of Health.

*Perkhydd* arrived from West Africa, with one death and three cases of pneumonia among the crew. As this appeared to be a complication either of influenza or bubonic plague, the vessel was held pending a diagnosis through bacteriological examination, which revealed in throat swabs the presence of small bacilli. The steamer was fumigated and the crew disinfected and kept under observation for four days. They then were released, no new cases having developed. The hospital cases turned into relapsing fever and it was seven weeks before they could be discharged.

Passenger vessels are handled similarly. A liner from Liverpool arrived at Quebec with 221 cabin passengers,

492 steerage passengers, and 269 crew. There was one case of smallpox among the cabin passengers. The patient and two immediate contacts were admitted to hospital, while the other 218 cabin passengers and forty-seven members of the crew in that part of the ship were landed for quarantine and observation. The apartments occupied by the patient having been fumigated, the remaining 222 crew and steerage passengers were vaccinated, and after a detention of thirty-one hours the vessel was allowed to proceed.

The merchant ships of the Dominion travel all the waters of the globe, carrying with them a large number of Canadian seamen. Occasionally the latter fall ill, and have to be treated in foreign ports, just as foreign seamen fall ill in this country. A reciprocal arrangement, therefore, is carried out by the maritime nations of the world, whereby these strangers may be taken care of; and in pursuance of our Dominion's share in that pact, the Department of Health maintains two marine hospitals, one at Sydney, Nova Scotia, and the other at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. In addition, it makes arrangements at other points along our seaboard and inland waterways for the medical treatment of seamen of all nationalities.

Every ship entering a Canadian port in Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia is assessed to maintain this service, and the balance is made up by the Federal Government. This service is without charge to the patient. The number of sick, injured and distressed mariners treated in 1925 was more than 3,600, these including a number of cases of incipient tuberculosis, who were given extended sanatorium treatment. The levy is two cents per ton, net or registered tonnage, on every ship from a foreign port or from another province, and dues are payable three times a year. Fishing vessels not registered in Canada are exempt, but do not participate in the benefits.

## Our Leper Colonies

WHILE on the subject of the quarantine service and the safeguard it forms against the invasion of frightful diseases which emanate from the Far East, it might be well to say something about what the Department of Health is doing to relieve the lot of men and women afflicted with the most spectacularly horrible of all the ills the flesh of man is heir to—leprosy.

How many Canadians are aware that the Canadian Government maintains two leper colonies? One is at the village of Tracadie, New Brunswick, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the other Bentinck Island, near the quarantine sub-station at William's Head, British Columbia, and for years the government has carried on its job of treating this terrible disease, and ameliorating, so far as medical science and humanitarianism may do, the sad lot of its afflicted wards.

The origin of leprosy in Canada is somewhat obscure, but it is likely the following is the cause. Eighty years ago a Scandinavian vessel was wrecked near Tracadie. Its crew was rescued and given shelter by the Acadians of the village, and they remained there for some time. Some years later the disease appeared among those who had been active in the rescue, and today seven of the inmates in the Tracadie lazaretto are descendants of those patients. In addition to these, there is one Iclander, one Chinese, and one patient of French and Scottish descent.

The lepers are visited quite freely. Continued on page 42



A glimpse of one of the two leper colonies in the Dominion. These cottages on Bentinck Island, off the coast of British Columbia, house the nine patients who constitute the western colony.



Trained nurses are constantly on duty at all the ports of entry into Canada to look after the comfort and health of immigrants. Above is a corner of the Red Cross station at Quebec.



# A Page About People

Just a little of this and that about Canadians here and there

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago, an eighteen-year-old boy, James Garfield Gardiner, born on a farm near Exeter, Huron County, Ontario, bought a harvester's excursion ticket over the Canadian Pacific Railway to Clearwater, Manitoba. He was small for his age, but wiry and muscular, and he could hold his own with any man at grain stooking, pitching hay or bucking straw. The hard work of a Western harvest held no terrors for him. Anyway, he was going to his uncle's farm, and there he had determined to make the best use of his opportunities and add to his education, if there was any way for him to get back to school. He had never been beyond what now constitutes Grade VIII in Ontario, and he had two ambitions—secret ambitions, for this self-reliant youth had learned at an early age the wisdom of keeping his own counsel. His first ambition was to get a college education. His second was to take some share in the public life of the country, for he was intensely interested in the political history of Canada. The school history of Canada, which most school children found so dull, was to him more fascinating than any novel.

His cousins at Clearwater attended school in town, and, after harvesting and threshing was over, 'Cousin Jimmy' did the chores in the morning, then drove the children to school and resumed his own interrupted studies. Although he missed the fall term, he passed successfully the June examinations. He repeated the feat three times in succession, and in August, 1904, with a second class teacher's certificate in his pocket, the present Premier of Saskatchewan entered the province. The following spring he attended the Regina Normal school; entered Manitoba College after a year and a half of teaching, and graduated with honors in 1911, having distinguished himself in debate and oratory, as well as on the football field.



SENATOR J. P. B. CASGRAIN.

Gardiner's outstanding achievements in college were on the platform. He had the distinction of winning the gold medal for oratory from all comers for all years. He led the debating team from his college in an international debate, and won easily. He delivered the valedictory address of his year. Shortly after graduating he became principal of the Lemberg Continuation School, and was a most successful teacher, hardly a pupil failing to pass the departmental examinations while Mr. Gardiner was principal. However, his keen interest in public affairs and his remarkable abilities as a platform orator brought his educational career to a close, for the ability with which the young teacher handled veteran opposition speakers in a series of joint meetings in the constituency, resulted in his being chosen as the Liberal candidate for a provincial by-election and, in 1913, 'The Boy Orator' became a member of the Saskatchewan Legislature, resigning as school principal and buying a farm which he has continued to operate since.

When Hon. C. A. Dunning, as Prime Minister of Saskatchewan, formed his first cabinet, in the spring of 1922, J. G. Gardiner, M.L.A., became the Hon. J. G. Gardiner, Minister of Highways, and Minister in charge



HON. JAMES G. GARFIELD GARDINER  
Premier of Saskatchewan.

activities, although land surveying was his first and most extended vocation. He was admitted as a provincial land surveyor in 1878, and three years later became a Dominion land surveyor. He has carried on that profession ever since, in spite of increasing responsibilities and investments in other directions.

At an age when most other men are throwing off business ties, Senator Casgrain decided to take an active interest in the strenuous profession of journalism. Already a director of *Le Canada*, the French morning newspaper in Montreal, he accepted the presidency of the *Montreal Herald* in 1922. The position is taken seriously. He dictates at least one editorial every day, and otherwise exercises close supervision.

Senator Casgrain was appointed to the Senate in 1900 by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and he recalls with interest that the first intimation his household had of the honor was a telephone message from Lady Laurier.

Previous to his appointment, Senator Casgrain had had no previous parliamentary experience. His senatorial career has been marked by strong and unvarying hostility to government ownership of railways, and his three-day speech against the taking over of the Canadian Northern was an oratorical feat which is still talked about in Ottawa. Among his better known writings is a lengthy article on "The Problems of Transportation in Canada," which appeared in 1910.

When the Empire Parliamentary Association was formed, Senator Casgrain was named one of the vice-chairmen, and he has continued to display a deep interest in its work. He was one of the Senate representatives to attend the Coronation of the King and Queen in June, 1911.

The Senator was gazetted honorary lieutenant-colonel of the 23rd Regiment in 1909. His interest in the militia, still keen, was no doubt inherited as several of his ancestors were army men. In fact, the first member of the family to come to Canada was Jean Baptiste Casgrain, an officer in the French army, who landed about the year 1750. His father was P. B. Casgrain, K.C., at one time a member of Parliament (and for several years the only Liberal elected below Quebec), and author of a number of historical and political works.

Senator Casgrain was the founder and first president of the Old Liberal Club of Montreal. He is a member of the Ottawa Improvement Association, and does much in hospital and other philanthropic work. His financial affiliations are many, and include a seat on the Montreal Tramways Board. For variety he is a director of the Montreal Jockey Club. Apparently

of the Bureau of Labor and Industries. And when Premier Dunning resigned to enter the MacKenzie King Government, Mr. Gardiner was chosen the leader of his party in the province, becoming the fourth premier of Saskatchewan. A hard worker from his boyhood, a trained student, a shrewd politician, an able administrator, cool and self-confident, democratic, a hard hitter in political campaigns, but bearing no malice when the battle is over, Premier Gardiner is in the front rank among the provincial premiers of the Dominion.

## Keeps Busy to Keep Young

**A**N OFFICER of the Land Surveyors Association of Quebec for thirty-eight consecutive years—that is a record of which Senator J. P. B. Casgrain reasonably may be proud. Recently he was re-elected president of that body for another three-year term.

However, this happens to be only one branch of a prodigious worker's

he has discovered that the only certain way to keep youthful is to be extremely busy, for this many-sided Canadian looks at least twenty-five years younger than the age officially promulgated in 'Who's Who.'

## Soldier, Journalist, Financier, and Politician

**A**T THE last international convention of the Knights of Ye Round Table, Brigadier-General Victor W. Odium, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., of Vancouver, British Columbia, was elected international vice-president—the first Canadian to be so honored.

It is fitting that General Odium should be a leader among the knights, as he is a man of ideals, who has proved himself a leader in three distinct callings—the army, business and politics.

Seven-thirty a.m. most working days will find him in his office conferring with the editors of his daily newspaper, *The Morning Star*. Regularly at nine o'clock, he turns his attention to the affairs of the financial and insurance

business which bears his name.

From then on, it is impossible to follow him unless you are a speed cop, for, in addition to his business affairs, he takes his duties as a Liberal member of the provincial Legislature very seriously.

It is now two years since he was elected, but Odium is not what one would call an ardent politician. Usually, when the party is whooping it up at a mass meeting, he is to be found in his office figuring out the pros and cons of some issue regardless of party interest.

To believe a thing should be done, is to do it, with the General, as any veteran of the original 7th Battalion or 11th Brigade of the Canadian Expeditionary Force will tell you. 'Pea Soup' Odium he was privately called by all the boys 'up the line,' because he believed that pea soup was better for them than rum, and because he stopped their rum ration and had the field kitchens serve hot pea soup right in the front line.

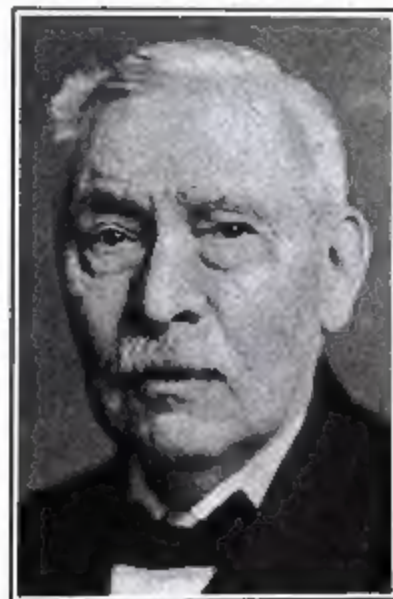
He never asks a man to do anything he will not do himself, and many are the interesting stories told of his daring.

General Odium originated the modern system of trench raiding. For his services overseas, he was rewarded twice with the D.S.O.; he was mentioned seven times in dispatches, and received the coveted Order of Danilo. Incidentally, he was a private in the Boer War.

Born at Cobourg, Ontario, in 1880, the son of Professor Odium, a well known philosopher, Victor Odium spent three years of his early childhood in Japan. He attended public schools in Ontario and British Columbia, and finished his education with a course in political science at the University of Toronto. He started his newspaper career as a reporter on the old Vancouver *World*. Ultimately, Odium and L. D. Taylor, who now is mayor of Vancouver, bought the *World* but, after a few years, Odium went to Winnipeg where he engaged in financial business. In 1911 he



BRIG.-GEN. VICTOR W. ODIUM.



CHARLES H. CHASE.

who has been special messenger to the premiers of Ontario for thirty-nine years.

# The Return Match

Swede and Afrikaner stage a 'grudge fight' with a French battlefield for ring

By FRANK MIELL

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

**A**BOUT the time that Ole Oleson was beginning to bring real cash into the family exchequer by his first excursion into the lumber woods of Michigan, Jan Van Brunt, a youngster who should have been at school, was busy raiding outposts and dodging British Mounted Infantry among the hills of the Northern Transvaal under one, Christian De Wet, of historic memory.

The circumstances which brought these two together in the little estaminet on the Baillieu road in '16, the one sporting the Maple Leaf, the other, the springbok, need not be narrated. Their drunken argument is immaterial: men say queer things when the 'vin blink' rouses the demon of provocative unreason, do queer things when a chance word offends.

The scene stands out yet. The room, reeking with the fumes of cheap tobacco and cheaper liquor, frowns in its dingy light; the scared face of Madame, her fat hands clasped over her ample bosom; the silent, tense-eyed khaki figures backed against the wall.

In the centre, Ole, angry eyes blue as his parents' native floods, service hat pushed belligerently back on his blonde head, tunic unbuttoned, awaying his six-foot-two of splendid manhood menacingly in the direction of the bottle-browed Jan, as fine a built man as himself: Jan, the hot blood of the veldt turning his bronzed face a dirty copper hue, huge gorilla shoulders slightly hunched standing square on his feet as solid as the hippo of his African jungles.

Lord! What a fight! None of your kid glove, no-decision bouts to this. No Marquis of Queensberry rules, no press reporters, no cinema rights or side stakes—just all fight.

When Ole flashed forward and landed his brawny fist on Jan's chin with a dull crack, a blow that would have felled an ox, and Jan merely grunted and rocked a little all knew that this was no common drunken scrap. Ole must have run into that granite Afrikaner mitt en route, for he coughed and shook himself much as a Newfoundland dog does when he comes out of water.

Then they mixed it; stood cheek by jowl and swapped blows that thudded like the sound of heavy cavalry on turf ground, blows that would have sounded the death knell of many a prize-fighter, blows that it hurt to watch, were nerve-racking to listen to.

Outside, the drone of night planes and bursting bombs. Outside, the thunder of the naval twelve inch and the whine of shells, but nobody in that fume-ridden room heeded. The building rocked with the concussion of a 'coal-box'; Fritzle was searching for the naval gun. Still nobody heeded. It was gripping, intense, this struggle between two young Goliaths armed only with nature's weapons. The war outside mattered not, was unreal: the strife within, vital, compelling.

Jan, with blood streaming from cut cheeks, gave a little before the increasing berserk rage of the big Swede, backed up against a table with his shoulders hunched still more, and stayed there, battling fiercely, silently, watching, eye watching.

When Ole, going all out for a K.O., failed to see an upset chair, and staggered just enough for his blow to glance, Jan's sledge-hammer fist caught him on the shoulder and spun him around so that he fell on one of the frail tables, smashing it and its load of glass to the floor. Like a streak he bounded to his feet before the sound of the crash had got across, and rushed. Jan, enticed from his table by the fall, had barely time to throw his massive frame forward to take the shock, and fall into a clinch.

Up and down they struggled, tables and glasses crashing, men dodging this way and that and to keep clear of these whirling wildcats. Madame ran shrieking from the scene of carnage.

Hitting, gouging, wrestling, snarling, even biting.

Everything counted, yet nothing seemed to weaken their strength, nothing to lessen their determination. Tunics torn, faces fiendish and blood-ribbed.

On the sawdust floor they fell and fought: mad, stark, staring mad with the lust of battle. Not a sound from the wide-eyed spectators save the sharp intake of breath, not a cheer from either Canuck or African.

Up again and apart, breath coming in gasps, deep choking gasps. Without a pause, Ole lunged forward in a clean tackle, caught his opponent amidsthips, threw his weight against him, and back wards they fell on top of the big table by the window. A deep grunt from



Jan heaved his man from him by brute strength and the Swede went squirming to earth.

might be hurt. That African—might be. "Red-caps," hissed a white-faced corporal. "We gotta beat it, Ole, 'toot sweet'." Ole stared vaguely. "Red-caps—be-damned," he said, slowly. "Good chap—good fighter. Can't leave him. Might be hurt."

Hastily, and profanely, it was impressed on Ole that if he was found there with the marks of the fight on him and the body of Jan outside, it would be a court-martial case, and that court-martial on active service might mean anything from 'execution' to a firing squad at sun-rise. But the Swede was adamant. He wouldn't go away and leave the man he had fought lying outside.

He struggled to his feet and started for the bar-room, and only the combined efforts of his four pals kept him from his purpose. Eventually they compromised. They would reconnoitre via the back door. If Jan was still lying there, they would bring him into the estaminet, do what they could for him, and inform the Medical Corps.

Creeping stealthily outside, they edged the cesspool and peered into the street. In the white stabbing beams of flash-lights, they could see that a stretcher had arrived, and that the four bearers were straining in an effort to lift the limp form of Jan.

Red-caps were bustling importantly around, entering and emerging from the estaminet door.

"Bloke's dead as a door nail," said one.

"I'm shore!" came the reply. "Plumb cold."

"The blinkin' place looks like a five-nine 'ad struck it," commented another.



"Not 'arf it don't," answered the first voice. "The Major'll raise merry cam over this night's work." The watchers had heard enough. Backing into the pitchy void, they felt their way round the rear of the building, easing the silent, quivering Ole between them. He emerged on a side street, and hastened across to their own lines.

The division moved at dawn, back from the Flanders front on that long hike that ended four days later in the peaceful rural quietness of a wee village on the Calais—St. Omer Road. No official quest was followed, a though it was weeks before Ole and his pals forgot their furtive feeling at the sight of a red cap.

The affair at the estaminet was tacitly avoided in conversation, but none forgot it, Ole least of all, for he brooded deeply, and swore off 'vin blink.

Ole was restless. This inactive trench life suited him not at all. Moreover, he was out of 'chewing', which was the unexpurgated bunk.

He stretched his head forth from the low-dug-out, and sniffed at the damp, heavy atmosphere. From way back behind the lines, came the faint but unmistakable sound of a military band. Back there, he reflected, men could buy anything they could pay for, chocolate, 'eris and chips', 'snouse'. Snouse—his eyes lit up—he had supped his last pinch during his morning watch. Three days before relief—three snuffless days. It was—

A stray breath of wind wafted him two blary bars of 'He's a ra-ag picker', and his lingering sense of active service duty left him, as he thought of the big canteen barely two kilometres distant where the greasy senseless bills he fingered could be exchanged for honest-to-gosh, he-man's Copenhagen. He stilled his tractable conscience by repeating the facts of his case. This was a rest-cure' sector where nothing ever happened, his machine gun post was way behind the front line, his guard over until four a.m. The officer had made his rounds at dusk, he could cut across country and be back in an hour and a half, without anybody saving his gun crew being the wiser. He could—and did—knock over the water, as an additional excuse for leaving the post. It was risky, of course, but he had taken bigger chances than that, during his army career, and had pulled through safe.

Ole wasted no more time. Over went the water, the crew was informed by curses, and bearing the gasoline tins for fresh water, Ole strode into the darkness. With the bush instinct strong in him, he headed straight across fields and ditches, caching his water carriers at a convenient spot. Straight for the home of his beloved 'snouse' he headed, detouring only when his keen observation warned him of a lurking eighteen-pounder battery. Spurning the Etang Road as too populous for his immedate fancy, he crossed and was angling an open turnip field when a bulky figure loomed in his path. Both stopped abruptly to avoid a collision, and turned to continue, when—the night became as day. Clusters of star shells soared from the front line, and in the ghastly glow, Ole saw, recognized, was seen and recognized by Jan of the estaminet.

A wave of reckless joy surged through Ole, joy that he had not killed his man at their first meeting, that they had met again, for Ole dearly loved a good scrap. Jan, on his part, was not less happy. His adversary, this man so worthy of his strength, whom he had been longing to meet, was before him. Now for the revenge.

The hurried gasp of mutual recognition was cut short by Jan's bull-like rush. Their shock of meeting coincided with that dread prelude of a gas attack, the nerve-shattering racket of klaxons, the frantic screeching of whistles, the banging of gongs, but—they heard it not.

INTERLOCKED they struggled, straining, twisting, wrestling, now up, now down. Jan heaved his man from him by brute strength and fell on top, but Ole's knee sharply drawn up, drove the wind from Jan's big frame, and the Swede squirmed from under with a useless knee while Jan was gasping back to normal.

Far north, and around a sharp salient to the south, spread the star shells. The infernal din redoubled. Rifle and machine gun fire was incessant. The eighteen-pounders in front opened up with rapid fire, howitzers to the rear belched their thunder. The whole front was aflame, but still the two fight-crazy gladiators hung on, and pommelled, rocked and grunted. Nearer, yet nearer drifted an ominous cloud.

Machine gun bullets swept the Etang road, swept the field where they fought. Ole gave a sudden, coughing gasp, and sagged limply in Jan's steel-hard grip. The Boer felt the warm, sticky flow on his arms, and knew. His grip retained only tender strength as he eased the



Capilano Canyon, North Vancouver, B. C.

form of his late enemy on the ground. He ripped open his first aid case, and swabbed the ugly wounds with iodine. The enemy machine gun fire increased, and stabbing fire hit Jan on the wrist. His head jerked up quickly, and in the fitful light of the star shells he saw the approaching mist. For the first time, he realized that a gas attack was on, and that gas was their worst, their immediate enemy. He reached down for the Canadian's gas mask, but there was none. Ole in his haste or foolhardiness had left it behind.

Two men—one mask—with gas approaching. Jan's mind functioned truly. Propping up the unconscious man with his knee, he unslung his own mask, and with his good hand rapidly transferred it to Ole's neck. Precious seconds were wasted in adjusting the mask and forcing the mouth piece through the clenched teeth, seconds that

could not be spared. Gas—action is needed when that stuff is around.

Jan raised himself unsteadily to his feet. He was still gasping from the combat, the pain in his wrist was intense, his own blood flowing freely. Three hundred yards away lay safety—a dressing station—if he could only make it before that deathly mist reached them. The effort to shoulder Ole unbalanced him. He sank forward, then grunted a potent, barbaric oath as he jerked himself upright again with a super-human effort, Ole still on his shoulder.

Swaying under the strain, he stumbled forward across the uneven ground to the Etang road. Machine gun bullets searched the road behind him, approached, stopped, and started again just ahead. Shrapnel whined and burst in the field they had just left, but Jan's blurred vision was ever on that floating misty death, which crept, crept quietly.

A hundred yards to go. Staggering wildly now, with great heaves from his over-tired lungs. Slowly, but with dulling brain registering undying determination. One of those sobbing gasps—in that mist—Jan knew well what it meant, but, his burden, a helpless sorely-stricken man, was the only thing that mattered. Well, a man must breathe!

Before him, he saw that formless mound by the roadside that meant life for them both. Fifty yards only, but the mist was closer to the haven than they.

Gritting his teeth, he quickened his pace. His body sagged with the effort to bend his legs to a running gait.

Thirty yards. A Zulu war chant burst gaspingly from his twisted lips. Twenty. He reeled and edged sideways for some yards. Ten. The mist of death was upon them, had enveloped them. His brain suddenly went blank, he tottered and fell forward with Ole spread across his back.

Many hands lifted them into the warm shelter of the dressing station.

Ole, a pale, shaky Ole, lay back in his cot, awaiting the hospital train that would take him to Boulogne—and Blighty. He was piecing together fragments of conversations which had imperfectly pierced the six-day veil of blackness wished upon him during his fight with Jan. What he made of the jig-saw brain puzzle was that Jan had carried him to safety in the middle of a gas attack, had collapsed, and gone forever under.

Why had he gone under? He must have had his mask? One voice had said, 'Bravest thing I ever heard of.' Why? They were well behind the line.

The answer came in a flash. He, Ole, had left his own mask hanging in the dug-out. Jan had given his—his eyes dimmed. What a man! Words from a religious childhood formed in his mind. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he should give his life.' Jan must have cashed in his cheques, just because he, Ole, had been a selfish fool.

A shadow fell across his cot. He raised his eyes gradually, blinking back, well, nothing much. By stages, he saw two baggy legs of hospital blues, a broad gap between pants top and tunic bottom, ten inches of bronzed forearm sticking out of an absurdly tight sleeve, one shing containing a wounded arm, and lastly, with a gasp of unbelieving delight, the homely face of Jan grinning down at him.

"You—you big stiff," Ole's voice was weaker than it might have been. "Scarvin' a feller like that. You ought to be busy polkin' up daisies, after swallowin' an acre or two of gas."

Jan fairly rumbled with laughter, as he essayed to speak.

"Well, what's the big joke?" Ole sounded mildly petulant. Jan subsided enough to give utterance. "Gas! Heil!" he boomed. "That was a false alarm. All I swallowed was a bloomin' Scotch mist."

It was Ole's turn to laugh. "It's hell, all right, Africa," he snickered. "Here's me ben pinning all the V.C.'s and 'Croy de gares' on your manly bosom, an' all you deserve is a good, swift poke on the jaw for jest about chokin' me to death with your darned old gas mask. What's more, I'll give you one, as soon as these folk let me up."

"That's the real stuff, Canada," Jan's voice was vibrant, his uninjured hand had somehow mixed itself caressingly in the blonde hair on the pillow. "Here's hoping you do, old man—and soon."

# The Splendid Silence

In this exciting instalment Duncan Seymour encounters both beauty and disaster

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by H. WESTON TAYLOR

the most, fought the hardest and could talk most familiarly about strange things and people. One did not ask questions. Duncan, keeping his own counsel, said little, and listened to extraordinary tales of adventure in far countries. He remembered what Berry had said about the sweepings of the seven seas drifting in to Ocean Bay. Berry was right.

He noted one group that consorted together, slept next each other and did not talk much, except amongst themselves. They reminded him of the stump speakers in Hyde Park near the Marble Arch, and he studied them with some interest. They happened to be all in Burt's gang.

He had been toiling at one end of a ten foot saw, balancing himself on a small platform some six feet above the ground. This was supported by pins driven into the great trunk they were felling. In and out flashed the saw, its serrated teeth tearing at the yellow wood, while it spat forth a constant golden trickle. It would take hours to bring this giant down. At the other end of the saw, was a man, now invisible, and these two pigmies were for the time being quite alone. Duncan's back was breaking when he heard a grunt.

"Spell off now, partner."

FIVE thousand miles away from the smooth lawns and rolling fields of Sussex, Duncan was experiencing a vastly different aspect of life. In company with new recruits for the woods, a rough lot whose chief characteristic was extreme freedom of speech, he had crossed the lake on a scow drawn by a panting tugboat, and, much to his surprise, found a railway. This led some ten miles inland its narrow gauge track winding through deep ravines, till its main line ended at Camp number one. Here, there were hastily constructed branches diving into the heart of the ancient woods.

He had not dreamed of anything so extensive before. Man, insouciant, casual and generally blasphemous, was overshadowed by his gigantic surroundings. The cold tops of the mountains looked down on him, the giant trees, for whose destruction he had come, seemed to regard him with a proud contempt. How much finer were they than their human enemies!

The low-roofed, log built camps had heavy walls and small deepest windows like the eyes of drowsy birds. Duncan surveyed them curiously, then, with the others, went to the office which was similarly built. Here he found Haskin, the foreman, a little man, tanned the color of mahogany, with hard grey eyes and the step of a cat, very light and quick. He glanced at Duncan, and signed that he should wait till the rest had gone. Then he stuffed his pipe with a horny finger and began to emit little, volcanic jets of smoke. They suggested a hidden furnace.

"Had a note from the boss about you. Says I'm to show you the ropes."

"I'm ready to learn," said Duncan. "What do you know, and what have you done?" "Nothing."

Haskin nodded contentedly. "That makes it some easier. Now, look here. There are two ways of learning—you can tag round after me and see what I do, or tell other men to do, and the other is that you can take your shirt off and start doing it yourself. In that case you're just one of the crowd. You'll find it tough—might as well know that at once."

Duncan grinned. "Which do you suggest?" He asked thus, quite anticipating the answer.

"I'm not suggesting anything."

"Then I'll take my shirt off."

Haskin relaxed a shade. "I was sort of hoping you would," he said with a steely twinkle. "You'll get a lot more that way. If you tag round after me, the men will shut up if you try to talk to them. It makes 'em suspicious, and they'll mark you as a private detective. Maybe, we have some already, and maybe we haven't. I guess you'd better start in with the sawyers. Go and get some chuck first."

"Chuck?"

"Yes—grub. Tell the cook I sent you. Then start up the west branch and find Burt's gang. Tell him I sent you, too. That's all."

Half an hour later, Duncan was walking up the west branch of the narrow gauge into the heart of the forest. It intrigued and lured him. He wore blue jeans, heavy shooting boots and a flannel shirt. His whole body seemed alive. The air had a wild, sharp scent, so that, sucking it in, he felt extraordinarily young.

A grinding roar sounded ahead, and round a curve lurched a trainload of huge logs chained down to swaying flat cars. He stepped aside, marvelling at the size of this timber—a log to a car—just one—and each not less than six feet through. The train swung past him and downhill toward the lake in a dwindling tumult. Then silence. Next he heard the sound of saws.

That was the real beginning of his new life, one reduced to first principles, in which for the first time he found himself on terms of absolute equality with all men except three—Haskin, Burt and the camp cook. He slept in camp, in a long, log building, with bunks against the walls in tiers. In the middle a great stove, round which the men dried their clothes.

Here was a case-hardened community, battered by the knocks of the world, yet with a sort of aristocracy of its own. The aristocrats were those who had travelled



Duncan felt a crushing shock over his temple, saw a myriad of lights, then all became black.

His stiffened fingers slackened on the handle, and, climbing down, he lay in the moss, his arms over his head. It was good to be alone and rest like this, for in these vast solitudes the cares and affairs of the outside world seemed of small moment. How far he was from everything! The other man stretched himself a few feet away, and wiped the sweat from his eyes.

"Your first trip into the woods. I guess."

"Yes, the first."

"Like it?"

"Yes, I like it."

"Get fired out of home?"

Duncan laughed. "I suppose you might call it that." Followed a little silence, with a whisper of wind in the tree-tops, which were very far up, and patches of white cloud sailing across the blue.

"How do you feel about it now?"

"About what?"

"Getting thrown out."

It was on the tip of Duncan's tongue to say he had been thrown out with his own consent when there came an odd impulse that it might be interesting to encourage this man to empty his mind of whatever moved in it. In a life like this, information of any kind might be useful. "I haven't had time to think much," he said carelessly.

A pair of dark eyes were regarding him very closely. "Well, as it stands, you haven't got anything now, and a while ago you had perhaps a good deal. Am I right?"

"You are." There could be no harm in divulging that.

"And now you're working for someone else's benefit, like the rest of us?"

"If you like to put it that way."

"No other way, to put it. Is it good enough for you?"

Duncan, it his pipe very deliberately. "Why don't you speak out?"

"That may come later, and I'm not afraid to speak either—when I know where you stand. What do you think of Ocean Bay?"

"A big piece of work isn't it?"

The man spat contemptuously. "It's evidence of what the top dog can do when he gets the under one where he wants him. It's the power of money. Give me five million dollars and I'll do the same."

There was a hole in that argument, but Duncan thought better to disregard it.

"Go on. I'm interested."

"My point is that the Cartright estate isn't entitled to that money. It ought to go back to those who earned it. The same everywhere else. The fellow who digs the ditch gets the short end of the stick every time."

Duncan felt like suggesting that one wouldn't be in the ditch unless one had deserved it, but again he said nothing. There came another pause.

"The mistake money makes is in thinking us fellows helpless. We're not. You'll see that before—"

He broke off awkwardly, abruptly, and Duncan examined him at short range. A narrow face, high brows and a mass of matted, black hair. His hands were not those of a navvy, and his eyes, large and eloquent, held a sort of changing light. His body was delicately formed, his wrists small, and the signmarks of toil did not disguise the fact that he had good blood.

"If you don't like it here, why do you stay? It's a free country."

The man whose name proved to be Hitchin, rolled a cigarette against his thigh, cowboy fashion.

"My job is to be here."

"Well, so is mine."

"You got your job here, but I—" He smiled meaningly.

"Cutting down trees isn't your job then?"

"Not trees," said Hitchin, significantly. "Here's Burt—we'd better climb up."

He said nothing more that afternoon, and when their cut had reached a depth that satisfied Burt he looked on at the



subsequent operations with indifference. To Duncan, they were full of drama. Opposite the first cut, was made another and shallower one, this being cleaned out with axes into a gash seven feet long and two feet deep. Then great steel wedges were driven into the first cut. The hemlock trunk was now all but severed, and stood balanced in the windless air.

Came the crash of steel on steel, while a shiver ran through that gigantic frame, and the highest, feathery branches trembled very delicately. Then, almost imperceptibly, the top of the tree began to incline in the desired direction, sweeping a slow and stately arc against the sky. Incredible that this massive growth was coming down.

A group of men had gathered, and now stood back. From the stricken heart of the tree, came a dull deep sound of sundered fibre as though its very soul were in travail. The motion across the sky became quicker. Then, with a swooping rush, and a tornado of wind whistling through its branches, the tree crashed its three hundred feet of length flattening all lesser growths and smashing for itself a way to the moss covered earth, a prostrate titan over whose vast recumbent body rained the limbs of its ruined brethren. The sound of its fall was a roaring volume that vibrated and died away in a medley of softening echoes. There was something tragic about it all. Then came Burt's voice, sharp and imperative. No sentiment about him.

"Go to it, boys, go to it!"

The scaler marked off a succession of sixteen foot lengths, and the saws began again—eating—learning—gnawing. Duncan thought it looked something like butchery.

HE THOUGHT harder that night, knowing that Hitchin and his friends were eyeing him with ill-concealed curiosity. In a way, they seemed rather pathetic and helpless, but Duncan recognized in them the possible seed of much evil. They were destroyers, not builders, some of those whom Berry knew perfectly well inhabited Ocean Bay. And since he knew that, it was likely that he also knew why they had come.

Another thought was moving in Duncan's mind. These men took him to be the disinherited and disgruntled heir of some English house. Why not let them think so? If he could do it successfully, there might be the chance of repaying Berry in some measure for his instant friendship. Dangerous reflections these, but they had a sort of fascination. One was aware of powers other than the obvious ones, powers that sought only the opportune season to display themselves. Perhaps that season had been decided on already. These men—the I won't work lot—were the enemies of all straight and upstanding men. The forced sweat without which they would starve had poisoned their blood, and embittered it against the world. What grim possibilities lay here!

ON SUNDAYS, there was no work except for the cooks, and the men drifted off, shooting, fishing or picking the wild fruit which grew in abundance on the mountain slopes. No whiskey reached Camp Number One. Berry, Haskin and Burt saw to that.

Duncan was sitting outside the bunkhouse, when Hitchin strolled up, hands in pockets. He had shaved, and his smooth keen face looked almost ascetic with its rather hollow cheeks and thin flexible lips.

"Doing anything special, to-day?"

"No."

"Care to come with some of us? We're going up on the foothills."

"Yes, I'd like to."

"All right. Get some chuck from the cook. I have the tea."

Half an hour later, they struck off to the south, Hitchin, Duncan and three others, and, traversing a belt of uncut timber began a steep ascent. The moss gave way to harder ground when they had climbed a thousand feet, the big hemlock and spruce tailed out into stretches of coarse, rank grass, and they entered an open area intersected by a multitude of fishing streams and dotted with great boulders that had been precipitated from the heights above.

In the distance they discerned a small herd of elk, but no man displayed any interest except Duncan. Below stretched Ocean Lake, ringed with timber, its dark shores broken by jutting points that lay flat against the black water. One could see the camp in miniature. Westward was the gorge that led to Ocean Bay. The rest of the horizon was filled with an assemblage of peaks, sharp and austere, many of them snow-covered.

Hitchin, wasting no admiration on all this selected a dry spot near running water, and began to make a fire.

"Grub first," he said cheerfully.

The others let him do the work. Duncan could see now that they differed from the

ordinary run of men in camp, and their faces piqued his curiosity. One looked like a clergyman, with long thin hands, large sensitive mouth and rather mysterious eyes.

"Tea's ready," remarked Hitchin, presently.

They ate slowly, luxuriously, looking not at all at each other but at the magnificent scene at their feet. But, it was palpable that their thoughts were not here. There came, faintly, the music of the steel triangle outside the cook camp. It announced that dinner was waiting, and a stream of antlike men, emerging from other buildings, trickled toward it. The air was very still.

"Heard from Colorado lately, Bob?" Hitchin sipped his hot tea with a slow, sucking noise.

The man who looked like a clergyman shook his head. "No, and I don't expect to. But that's all right. It came off on schedule. I got a Denver paper, this morning."

"Sharp on time, eh?"

"Just about."

A little silence, then Hitchin jerked his chin at Duncan. "I asked our friend here to come along, because he seems interested. Give him the general idea."

The man took a slow, deliberate stare which was not provocative, but very searching. A faint surprise came into it. It seemed to be the stare of a man who had once known very different days.

"You see," he began in a voice that had patches of obvious culture, "our theory is that the things in this world ought to be redistributed. That's to level out the present unfairness of things. And the time is about due now."

It sounded so like Hyde Park that Duncan barely repressed a smile.

"I know that some people feel like that."

"More every year. It's the only way to get a fair start again. Men aren't born equal, say what you like, and it's up to those who have most to fork out. Now, how is it going to be done?"

"That's what I'm waiting to hear." Duncan's tone was very steady.

"Before Bob says anything more," put in Hitchin, "here's something to chew over. We don't talk like this to every hobo who comes along. We're talking to you because someone who's been on your side of the fence might be useful here in Ocean Bay. And if it occurs to you that all this will be interesting information to pass on to the authorities, you're making the mistake of your

life." He turned to Bob. "Thought I'd better clear that up first, eh?"

"Yes, go on, tell him."

"So, if you happen to have the idea of tipping Berry the wink, you'd only do it once. It isn't good for the health. Now if you don't want to hear any more just say so, and get to hell out of here."

The voice was not angry nor threatening, but almost casual, which to Duncan was very significant. Hitchin spoke as if he had something behind him with which to make good.

"I understand. Drive on."

"We have no secret signs nor passwords, if that's in your mind, but if anyone gives us the double cross we know—and act accordingly. You can take that for gospel. Get ahead with it, Bob. It's his own fault now if he ships a cog."

Bob had the look of the fanatic who is convinced of his own sanity.

"This distribution I'm talking about won't be handed to us. We've got to force it. I dodged that conclusion myself for a good many years, but I accept it now, having seen both sides. We've started at a good many points in America, and England will come later. The way we start is to put the fear into those who have the stuff. See what I'm driving at?"

"Yes."

"Berry and others like him think the I.W.W. is broke. Perhaps we look it, but there's a reason for that. We're not broke, as you'll find out if you get far enough. We're getting money to-day from those who have sense enough to cough up something to save their property. Berry will too, later on, and be damned glad to do it. Do you know who your working for? There was an odd inflection on the last word.

"The Cartwright Syndicate."

"Who is the Syndicate?"

"I never heard."

IT'S a girl of twenty-three. Her father died two years ago, at this point he paused and stroked his chin, "and his millions were emptied into her lap. They rest there now. Call that justice, when they were ground out of men like us? We don't!" He broke off with a gesture in which was the first passion he had yet shown.

Into Duncan's mind flashed the photograph over the mantel in Berry's bungalow. He recalled the honest face, the frank steady eyes, the smile so understanding and infectious. Ocean Bay was then her property! These men, and himself, her employees! In that instant his decision was made.

"Many millions?" he asked evenly.

"Enough to build the Ocean Bay plant, buy the timber limits and have something left over. When you sign the payroll that's the money you'll be getting: thirty dollars out of those millions. How does it strike you?"

"Sounds like the short end of it." Duncan took his first step without a tremor.

"It is—and too damned short."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Hitchin gave a sinister smile. "Going a bit fast, aren't you?"

"I'm following your lead. You say you're not satisfied, and I say that, too. I know what happens if I split on you, at least I can guess pretty near it. And if there isn't anything more to tell me I don't see why you started this talk."

"There is more," Bob cut in coldly, "but you're off the track if you take us for a set of fools who open up to a man we don't know anything about. The first thing was, were you interested. You say you are. Well, our plan is to give a new recruit the chance to show how much interested he is. If he pans out we open up a bit more, and so on till he's on the inside. As it stands now, you're on approval only. Understand?"

"Yes, it's reasonable enough." Duncan was playing the game with all his soul.

"Then I'll get down to brass tacks. You know Berry?"

"Yes."

"We know you do. You stayed at his house in Ocean Bay when you struck there. That afternoon you went off in his launch with a Jap called Kyashi."

"I did," Duncan was thinking hard now.

"Did Kyashi say anything about labor troubles?"

"No."

"Did Berry say anything about the I.W.W.?"

"He called it the 'I Won't Work'," said Duncan, without hesitation. Then, with an afterthought. "He doesn't seem to take it very seriously."

Bob gave no sign of protest, Hitchin laughed cynically and the others looked almost bored.

"We're used to that, and from our and we'd sooner have it so. Now it's with Berry and Kyashi you're going to get your chance from us. You won't stay here, and—" He checked himself harshly, and fixed on Duncan a quick, penetrating stare. "Can you swear on your soul that Berry didn't send you here to spy on us?"

The other three leaned stiffly forward, faces set, their eyes hard, dominant and relentless. From a group of haphazard lumbermen they were transformed into beings formidable and threatening. Well for Duncan that he could give the answer they waited.

"On my soul I swear that."

The tension relaxed, and Duncan's pulse steadied. This was a lonely place, and he realized that no outside aid could reach him. How easy for the rest to drift back to camp by various routes—and know nothing!

Hitchin began to smoke again, sending Bob curious little glances as though to communicate his thoughts.

"I reckon this has gone far enough for to-day. Seymour knows what's expected of him, so let him think it over. There's time enough, and we've other things on hand. I'm not for rushing him into it before he's made up his mind to go the whole course, and he's better off if he doesn't know any more now."

He spoke very quietly, in the manner of one who is used to giving final decisions, and it seemed that the manner of the group had changed before he finished. There came an atmosphere of relief, the grimness vanished, and they were once more just a knot of men loafing on a billside and whiling away a few hours of rest.

Talk became general, with no breath of I.W.W. Nothing sinister now, no hidden meanings that slowed the pulse and suggested mysterious powers that were all for destruction.

Duncan heard stories of wild and stolen rides on western freight trains, of the underworld of great American cities, all interlarded with references to men who were mentioned by nicknames and seemed familiar of these four, men who formed the battalions of the road, and spent their profitless years wandering footloose from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Mexico to the 49th parallel. There were but few allusions to anything that had happened in Canada, Duncan wondered why.

WORK progressed in Camp No. 1 with a sort of savage intensity, and for the next few weeks it seemed that Hitchin and the rest left things to ferment in Duncan's brain. He felt aware that he was under continuous observation, but there was no attempt at any kind of compulsion. They were content to wait, and their attitude suggested that they were not anxious as to the outcome.

It was a period in which he gave himself completely to the task of self education in the woods. The thing meant more now, and he was grimly determined that, so far as he could secure it, nothing should interfere with his progress. It was on a magnificent scale, this slaughter of the ancient timber. He saw men warm up hundreds of feet into the air, an axe dangling at their belt. Climbing ever higher, they cut off the great branches as they mounted, till at last reduced to the size of ants they were clinging to the slim tops of gigantic living flagpoles.

They let down light ropes, tackle was hauled up to them, and steel cables, so that the flagpole was transformed into a gigantic mast. To this mast, the enormous logs were dragged from the surrounding forest, then hoisted bodily and laid with titanic delicacy on the narrow gauge cars that transported them shrieking and grinding to Ocean Lake.

The days passed with the sound of the crashing of great trees, the panting of engines and the singing whine of



Sydney looked very charming, that evening, Duncan thought. There was a repose about her that suggested quiet strength.

saws, while, one by one, these monarchs of the woods were laid low, cut asunder and sent seaward to be prepared as food for Berry's mills. Burt was everywhere at once, while Haskin, the general foreman, came up, frequently. It was a time of labor in the scented woods, with the naked mountains looking down as though in stern disapproval. And the nights passed in an abyss of dreamless sleep.

Then, in the middle of all this, Duncan looked down one morning from his sawyer's platform, and saw Haskin. The latter crooked an imperative forefinger.

"The boss wants you at Ocean Bay. Better go out on the scow this afternoon." He glanced shrewdly at Hitchin and walked off.

The man at the other end of the saw—a new cut had just been started—waited till they were quite alone.

"Well, comrade, your chance is coming. I reckoned it would. I'll tell them down there."

Duncan was puzzled. "Tell who?"

"You can get on for a while without knowing that, and our friends will keep an eye on you—just in case." He smiled meaningfully. "What we want, is inside information, the kind that isn't put on paper."

"What are you getting ready for?" asked Duncan casually.

Another smile, even more significant. "You'll know in time—and before long. It isn't the sort of thing you'll miss. What we want first is the date for starting the mill. Get that."

"How do I get it?"

"We leave that to you. You're a friend of Berry's."

"And when I do get it?" asked Duncan curtly.

"Tell Kyashi."

DUNCAN sat on the stern of the tug that took him across Ocean Lake, swinging his heels over the back water, his brain full of many questions. Why was he to tell Kyashi? Who was Kyashi, and what part was he playing in the game of destruction evidently contemplated? This had to do with the starting of the mill, and yet Kyashi was in charge of the erection of machinery without which that start could not be made. Did the man sweat over this only in order to destroy it? There came to him again the Jap's inscrutable face as he worked with keen brain and strong sensitive fingers over that intricate mechanism. Was it of any use to bring in Oxford at this juncture, and appeal to those ideas of decent living and thinking one was supposed to acquire there? Could one speak out straight to an Oriental, and expect an equally straight answer? How much of all this did Berry learn from his private detectives, and would it be the best thing to face the personal risk, go to Berry at once and tell him all? Or was the whole thing just a wild dream of discontented men who really were not dangerous at all? Then, into this medley, was projected the face of the girl for whom the Cartwright Estate existed.

Traversing the plank walk that led from the dam to the works, he found Berry in his office. Once here, the bustle and throb and pulse of machinery made Duncan feel rather foolish. Berry, looking up from his desk, seemed perfectly able to take care of himself and all under him.

"Well, what do you make of the woods?"

"I liked the woods, liked all of it."

Berry scanned the brown face and strong young body. Here was the making of a good man and he felt pleased with his own first conclusions.

"I reckoned you would, and

Burt sent word that you were all right. That's a good deal from Burt. Now it's this way. You've got the gist of what goes on at that end of the job, but since you're not going to spend your life there, you might as well get on with your education. Next step is the mill, where there's a lot more to learn. What about it?"

"Whatever you say."

Berry made a neat little diagram on his blotter.

"I take it you really want to get a grip of this business?"

"Yes, very much."

"Well, it's the same as most others. Two kinds of men in it. One does the dog work. The others have the knack of getting good results out of subordinates, and it seems to me you might develop into that. But it's no use telling others to do things you can't do yourself in some kind of fashion. They get on to you in a minute. Any how, you've got to understand how it's done. Do you get me?"

Duncan nodded, having begun to see things very much in this light himself. It was the educating result of sweat, and a tired back and blistered hands.

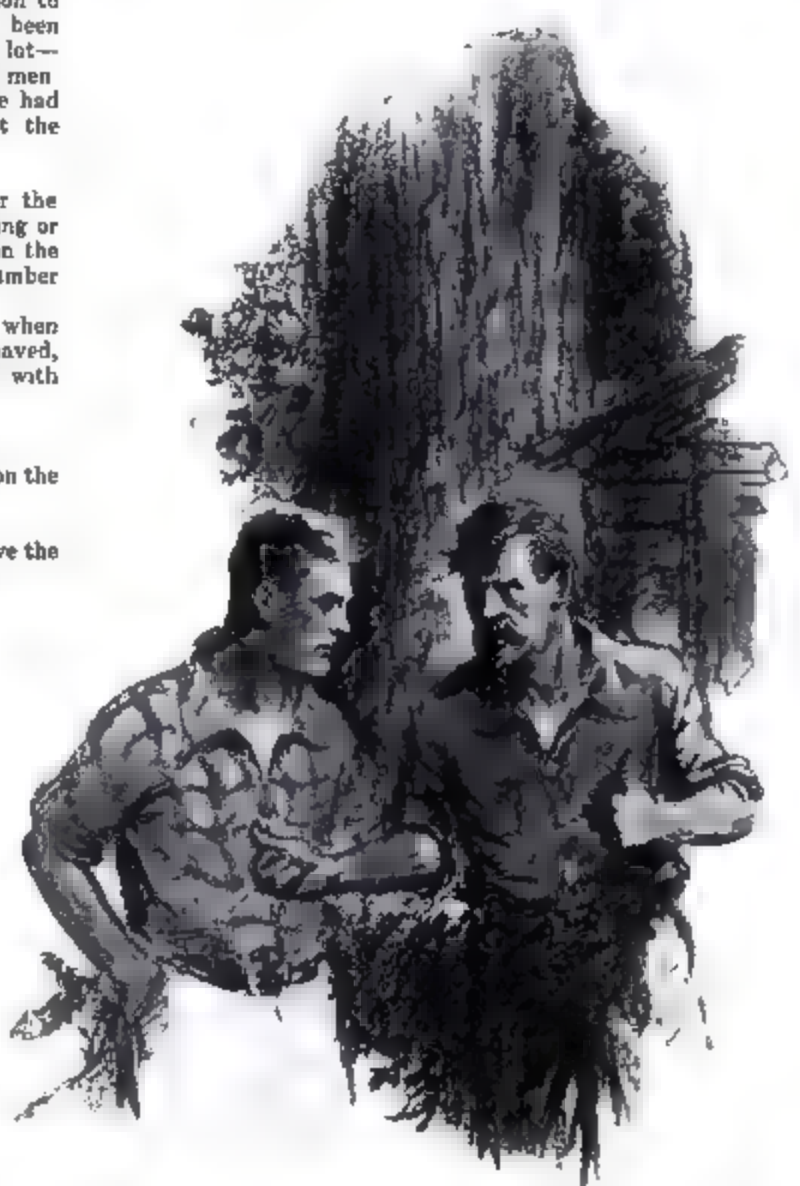
"Then you'd better tackle a job in the mill on machinery. That's the heart and soul of the place, and on it we stand or fall."

"I'd like that," said Duncan.

"I've been thinking of a good man to put you under."

"I'm ready. Who is he?"

"Friend of yours called Kyashi." He rose pacing the office, hands pushed deep in his pockets. "When it comes to erecting he's one of my best. I guess he is the best, because if you know what I mean, he seems to feel machinery as though it were a wife and could feel back. I like the way he handles it. He's on the big paper machine now with the man sent by the contractors who built it under guarantee, and he knows as much about it as they do. You were at college together, and I thought maybe that would help. Don't mind working under a Jap, do you?"



"Well, comrade," said Hitchin, "your chance is coming. I reckoned it would."



"No," said Duncan hastily, his brain in tumult.

"That shows your sense. It's ability that counts here, and nothing else. The machine is promised in running order in less than a month from to-day. It's the most expensive contraption we've got, and the rest of the work is child's play to it. It swallows wet pulp, spews out newspaper, and it's got to be earning money inside five weeks. If it isn't, we stand to lose a good contract."

"Where?"

"In England. I've got a good rate through the Panama, and we can do it. Some folks are coming out to close up. They'll be here inside a month. I only heard, yesterday."

Duncan felt very uncomfortable. He wanted to speak out, but could not do so without involving a man in whom Berry had complete confidence. After all, Berry knew Kyashi much better than Duncan did himself. There was nothing to repeat but the veiled threats made by a group of disgruntled lumberjacks on a hillside. Better first attempt to pierce the armorplate of Kyashi's manner, and see if anything lay behind it. That might justify further action.

"Is Miss Cartwright coming up then?" he asked vaguely. Berry nodded. "Before then. She'll be here with her aunt in a few days and stay for a month or so. You'll meet her. Now, get a room at the Company's boarding house. I'll tell them to look after you."

The young man leaned forward. "Mr. Berry," he said, explosively, "why are you so decent to me? You don't know anything about me."

Berry grinned. "Perhaps, that's why." He chuckled softly to himself, then, his face becoming more grave, sent Duncan a very honest and friendly look.

"If you want to know, I'll tell you. I've worked hard all my life, and never had your kind of education, and as I got on all right without it, I sort of thought it wasn't necessary. Well, a lot of your kind have come to this coast full of confidence, and ignorance of what was really wanted. I used to watch 'em lose what little they had, and it sort of amused me. Then, about the time you drifted along, I got the idea that this wasn't quite fair, and it was up to me to do what I could for the next Englishman, in spite of his education. Maybe, I was a mite jealous because I saw you fellows had something I hadn't and never will have. I laughed at that idea first, but found it wasn't so darned amusing when I thought it over."

"Then you blew into the hotel at Vancouver, asking questions about Pacific Narrows, and I knew darned well that, if I sat tight, it would be the same story with you. So I said to myself, 'here's my chance,' and chipped in. I'd been sizing you up, you seemed to have some stuff in you, and I reckoned I wasn't taking any particular risk. And anyone who's good enough for me will do for the Cartright Estate. You're a sort of experiment so far, but it's working out pretty well."

Duncan found it hard to express his thanks.

"That's all right. You've earned your money and in a business like this there's always room for a young fellow you can trust."

Again, Duncan was assailed by doubt. He did not want to be an alarmist. How much or how little did Berry know of the undercurrents of Ocean Bay? What he had said of Kyashi made the matter more difficult. Then, he found Berry looking at him with quiet amusement.

"Sort of asking yourself things, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Connected with anything you picked up in the woods?"

"Yes."

"Well, forget it. Nothing new there. You feel that I've spoken out, and you'd like to, also. Does you credit, but it isn't necessary. I suspected there might be something of the sort, and that's why I referred to a fellow you could trust. Every timber camp is a hotbed of talk. The foreman knew it, and that's why he put you with the gang he did. I told him he might as well, and it was part of your education. If those fellows want to think me a fool they're welcome to. It suits me down to the ground. The rest of it's my job, not yours, so rest easy. Now fix up about that room, and report to Kyashi to-night. He'll have his orders."

"Right," said Duncan, and got up.

"Hold on a minute. Sorry you came out here?"

"No, I'm glad. And—and you've never asked me why I came."

"That's your end of it. Maybe, you'll tell me some day, but there's no hurry. Do you miss England?"

"I haven't had time to."

Berry grinned. "You'll have a chance to get a touch of home when those people come out. There'll be three—a Mr. Wragge and two friends, a gentleman, one of the directors. I guess, and his daughter."

"Wragge?" stammered Duncan. "John Wragge?"

"Why yes. Know him?"

Duncan pulled himself together. "No, only by name. Who are the others?" he asked this with a little catch in his voice.

"Forget their names—wait a minute." He hunted

through a pile of telegrams. "Here—the man's name is Chester. Know him?"

Did he! His lips got rather dry. "I never met Wragge," he said stiffly, "but the Chesters live next to my father."

Berry looked at him oddly, and jumped to a conclusion surprisingly near the truth.

"Well," he remarked in a voice absolutely devoid of inflection, "you'll have a chance to renew old acquaintance in a new setting. I hope they'll like the place as well as you do. It's with Wragge that I reckon to close that contract."

DUNCAN found a room in the huge wooden boarding house that clung to a ledge overlooking Ocean Bay. Below, rose the gray mass of mile buildings, and, opposite, a little apart, stood Berry's bungalow. Further west, along the broken shore, lay the Oriental quarter into which the whites of the settlement were rarely allowed to penetrate.

He stood for a while at his window, staring at the rugged scene around him, and trying to sort out the situation. The Chesters here with John Wragge! He had had but one letter from Lois, and that read as though it were written in a guarded spirit, and not the sort a girl would send to a man she really loved. Remembering this, John Wragge seemed to obtrude himself, and then the sections of the human puzzle began to fit a little better. He had a curious sensation of being jerked back into something he was willing to forget, for a little while at any rate. He was bound to Lois, but was Lois bound to him? Wragge came in again there. Was Lois journeying to British Columbia in order to put an end to an engagement made in Sussex? That seemed hardly credible.

Sounded a knock at the door. Kyashi entered, and it appeared that mystery came with him. There was a smile lurking in his almond-shaped eyes.

"I have instructions to take on an apprentice to-morrow. Do you know anything about machinery?"

Duncan laughed. "Not from your angle. I can take a motor car to pieces and get most of the bits back again."

"Everything helps. How did you like the woods?"

"Very much—been up, yourself?" How did Kyashi know he had been in the woods?

"No, it was not advisable for me." He smiled quite openly now. "You won't mind if I work you rather hard? This is where Worcester gets back at Christchurch."

Queer, to have Oxford brought in now; that Oxford with its ancient towers and velvet lawns should be a factor in this crude setting where everything was raw and rough and uncompromisingly practical.

"I don't mind the work," said Duncan cheerfully. "I like it. You'll find me a bit of a duffer, though."

"It's different from the woods. The machine you'll be on is built like a watch."

"How do you come to be such an expert?"

Kyashi rolled a cigarette with slim capable fingers. "My people at home are interested in these things, so I put all my spare time in the shops where they are built. And knowledge of any kind is useful," he added smoothly.

"Many of your countrymen here?"

"About two hundred."

Duncan had been thinking very hard. Two hundred disciplined Japs might accomplish anything.

"Are you organized?" He asked suddenly.

The eyes of Kyashi narrowed. "You mean do we belong to any union?"

"Yes, or among yourselves."

"We belong to no local union, and as to among ourselves, surely that is a matter for us alone."

Duncan reddened. "I only asked because I struck what seemed to me a queer lot in the woods."

"That is quite possible. There are all sorts here."

"And one of them told me that if I got—" He broke off fearing he was daring too greatly and going too fast.

"That would be Hitchin." Kyashi's tone was quite colorless. "What else did he say?"

There was a moment of silence.

"You need not hesitate to repeat what Hitchin said," went on the Jap. "I don't think much of him myself, but all men have their uses."

"He said a good deal." Duncan began again, with the sensation that this was like exploring a cloud. "He resents the fact that he and the others have nothing, while the Cartright estate has millions."

"He harps too much on that string. Well?"

Another pause, during which the next move became, for Duncan, increasingly difficult. Kyashi admitted to knowing Hitchin and his arguments, and how could he know without being a member of that group of ill design? The only thing now was to handle this without gloves.

"He said so much that I'm not sure whether I should speak out to you or to Berry."

"With what object?"

Duncan made a gesture toward the mill. "Protecting that property—and, perhaps, saving lives."

"You are a free agent. You can do what you please."

"No suggestion to make?" He had a passing impulse to bring in Oxford as a bond between them, one that entitled him to advice, honest advice. But Oxford, it seemed, did not count for anything here.

"You don't care to say anything?" This with a straight look from the brown eyes.

"My experience is, that in a place like this, if one sticks to his job and says nothing, he's better off for it."

Duncan stiffened a little. "No doubt you're right."

THE great paper-making machine was a giant a hundred and fifty feet long, and the cement floor around it was covered with a multitude of small parts all laid out in neatly arranged groups. Such was the importance of this job, that only those directly engaged on it were allowed in that portion of the mill. Kyashi, cool and imperturbable as ever, shared the responsibility with a Scotch engineer representing the makers. Duncan, surveying the dimensions of this mechanism, wondered if it were possible that it shortly would be completed. He was counting nuts and bolts when he became aware of two figures coming slowly toward him. It was Berry, with a girl. They stopped before reaching him, and he knew that this was Miss Cartwright. Then he got very busy, and kept his eyes studiously occupied. Presently, he heard Berry's voice.

"I'd like to introduce a new employee. This is Mr. Seymour."

Duncan saw a slim brown hand put out, and felt the flush in his temples. His own palm was rather more than soiled, and he looked at it, ruefully.

"How do you do? Please—it's quite all right. I'll be as bad as you are before I've finished."

He laughed. "If you don't mind, I'm rather awful."

"That's the first time one of your own men has refused to shake hands with you," chuckled Berry. "Well, Seymour, what do you make of the job?"

"I'm afraid not much as yet."

"But you're going to make eighty tons of paper a day, aren't you?" asked the girl.

Berry nodded. "We hope so, and maybe a little more."

"What do you think of Ocean Bay, Mr. Seymour?"

"I like it, thanks to a good many things about it."

In spite of his garb, he looked very attractive when he said this, with his large honest brown eyes and those nameless, personal touches that speak of gentle birth and breeding. The oilstained overalls could not hide that. Something about him must have reached her, too, because the slightest possible change came into her manner, and she hesitated a little.

"Perhaps Mr. Seymour could come up to supper to-night?" she said, half turning to Berry.

He nodded. "Good idea. Come, won't you?"

"Thanks very much."

Sydney smiled, and her gaze traveled along the great machine with its massive frame, its nests of huge cylinders its complicated interlocking of gearing. This monster was hers. Kyashi was close by. He had not ceased work, and seemed excessively busy, but Duncan had an odd conviction that he did not miss a word of what was said. He might have been subdivided into two personalities—only one of which was occupied with mechanics. But he was more remote than ever and continued to direct others who were dispersed over the great metal fabric.

The girl saw him, was interested for a moment, then accepted him as part of the picture. Berry had moved on, and, to Duncan, the figures of these two, the Canadian heiress and her Oriental employee suddenly assumed a strange and startling significance. No reason whatever for this, but he could not escape it. Then she looked at him with a smile that he found very engaging.

"We'll be very glad to see you, to-night, about seven."

She went on to rejoin Berry, and Duncan's eyes shifted to Kyashi. His attention was still concentrated on his work, but his expression had become an utter mask, his small brownish, yellow hand was clenched tight and he looked to be carved out of stone. A fire was burning, somewhere, beneath that passionless exterior.

The rest of the day passed without incident, save that the Jap spoke hardly at all, and gave his orders almost in a succession of gestures. He moved like an automaton, and several times, Duncan found those dark eyes holding him with a fixed regard. No use asking what the look meant. His lips seemed frozen. One could imagine him going to his death like this, the secret still locked in his stoical breast. At six o'clock, he disappeared without a word.

Duncan changed his clothing, rather amused, a good deal puzzled and greatly interested. This was the first time since leaving home, that he had been asked to meet a woman, and, in this far angle of the world, a woman meant something novel and notably intriguing. Sydney Cartwright, as she stood beside the huge machine which was hers, and moved through the piglet swarm of her own employees, represented something quite new in women. One used to think of them as being quite apart from all this. They enjoyed the fruits of it, but kept at a certain and recognized distance. At Ocean Bay, however, the program was otherwise, and Sydney looked as though she knew and understood. There was comprehension in her face, a gentle decision on her lips. How different it all was!

Continued on page 16



## They all say: "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!"

No matter how you use Fels-Naptha . . . in boiling, cool or lukewarm water—in a washing machine or a wash tub . . . you are bound to get extra washing help you would hardly expect from any other soap.

There's a very good reason, of course, for this extra help. Fels-Naptha gives you the extra cleansing value of two thorough, safe cleaners working together—exceptionally good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha.

In the Golden Bar of Fels-Naptha you get the full benefit of this splendid

teamwork between soap and naptha.

Fels-Naptha makes it so much easier to get your clothes white and thoroughly clean. It is so gentle to your clothes in the wash. And it leaves your clothes with that delightful clean-clothes smell.

When you consider, too, that Fels-Naptha is so economical and so handy to use, is it any wonder that millions of women say: "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha"? Is it any wonder that thousands upon thousands of them come back to Fels-Naptha

after trying all sorts of cleaners and soaps?

A great many housewives use Fels-Naptha for every cleaning purpose. For washing clothes—washing dishes—removing spots from carpets and rugs—brightening painted woodwork—keeping their homes faultlessly clean and wholesome.

Don't you, too, want this extra help of Fels-Naptha? You can test the extra help of Fels-Naptha without cost, by writing Fels & Co., Philadelphia, for a free sample of the Golden Bar.

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



# REVIEWS & REVIEWS



*A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles, designed to keep the thinking man and woman in touch with significant happenings in the world of to-day.*

## Germany Leads in Use of Planes

*Correspondent of Morning Post Describes Germany's Vast Aviation Activities.*

LONDON MORNING POST

GERMANY, to-day, as far as commercial aviation is concerned, is mistress of the world. This is the striking statement of a correspondent of the London Morning Post. He goes on to tell us that since the restriction on air-  
plane construction, imposed by the Versailles Treaty, has been removed, all the commercial aviation firms have been merged into one giant concern, known as the Luft Hansa. The writer gives us an imposing picture of the strides which airway transportation has made in Germany. He says—

"Everywhere German aviation stretches its arms by attention to detail, hard work, and uncanny reliability. Silent airplanes, luxurious sleepers, vast and swift machines, are giving the German air liner that predominance which the Red Ensign holds for Great Britain in merchant shipping."

"As the Luft Hansa increases, moreover, so must its airplanes improve and its aerodromes grow ever greater. I have traveled over hundreds of air miles with the Company and added on scores of aerodromes. Everywhere I hear the same story 'We are rebuilding. There is not enough room for our traffic.' Bremen is erecting great new hangars and offices, Hamburg is rebuilding on a vast scale, Berlin—already the most wonderful air station in the world—is growing mightier every week, and Munich, the great South German air port, has just appropriated three-quarters of a million dollars for a new aerodrome."

"I hurried to the Tempelhof field in Berlin in time to catch the 10.50 plane for Munich. I found half a dozen machines on the ground, all with their engines roaring. Next to a G-24, making a terrible row with its three powerful engines, I discovered my little four-seater Fokker with the not so 'Berlin-Leipzig-Nurnberg-Munich' hung on the side of the fuselage. I jumped into the only available place and we took off at 10.51."

I found myself seated next to a German count who spent his life wandering round Europe by air. "We have you at last," he said, puffing meditatively at his cigar. In a few moments we were circling over Berlin and my guide was pointing out the buildings of interest with as little concern as if we had been seated in a Pullman train, although the pilot was turning his machine at an almost vertical angle.

There are miles of dual country as flat as a pancake between Berlin and Leipzig, but the fields were bathed in sunshine. Seventy minutes later we sighted Leipzig

aerodrome, a great field full of scurrying rabbits who appeared terrified as we taxied to the landing stage. This is an important junction for Cologne in the West and Prague and Vienna in the East. My count was off East, and his place was taken by a German with long hair and a violin. At 12.10 we were off again, leaving Leipzig behind. Little by little the flat ground gave place to hills and rivers with tiny, picturesque German farms dotted to right and to left. On a fine day the country round Nuremberg is a wonderful sight from the air.

"At Nuremberg, another important junction, we changed airplanes, and had

twenty minutes for lunch. The sun shone brighter than ever as we took off, and the country became more beautiful every mile. Soon we rose abruptly, climbing finally to a height of 1,800 metres, to find a sea of flaky white clouds like a carpet far below obscuring all scenery. The sky above was deep blue, while the sun was shining as brightly as ever. For an hour we traveled without finding a single hole in the cotton wool below. The pilot seemed to be enjoying the exhilaration of the flight, and brought us to Munich, where the sea of snow ended as if by command of the Luft Hansa. It was 3.50 exactly. We were on time to the minute."

## Bruce Explains Dominions' Status

*Australia's Prime Minister Declares Full Autonomy of Dominions Established by Imperial Conference.*

RT HON. S. M. BRUCE

THERE has been so much questioning so much gloomy prophecy, based on lack of concrete information, going the rounds ever since the conclusion of the Imperial Conference, that the statement of the main object attained by the conference, as given by the prime minister of Australia, the Right Honorable S. M. Bruce in the English Review is of the utmost interest and importance.

The position taken by the various dominions was, briefly this. That, to quote, the Australian premier, 'the distinction between self-government in domestic affairs, and nursery government in the sphere of foreign policy was very well for a time but it could not last.' Dominion nationality demanded an extension of self-government. The prime minister continues—

"To me it seems that the only real and substantial question which had to be settled was whether the will to unity throughout the Empire had or had not been impaired by the events and experiences of the last twelve years. If it had not, the task of the Conference would have been comparatively easy. If we could count upon an agreement on basic principles, there was little doubt that the details could be satisfactorily adjusted. But if there was genuine divergence of view as to what the Empire really was, then the task we had to face was difficult indeed."

"The optimists were abundantly justified by the event. Very early in our discussions it was manifest that ours was to be the easier problem of adjusting, on a basis of fundamental agreement, matters which were by comparison details."

"Even so, however, the task confronting the Conference presented considerable difficulties from one point of view. The British Empire is historically a unique institution. Its problems are unique, and in finding solutions for them one can expect no help from the past, from accepted theories of sovereignty, or from

existing rules of constitutional procedure. But it would be misleading to suggest that we were building entirely in the empty air, and that the Conference resolutions represented an attempt to shape a settlement of inter-Imperial relations entirely de novo. If we could not appeal for guidance to the past or to procedure established elsewhere, we could refer to the spirit of a position already partly worked out in practice by the British communities themselves, with their characteristic genius for solving half-consciously, and in practice, problems which might baffle the theorist."

"Certain questions, such as that of the right of appeal to the Privy Council, and that of the Dominions' freedom of action in negotiating with foreign countries, may have seemed to some to involve a real issue as between the subordination of the Dominions to Britain and a movement toward the breaking up of the Empire. Our task was, therefore, to remove misconceptions as to the real practical meaning of freedom and the real practical meaning of unity."

"We had to establish clearly the fact of the full autonomy of the Dominions in respect to every particular issue that was raised, and we had to do this on a basis which left the essential unity of the British Commonwealth unimpaired in any way."

"Both these tasks have, I think, been accomplished. In every single case the reconciliation between freedom and unity has been achieved in such a way that there is no further room for doubt among men of good will about what the British Empire means and how in practice it may be expected to conduct its affairs. In so far as uncertainty on these points, both within the Empire and outside it, was impairing good will and preventing progress—and I have no doubt that to a certain extent this was the position—we may claim to have made a real contribution toward the Imperial future."

## May Conquer Tuberculosis

*English Doctor Maintains New Treatment is Cure for Dread Disease.*

DR. LEONARD WILLIAMS

IN THE *Empire Review*, a journal of the very highest standards, Dr. Leonard Williams conducts a department under the heading of 'Medical Notes.' In a recent issue, he devotes the space at his command to a review of what he considers a most valuable book—written, curiously enough, by a layman, entitled 'How to Conquer Consumption.'

After praising the many good qualities of the book, he points out that the only treatment for consumption both surgical and pulmonary, endorsed by the author, David Masters, is that known as the Spahlinger treatment. Dr. Williams says—

"I welcome this opportunity of reaffirming my conviction that Spahlinger has it in his power, not only to cure existing tuberculosis, but to reduce the incidence of the disease to vanishing point. Perhaps the most astonishing feature of his treatment is its complete mastery over surgical tuberculosis. In all the years I have known him and his methods, amounting now to over thirteen, I have never known him to fail in effecting a complete cure in such cases, and I can recall many which seem at first to be past all praying for."

"Among Spahlinger's weapons is a vaccine which suffices to cure light and early cases. I am of opinion that this vaccine is capable of protecting people against the disease as effectively as the appropriate vaccine protects in typhoid and smallpox. It has done so in the case of cattle, it could almost certainly do so in the case of children. I began this paragraph with the intention of quoting Mr. David Masters, and, lest my indignant enthusiasm should monopolize my space—indignant because of the cynical neglect of Spahlinger's methods by pseudo-philanthropists, who have it within reach of their signatures to stop the 40,000 deaths per annum who turn a deaf ear to convincing appeals on the otiose plea of 'not proven.' I pass to the quotation. Says Mr. David Masters. 'I have personally investigated this treatment for a number of years, I have examined many times the unique Spahlinger laboratory, become familiar with the general process of making the treatment and the theory of it, seen patients who have been cured and doctors who have cured them and with a full responsibility of my duty to the world and humanity, I have no hesitation in writing that there is more than enough evidence to convince any unbiased and sensible man that Henry Spahlinger has discovered the specific cure for tuberculosis.'"

"Your Home  
Should Come  
First"



Davenport Bed  
Suite No. 1850  
Coxwell Chair  
No. 330

## Are you sacrificing the pleasure an extra sleeping room would bring?

WHY deny yourself the pleasure of entertaining overnight or week-end guests? Why crowd your family into too little sleeping space? The problem of more sleeping room is beautifully solved by a handsome Kroehler Davenport Bed. Thousands upon thousands of families living in small apartments and homes now use this 'Invisible Bedroom.'

By day it is a luxurious davenport with or without the beautiful matching chairs—stylish furniture that adds distinction to any living room.

But, when needed, one simple, easy motion transforms it into a full sized bed—with plant springs, a soft, downy removable mattress, and trim bedclothes all in place. And what a restful bed it is. In the morning you quickly return it to davenport form. Is there a more practical way to solve your problem?

### Hidden Qualities

Like all Kroehler-made furniture, the davenport bed is scientifically built inside, as well as outside. The

frame is of selected kiln-dried hardwood, strongly braced, glued, doweled and corner blocked. Not merely soft wood, nailed together.

Resilient non-sagging seat springs are of heavy, high carbon wire of Premier quality, interlocked with a spring steel understructure. Far stronger than the usual webbing. Fitting soft germ-reared flax fiber, best moss and cotton. Seat cushions are filled with patented vibrating coil springs—thickly padded with clean, white fatted cotton.



The folding bed frame is all steel fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs. This construction guarantees many years of beauty and comfort.

Yet, because of tremendous production, economical purchasing, scientific manufacturing practice and skilled craftsmen, the prices of this handsome, up-to-date furniture are surprisingly moderate.

### Moderate prices, easy terms

The nearest home furnishings show you nearest period and covers a bed on the davenport. The davenport bed is a masterpiece of design and construction. The davenport bed is a masterpiece of design and construction. The davenport bed is a masterpiece of design and construction.

Upon request we will gladly send the name of a dealer near you and a free copy of our new book, "Enjoyable Living Rooms" Address.

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# KROEHLER Davenport Bed

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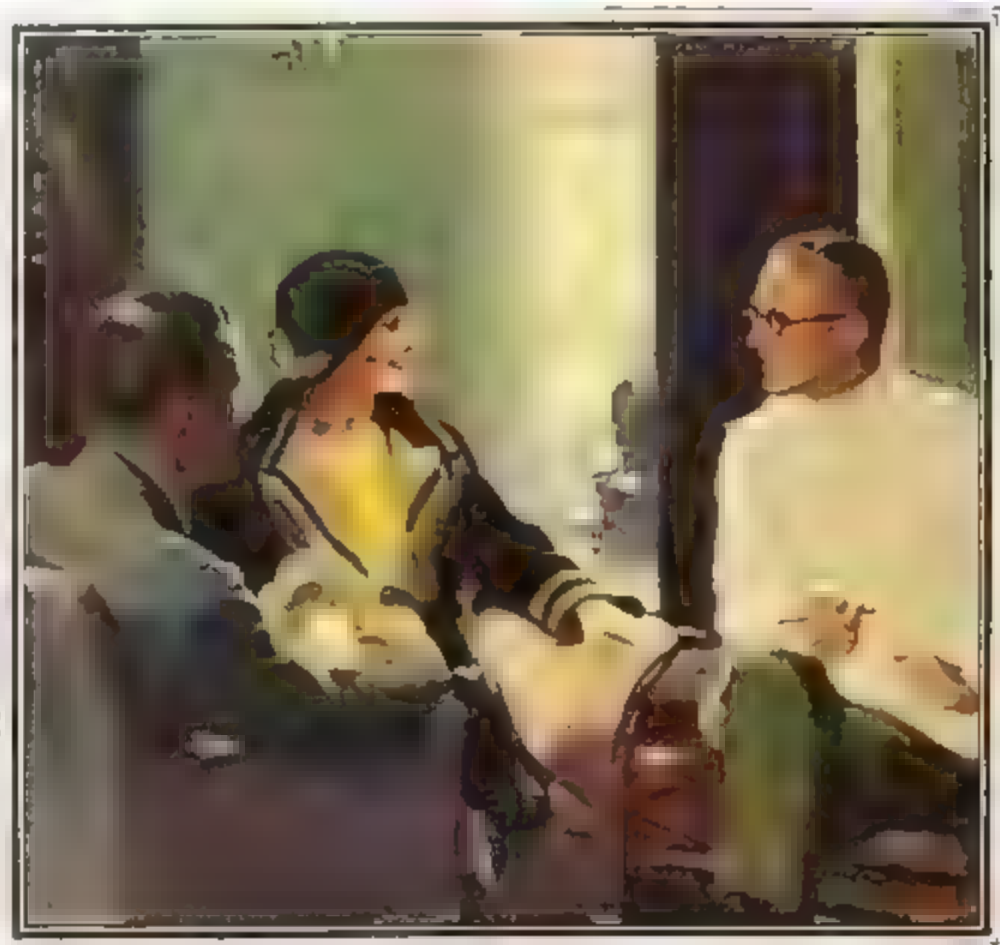


LOOK FOR THE KROEHLER NAME PLATE



# FILM—ENEMY OF YOUR TEETH AND YOUR SMILE

TO WHICH MANY SERIOUS TOOTH AND GUM DISORDERS ARE CHARGED



As film coats go, teeth whiten and brighten and as they brighten, smiles become charming. Thus Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities, is, at the same time, urged as of immeasurable importance as a daily adjunct to beauty, both in Europe and America.

The new way to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders—which numbers of leading authorities suggest

SEND COUPON FOR 10-DAY  
TUBE

IN a film that forms on teeth science has discovered what is believed to be a chief enemy both of sound teeth and of healthy gums—a viscous, stillborn film that ordinary brushing has failed to effectively combat.

Thus thousands who have taken greatest precautions even from childhood with their teeth still are largely subject to tooth and gum disorders.

Many of the common tooth and gum troubles, including pyorrhea, are largely charged to this film. To combat it a new dental care is now being widely advised.

What FILM is—  
its effect on teeth and gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only



Whitening teeth and firming gums—according to many authorities, for one—Pepsodent's natural revolting film is removed down this way.

when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth, to get into crevices and stay in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing was found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

**Curdles and removes film—Firms the Gums**

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science known today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

Now Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic properties, is known to experts as a major beauty aid.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Please accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten. The teeth gradually firm. The gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums.

## FREE—10-DAY TUBE



MADE IN CANADA

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1374, 191 George St., Toronto, Ont., Canada. Only one tube to a family.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

United States Office and Laboratories: 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E. 1. The Pepsodent Co., Australia: Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney N.S.W. 2334

# PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

## Tropical Gold Is Hardly Won

Cannibals Repulse and Banish Menace Seekers After New Guinea Gold

ROBERT M. MACDONALD

ANOTHER feverish gold-rush is on this time to New Guinea. But if we are to believe what Robert M. Macdonald, writing in the *Daily Mail*, tells us, those who go forth in search of new money may find the price very high they expect to pay. There is the climate, which is seldom cooler than 80 degrees, there are the mosquitoes which Macdonald describes as the most ferocious as he has ever seen them. The New Guinea natives who are attracted to such unwholesome practices as head-hunting and cannibalism. And there is the difficulty of getting out of the place, such gold as you may dig up. As for these things are said to be bad. Regarding, for example, the natives, Mr. Macdonald says:

The tribes who inhabit the interior are all cannibals of an extreme warlike type and where it was once a few experienced prospectors who knew the language and the ways of the natives with them it would be a most unwise move for the frenzied hordes of prospectors now rushing to the place. The mountains beyond the Ruzaback ridge to avoid breaking some strange law of war most will know nothing. And once any man commits this unpardonable sin, a war of extermination may begin which will make gold-getting a very exciting industry.

The New Guinea savage is not a puny specimen. He is often six feet in height and agile as a panther. He can throw a poisoned spear with surprising precision and he fears nothing but the unseen deity of his tribe and the angry ghosts of his ancestors.

"Yet he is not a treacherous enemy. He is thirsty and though he knows that the new gold fields are nearby, he does not want to go to war or to be killed by a man whom he has never seen before. He then only in the hope of getting his virtues. With respect to the natives, eaten but not all of them are cannibals and others."

The *rapun* is an interesting natural law which even a New Guinea native does not understand fully. A person or thing is first made *rapun* for some reason or other by the natives. Then any person or thing that comes in contact with the *rapun* object becomes *rapun* too. All things *rapun* (sacred or cursed) are dreaded by the natives as they work in its powers but a living man who is *rapun* is killed promptly so as to prevent him touching any other people or things and communicating his curse.

It is very difficult for a white man in daily contact with natives to avoid becoming *rapun*. He cannot know what has already been proclaimed sacred or the reverse, and the entire ignorance of most of those now rushing to the new gold field may lead to another massacre like that of the Marikah in the early days of New Guinea gold-mining.

Another existing circumstance which will tend to make life unpleasant on the new field is the climate. The shade temperature seldom ever below 100 degrees and tropical rain falls incessantly. The result is an atmosphere of steam. Another troubling unpleasantness is the presence of fæcal eches of abnormal size. They fasten on to the perspiring skin of anything living and gorge themselves with blood. The leeches of the Marikah headwaters are the most ferocious I ever encountered.

The question of food supplies will require some solving. Stones cannot be floated down the river or slid over ice as was the case in the Kandyke. They must be carried on the backs of the natives. The average human leg and the average back is about 12,000 feet high. The nearest point on the coast from the gold fields, 800 miles, German immigration will probably soon become the chief town of New Guinea. A case of the diggers will be out of sight in a day.

Rapun, the curse of the natives, is a very serious matter. It is a curse which is not only a curse but a curse which is a curse.

## Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

COLLECTED BY J. L. R.

**We're Out of Luck.** There's a \$60,000 out of luck of us as we are out of luck. It's a curse which is a curse.

**You've Got to Hand in the Dohtin.** There's just as much dohtin as there is in the world. It's a curse which is a curse.

**Essential Information Lacking.** A man who is essential information lacking is a man who is essential information lacking.

**Needful Qualities.** Women were made for a purpose and for a purpose. They were made for a purpose and for a purpose.

**Modernized The Spartan Mother.** She told her son to return with a sword or a spear. The modern mother returns with her son and a sword or a spear.

**Essentials.** A woman is a person who is essential. She is essential to a man and to a man.

**Perfuming Ways.** A woman who is perfuming ways is a woman who is perfuming ways.

**The Infamous Recipe.** A young man who is infamous recipe is a young man who is infamous recipe.

**Satisfied.** What was the saying? He was satisfied. He was satisfied with his life and with his life.

**A Nasty Crack.** The saying was that a man who is a nasty crack is a man who is a nasty crack.

**Contest No. 32 (Bertrand W. Sinclair) brought so many entries that only by working night and day were the judges able to have their announcement ready for this issue.**

1st Prize	MRS. W. WOOD	4th Prize	A. C. ROGERS
\$100.00	Farbank, Ont.	\$5.00	Montreal, Que.
2nd Prize	MRS. N. G. STONER	5th Prize	W. C. MURRAY
\$50.00	Arkona, Ont.	\$10.00	Moore's Mills, N. B.
3rd Prize	LEONARD RUSH		
\$25.00	Toronto, Ont.		

30 Prizes—\$400.00 in Cash. See Page 56 this Issue.

## Royal Families Light Readers

Princess Mary's favorite books are a list of books which she has read and which she has enjoyed.

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## Conciliation Is Aim of Copec

New Societies Being Formed to Abolish Strikes and Lockouts

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

THE terrific loss caused by the coal strike has brought into being in Great Britain a number of societies whose aim it is to bring about better relations between capital and labor. A correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* thus describes them for us:

There are four national organizations of outstanding importance: the National Alliance of Employers and Employed, the Labor Co-partnership Association, the Christian Industrial Fellowship, and Copec, which is a compound word of "Conference on Politics, Economics and Citizenship."

The first two may be described as purely economic societies dealing with practical workshop relations and conditions. The other two have for their object the promotion of friendship and co-operation in industry itself and of enlightening public opinion on industrial and economic questions. The Industrial Fellowship is a body of Anglican and Non-conformist bishops and ministers, with the Bishop of Lichfield as leader, formed to permeate industrial relations with Christ an ideals. It has been charged on occasion with being too much under the influence of certain Christian Socialists, but many of its members would repudiate this.

Copec is another organization of churches on a very wide basis, with the Society of Friends as one of its most active supporters. This body occasionally issues manifestos on specific subjects, but in the main directs its efforts through national and local conferences to the development of a co-operative spirit.

The National Alliance of Employers and Employed is composed of a national committee and district councils with an equal, joint membership, nominated by organizations of employers and trade unions, although some of the largest unions remain outside. This body has no avowed ethical aims. Its objects are to promote industrial relations on the basis of the payment of the highest possible wages in return for the highest possible production.

Its policy is to oppose all manifestations of "ca canny" on the workers' side and all tendencies on the employers' side to cut piece rates which yield high wages. It aims, above all, at the abolition of strikes and lockouts by the substitution of conciliation and arbitration for conflict.

The Labor Co-partnership Association is more limited in its scope and influence, but the conferences held this year indicate that the idea of profit-sharing, which the association exists to promote, is slowly gaining ground in certain industries. A fundamental underlying the advocacy of profit-sharing is that if the workers had a definite interest in the success of the industry apart from wages they would be more concerned to prevent losses caused by strife. There is no fixed method of applying the co-partnership system. Not only do the schemes of allotment of shares to workers vary, but the degree to which the right to share in control and management also varies.

In some schemes workers representatives are informed fully of financial affairs; in others they share in the management to a limited extent through representation on boards of directors. But in some no part in the management is provided for.

Differences of opinion on these matters have been expressed at labor and capital conferences in recent months and there are signs that the conception of the scope of

co-partnerships is widening. The growing interest in the discussions suggests the likelihood of steady progress.

Outstanding examples of the application of co-partnership in large works are those of Lever Brothers at Port Sunlight, the little textile mills of Taylors Limited of Batley, Yorkshire, a pioneer firm and the Raleigh Cycle Company at Nottingham—one of the latest firms to adopt the scheme.

Advocacy of the adoption of profit-sharing by the Samuel Coal Congress on was a notable indication of the unfolding of an idea which has been described as a half-way house to industrial democracy.

Two formidable obstacles are encountered by all these industrial peace movements. One is the distrust and hostility engendered in workers' thoughts by academic Socialist bodies which suggest that anything likely to strengthen the position of capitalism should be opposed. The other is the attitude of a large proportion of employers, especially in big industries, who hold that the workers' concern should be limited to wages, hours and working conditions.

Much would be possible if the labor movement could see that whatever might

be the best policy in relation to ownership and control of a great monopoly, industries such as railways, electricity, and coal must remain under some form of private enterprise, and that the greatest possible prosperity can only be secured by the co-operation of all engaged in these industries.

From this point of view the most promising line advanced is the extension and strengthening of the Whitley council movement, which enables representatives, employers and workers to face together the difficulties in their own industries and to discuss frankly each other's point of view.

Monitor readers have been informed of the remarkable success of this movement in the boot and shoe industry. Shipbuilding employers and workers have now jointly decided that all means of conciliation shall be exhausted before a dispute can result in stoppages, and a similar agreement has been concluded by the joint industrial council for the printing trades. While these are not absolute safeguards against a conflict they reduce the danger to a minimum. The vital problem now is to create a similar spirit in coal and engineering.

## Sees in Trusts Britain's Hope

Recommends Trustification as Remedy for Condition of British Coal Industry

LORD BEAVERBROOK

HOW is British coal mining to be made prosperous? This is the question posed by Lord Beaverbrook in the *Sunday Express* and to which he answers, "By trustification, covering both the producing and selling ends of the business."

In proof of the soundness of this theory, he discusses the causes which brought about the formation of the Standard Oil trust, the United States Steel Corporation and last, but not least, the Canada Cement Company, in the inauguration of which he played a prominent part. Speaking of Standard Oil, Lord Beaverbrook says:

"The usual idea about Standard Oil is that Mr. Rockefeller managed to get all the oil wells in the United States, and so established a monopoly. What really happened was that Rockefeller came into an industry in which new wells were springing up at such a pace and in such numbers that no financial power on earth could have bought them up."

"As a consequence, there were huge gluts of crude oil—overproduction which led to cut-throat competition, and to selling prices which were ruining the industry."

"In the getting of oil Rockefeller was only as one man to twelve. What he did was to seize the lines of communication by which the oil could reach the world, and later to amalgamate the firms which sold it. By this capture of the selling end he not only brought the producers into line and compelled them to save their own industry, but he also erected a system under which Standard Oil makes most of its vast profits from selling and not from production. Standard Oil, when I lived in Canada, owned only thirty per cent. of United States oil production and controlled eighty per cent. of the sales."

"The history of the United States Steel Corporation, founded by Mr. Morgan and Mr. Schwab, was not dissimilar. The motive force for its creation was the fact that the steel trade in America was in a bad way, owing to internecine competition and ineffective management. The small firms in self-defence began to group themselves together."

"When several large amalgamations had been thus formed they came together, bought out one desperate rival, Mr. Carnegie, and formed the United States Steel Corporation in 1899-1900. But this body by no means included the whole American steel industry."

"In spite of improved production in the larger body the smaller firms constantly beat it at the selling end, and the trust went through some unpleasant experiences. Finally, its leaders grasped where the weakness lay, and by consolidating and improving their selling methods they have now constructed an organization which is the admiration of the whole business world."

We see here two patent facts:

(1) That union can save an industry on the brink of disaster.

(2) That this union is only effective in so far as it is also applied to the selling end of the business.

I speak here of matters in which I have personal experience, for I inaugurated the Canada Cement Company in the year 1909.

All the symptoms of a ruined industry that have been described as producing the American trusts were present here. But for the formation of a cement trust the weaker mills must have closed.



In a gown of silver grey crepe Mrs. VANDERBILT is receiving friends in her spacious English living room. Here fine old Chinese chest, a pasha rug, and rare prints rest the eye, while the windows frame the changeful pageant of East River.



In her little morning room, Mrs. VANDERBILT relaxes after her duties in her many charities. To the Neurological Institute of New York devoted exclusively to nervous and mental diseases, Mrs. Vanderbilt gives liberally of her time and means.

## In Her Enchanting House in New York

# Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt

receives with gracious informality



No. 1 Sutton Place, New York, a fine example of the Georgian style.

AMONG America's great hostesses, Mrs. William Kissam Vanderbilt has few peers. Few have quite her quality of distinction, quite her high-bred charm. She entertains in her enchanting house in Sutton Place with delightful informality. Yet she cares less for society than for serving humanity, and practices a hundred quiet ways of doing good.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is a born beauty lover—beauty in art, in all the phases of life appeals to her. Everything that contributes to womanly charm she considers highly important, prizing all the



Mrs. Vanderbilt loves to fill her rooms with flowers.

subtle qualities of feminine grace and loveliness.

She advocates the daily use of the same Two fragrant Creams for the care of the skin that other distinguished and beautiful women sponsor. Concerning them she says: "Through the stress of a multitude of engagements Pond's Creams will give you the assurance of being your best self. And I say this with a sincerity that comes from actual acquaintance."

This is how they should be used:—

Before retiring at night and after rising the day, cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream, putting it on generously. In a moment or two, its fine oils lift from the pores all clogging dust and powder. Wipe off and repeat, finishing with a splash of cold water.

If your skin is dry, add more Cream after the bedtime cleansing and leave it on all morning to make your tissues supple and smooth again.

After every cleansing except the bedtime one, apply lightly just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. It makes a marvelous powder base, holding your powder smoothly for hours. In it

self it gives a lovely even finish to the skin, a glow of natural beauty. It guards the smooth white texture of your hands and protects your face admirably, when you fare forth into weather, wind and sun, from all these unkind influences which strive but vainly now to age, dry and fine your skin.

Care for your skin with these Two delightful Creams made by Pond's. They will, as Mrs. Vanderbilt suggests, give you the assurance of being your best self.



On Mrs. Vanderbilt's dressing table—powdered powder boxes and jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams.

**Free Offer:** Mail this coupon and receive free sample tube of Pond's Two Creams with entire contents.

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168 Brock Avenue, Toronto, Canada

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Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_  
MADE IN CANADA

## MacLean's \$1,000.00 Prize Offer

### CANADIAN SHORT STORY CONTEST

MacLean's Canadian Short Story Contest, in which One Thousand Dollars Prize Money is offered for the best stories possessing a Canadian theme and setting closes on the date of this issue, March 1. In accordance with the rules of the contest, no entries received after that date will be considered. At the time of going to press an encouraging number of manuscripts had been received and a great number were on their way.

Judging will commence at once. The awards will be announced as speedily as a commensurate with fair consideration of each manuscript. Preliminary elimination will be conducted by the editorial staff of MacLean's, the main judging being done by Doctor George H. Locke, Chief Librarian of the City of Toronto and President of the American Library Association, and W. Wallace, Professor of English University of Toronto.

The first prize will be \$500 in cash, the second \$250, the third \$150 and the fourth \$100.



## Good cooks prefer "Wear-Ever"



## —used by culinary experts

Behind the scenes, away from soft lights and music, gleaming silver and snowy linen, away from smiling faces and merry voices of happy diners, stands the Chef Supreme in his spotless domain, he is the man upon whom the reputation of the dining room depends.

Food from his kitchen must be wholesome and appetizing. It must preserve its full flavour. It must please.

Prominent chefs choose utensils of proven reliability. They use "Wear-Ever."

Because these hard, thick sheet aluminum utensils quickly and evenly distribute heat, just the right cooking temperature is easily maintained. They can always be relied upon for perfect results.

No wonder famous chefs demand

## "Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Kitchen Utensils



Over One Hundred Million  
"Wear-Ever" Utensils  
Now in Use

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA  
Limited  
TORONTO

## White Ants Are Serious Menace

U. S. Bureau of Entomology  
Advises Building Ordinances  
to Offset Insects' Ravages.

ENGINEERING NEWS-RECORD

IT WILL be information to many of us that the depredations of termites, 'white ants', are by no means confined to the tropics. The United States Bureau of Entomology is advising the drafting of special building ordinances to prevent destruction of wooden structures by these pests, says a writer in the *Engineering News-Record*, and continues—

'Owing to lack of information on the destructiveness of our native termites, or white ants, and their wide distribution throughout the United States, buildings are often erected with untreated wood-work directly in contact with the ground, leaving the way open for the entrance of these insects. In consequence, termites burrow into the wood, and may greatly damage the building before their presence is detected.

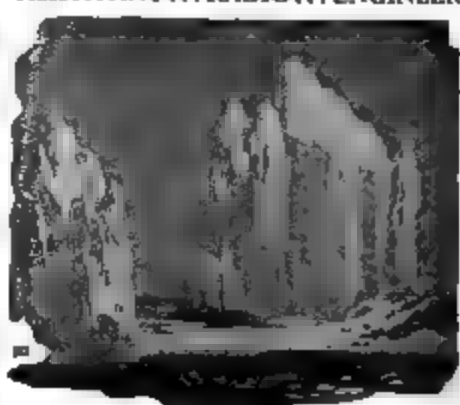
'Depredations of termites (white ants) last year closed St. Boniface's Catholic Church, Edwardsville, Illinois, and pillars and beams supporting the roof had to be rebuilt. The structure, of brick, was erected in 1869. Herman von Schrenck, consulting engineer St. Louis, states that every spring so many cases like this occur that his office is besieged with requests for assistance. In the church case, it was discovered that the ants had gnawed the inside of four large carved wood pillars supporting the roof of the church, leaving mere shells. Each pillar carried a mean roof load of 1,600,000 pounds, and engineers considered it remarkable that the roof did not collapse. Fortunately, no heavy snows fell during the winter, which probably accounted for the roof holding up.

'Recently the Bureau of Entomology has been advocating the modification of the building regulations of various cities so as to include the following simple rules to prevent attack by these insects: No floors, sills, beams, clapboards, etc., of untreated wood should be laid on or in the earth. No lime mortar should be used in foundations or in cellar walls where they are in contact with the earth, since termites are able to penetrate lime mortar after some years' service. All brick-work extending below the surface of the ground should be faced and capped with concrete at least one inch thick. These slight modifications of the building regulations of cities by city engineers would save much property.

'The recommendation of the use of heat, steam, insecticides and fumigants against these subterranean termites is of no permanent value, and is futile. If conditions in a building are unsuitable to termites they will leave; if they can be prevented from leaving or coming in again by shutting them off from the ground, nothing further need be done, and anything else is a waste of time and money. Complete insulation of all wood-work from the ground is the only effective method of preventing the ravages of termites in buildings in the United States.

The termite problem is of vital importance in the tropics and in the interest of pushing the use of preservatives the Department is building a model demonstration termite protected building at Ancon, Canal Zone, of treated wood and fiber board. Sills, subfloor, and joists will get a full-cell pressure creosote treatment. Studs, headers, plates, ceiling joists, and rafters will have empty-cell-pressure treatment of creosote. Zinc chloride will be used for the floors, siding, shingle strips, window- and door-frames, and sash. The building will stand on concrete posts three feet above ground.'

ASK... ANY... RADIO... ENGINEER



## With the "Trouble-Shooters" of the North Atlantic

ICE-BERGS—towering, ponderous, deadly mountains of ice drift southward from the ice fields of the Arctic into the traffic lane of trans-Atlantic steamers.

Locating and destroying them is the perilous and never-ending duty of the Coast Guard Cutters.

Shell fire and high explosives, however, often fail to blow the bergs from the sea, and warnings are then broadcasted by radio to every ship whose course lies through the danger zone.

Smooth power, unfailing dependability over long periods and under all conditions of service are qualities demanded in the radio batteries used in this dangerous naval service.

The fact that Burgess Batteries meet these requirements recommends them to you for your own receiving set.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

## BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

CANADIAN FACTORIES AND OFFICES:  
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in 14 other States  
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**BURGESS**  
RADIO BATTERIES

# Change! Change! Change!

Has your lubricating oil the margin of safety needed today?

## FRANKLIN

THE Franklin holds a unique position in the automotive industry, for it is the only air-cooled passenger car in this country. Copper cooling fins are cast into the cylinders which are of valve-in-head construction, and a large blower at the front of the engine supplies the forced air circulation. Aluminum alloy pistons of the constant-clearance type are provided with four piston rings above the piston-pin including a special oil-control ring in the lowest groove.

The engine is lubricated by a force-feed system of exclusive design. A gear pump delivers oil to a distributor plate which directs the oil into each of the eight supply tubes in turn, one tube leading to the timing chain and the seven others to the main crankshaft bearings. The crankpins receive oil from the main bearings through drillings in the crankwebs, and all other engine parts are lubricated by the oil spray from the crankpin bearings except the overhead valve mechanism which is lubricated manually. A small hole in the blower housing causes a flow of air through the crankcase, tending to retard dilution and water contamination of the engine oil.

In order to satisfy all the lubrication requirements of the Franklin engine, to insure maximum performance with minimum carbon formation, Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB" is recommended for both summer and winter operation.

RECENT years have brought marked changes in automobile engine design and construction. As these changes have occurred the margin of safety in Mobiloil has been constantly kept ahead of these requirements.

Some of the newest factors are—higher speeds—crankcase ventilating systems—new valve-actuating mechanisms—air cleaners—oil filters. Heavier crankshafts together with more and larger bearings make a scientific analysis necessary to arrive at the correct oil recommendation.

Here, the Gargoyle Mobiloil engineers analyze the lubricating requirements of two of the important 1927 cars. A similar study has been made of the car you drive, regardless of its model or year of manufacture. The recommendation for your car is in the Mobiloil Chart. This Chart has the approval of 609 automotive manufacturers and represents our professional advice.

## CHEVROLET

THE Chevrolet engine is of four-cylinder valve-in-head construction, and is water-cooled by pump circulation. Cast-iron pistons of special design are fitted with three piston rings above the piston-pin, including a special oil-control piston ring in the bottom groove. Compression pressures are moderately high.

The splash circulating system of lubrication is employed. A gear pump delivers oil directly to the center main bearing, and to a splash trough under each connecting-rod. Dippers on the connecting-rod bearing caps dip into and splash the oil from these troughs in the form of a fine spray or mist, which lubricates all internal parts of the engine. The rocker-arms of the overhead valve mechanism are lubricated by an oil-soaked felt pad which periodically is saturated with oil by hand. An oil screen is located in the crankcase to prevent sediment from being drawn into the oil pump.

To insure maximum protection for the engine under all operating conditions, to minimize detrimental carbon deposits and to facilitate starting in cold weather, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended for summer and winter operation in all Chevrolet models.

## MAKE THE CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"). If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chrysler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Franklin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lincoln	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moore	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc



**Mobiloil**  
Make the chart your guide



IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED  
Marketers of GARGOYLE MOBILIL in Canada

Manufactured by  
VACUUM OIL COMPANY



# AT THE PALACE in San Francisco



"The crowd there is brilliantly cosmopolitan—faces from London, Vienna, Bombay"

## 132 WOMEN GUESTS

like this soap better than any other—  
find it a wonderful soap for the skin

WHO can forget it—the Rose Room at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, on one of its gay nights?

Into its whirl of music and laughter there steals now and then the breath of the great Pacific trade winds. Just outside its doors lies waiting all the mystery and wonder of the East.

The crowd that gathers there is brilliantly cosmopolitan, faces from New York, London, Vienna, Bombay.

Beautiful women who have travelled the world in search of new pleasures—gratified their taste for all that is costly and rare.

How do they care for their skin? What soap do they find pure enough and fine enough to satisfy them as the idea, snap for the complexion?

We asked 214 women guests at the world-famous Palace Hotel in San Francisco what

soap they prefer for the regular care of their skin.

More than half answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap."

It's the most satisfactory in all ways, they said. "It's a wonderful soap."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients, it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soaps.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for over coming common skin defects.

Get a cake to try—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

YOUR WOODBURY TREATMENT for ten days  
Now—the new large-size trial set!

The Andrew Johnson Co., Ltd.,  
3305 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

For the enclosed life please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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Province \_\_\_\_\_

## The Elephants' Graveyard

Continued from page 5

So, they made no move and, in the morning, kept all the porters close in camp. Neale and Murray going to the lookout. They saw the smoke from the morning fire, and then, as this died, knew that whoever it was had resumed their journey.

At morning, they lay on the lookout, taking it in turns to watch, but those other wanderers in the brown, burned waste made no sign. About three in the afternoon, Neale who dozed below the crest, under the shade of a scrap of canvas, heard his friend give a muttered curse. He started up, to follow Murray's pointed arm.

Silhouetted, strikingly, against the sky on the ridge overlooking the dip where their camp lay, was an Arab on horseback.

A magazine rifle in his bridle hand, and motionless, but for the tossing of his horse's head, he gazed down at the tents, and the porter sprawling in the savage sun.

"Caught, by Gad!" muttered Neale. "We'll have to bluff. Come on—fore he spots we were watching. Good, oh we've a rifle—say we were after meat. Don't let him see us lying doggo here."

They rose swiftly, swinging at once into the safari-man's slouch, as though tired from a long tramp, and wound in single file down the hillside.

The Arab saw them now. He spoke to his stallion and with superb horsemanship, cast him full tilt down the steep and broken hillside, plunging to a halt before the two in a whirl of dust and flowing burnous. The stallion reared and squealed, champing on the huge chased silver bit.

Letting fall his hood, the fellow raised his hand in salute. "Peace be unto you, brethren! The Prophet saith, 'The sight of a friend's face in the wilderness is like unto a draught of sweet water to a thirsty man!'"

They replied, "Peace be unto you, brother!"

Murray watched him attentively. He was sure he had never seen him before. But the sons of Ibn Daoud Asaf were many and various. The Arab dismounted and turned to Murray.

"Lords," he said, "the day is hot and my beasts are very weary. If it be your pleasure, I will march no more, but will lie in your camp till to-morrow," and he gazed at Murray with a serene and contemplative eye. The latter nodded slowly. "Abiding and pure is the peace that grows by the camp fire in the desert. Rest ye."

The Arab stood a moment, then swung up to his saddle, wheeled, plunged, and, without a word, dashed over the hill in a cloud of dust.

The two regarded each other, surprisedly.

"Well?" "Dunno! Must be the wrong man," said Neale.

"I wonder. Queer business, this, from the very beginning. We'll just wait and see."

They hurried into camp and sent for the headman, warning him to see that none of the porters talked.

In ten minutes, the horseman reappeared, hurrying himself over the skyline and descending in a mad swoop into camp.

Unfalosa took the stallion, and the Arab squatted in the dust. In a little while, over the rise, came six small white donkeys heavily laden and led in pairs by three Soudanese boys.

Soon, as he sat, their guest pulled from within his burnous a scrap of cloth like a handkerchief. Untying a knot in it he took out a scrap of betel nut and a pinch of lime. The eyes of the two whites sought each other guardedly. They knew now that the little silver box which should have held that chewing material was at that moment in Murray's pocket!

The Arab chewed a while in silence. Then he spat a gout of scarlet juice.

"Brothers, this is a barren land. Here is little meat and water, and no elephants."

This, they knew, was in the nature of a question. Murray went boldly into the open.

"We be old elephant hunters. In the good lands, between here and the sea, the bulls are scarce. We would cross these barrens. Perhaps, on the other side, there will be many elephants."

The Arab nodded. "The hunter's fortune is with Allah! I have crossed this desert. To the north, there is much ivory. I have seen it. I go west with gifts to buy a wife for the young son of my father, Ibn Daoud Asaf whom all men know."

He caught the eye of Murray and held it gravely.

"The son of Ibn Daoud Asaf is welcome in our camp. Much ivory have we sold to his father." Murray gravely returned the stare.

That night, they sat long by the fire in silence, after the manner of Arabs. Murray was profoundly mystified at the state of affairs. That this was the man who had killed Kaleve, he felt morally certain. The Arab knew they sought his secret. Yet, apart from the hint that they should go north he did not seem in any way interested to learn their intentions. It was very strange.

That night he gave orders to break camp and go north in the morning.

With the first streak of dawn, the two parties were packed and afoot.

The Arab mounted and raised his hand. "Peace be unto you, brethren! May you take many tusks to my father's padown when your hunt is done. There is much ivory to the north."

"Peace be unto you!"

Fresh after its rest, the horse reared high and squealed. As it came down the rider drove home the pointed stirrups which Arabs use like spurs, and dashed over the skyline into silence.

The six donkeys followed slowly and, when all had disappeared, Murray led his safari northward.

"Well, this beats cock fighting!" he said to Neale. "I'm going to follow that bird. Only, I don't like it. He was too smooth by far. What do you think?"

Neale shook his head. "Damned if I know. As you say, we'll have to follow and chance it."

So they lay for half a day, then returned and picked up the trail.

As they started westward, Unfalosa spoke.

"Lords," he said. "While the camp slept, I searched the donkeys' loads. There were many boxes which I could not open, but each beast carried two water skins. It is in my mind, that the Arab prepared for a long march without water. Should we not make water skins?"

Neale nodded. "Thou dost well, old bull."

The six donkeys left a plain trail, and, taking care not to overrun their quarry for a week they crawled across the brown and sun scorched waste seeing sometimes the spires of Abdul's camp smoke to the west.

When they killed game they skinned it carefully and Unfalosa sewed the raw hide into waterbags.

At first the land was brown and rolling, with occasional clumps of vegetation, but, on the sixth day, topping a ridge they found a vast, bare plain dreary and white, stretching as far as the eye could reach.

Here's where we fill those waterbags," said Murray. Though they had marched three hours from the last water hole, he led back again and filled every available receptacle. This overloaded the porters very badly, and, with regret, they

Continued on page 34

## The Super-Six Principle freed to the limit—

5-Pass. Sedan \$2,275



## Nothing Like It in the World

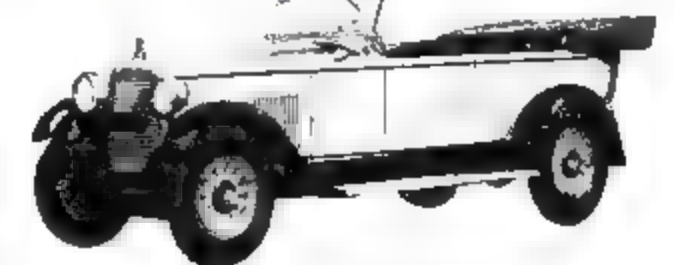
In both performance and the principle by which it is accomplished, Hudson is unlike any other car in the world.

The Super-Six principle, now freed to the limit, delivers its power with the smooth flow of an electric motor. Throughout, the car is engineered to make full use of its stream of energy. And so the Super-Six gets under way faster than its rivals, and with a total absence of the violent lunge usual to high-powered cars.

It glides into motion from a standing start. You may travel at any speed and always find untapped reserves of power for quick acceleration. Four-wheel brakes just as softly and effectively check your speeds.

In motor and chassis, both new, the Hudson Super-Six reaches new heights of speed, safety, comfort and performance. There is nothing like it in the world.

In the Essex Super-Six—sharing all these advantages in comfort, safety, quality, and surpassing motor efficiency—there are five new bodies—entirely new in appearance, beauty, smart upholstery and appointment.



7-Pass. Phaeton \$2,425



7-Pass. Sedan \$2,375



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Custombuilt Roadster \$1,795  
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All prices f.o.b. Windsor, taxes extra

# HUDSON Super-Six



Coach \$1,650





## From BRAZIL TO YOU

CHAN—A new-type wax that makes Radiant, Luxurious Floors Easier to Get, Easier to Keep, More Economical

THE wonder of CHAN is that with much less time and energy, you get brighter, richer-toned floors. This beautiful finish lasts longer and is practically waterproof.

The secret is "Carnaubra". In the tropical forests of Brazil grows the giant "Carnaubra" tree, from which is obtained the hardest and most durable of all waxes. Unequalled anywhere in the world as a floor beautifier.

Scraped from the huge leaves, then boiled and refined, "Carnaubra" is blended with small amounts of other waxes to make application easy, rapid and economical.

You'll realize the first time you use CHAN, that it is a wonderful improvement over ordinary floor wax. Because of its greater polishing power, you should use it sparingly. A one pound tin of CHAN will cover 1,000 square feet of floor—two or three times more than most floor waxes. It sets quickly, dries hard, gives floors real protection.

Your hardware man can supply CHAN in paste form, 1 lb. 40c., 1 lb. 75c., 3 lb. \$2.00, 5 lb. \$3.25. In liquid form 1/2 pt. 40c., 1 pint 75c. Also in larger containers.

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MAIL THIS FOR  
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I am receipt of 10¢ (4 samples or cash) for the large and medium size of CHAN. Each paid, sufficient to purchase a medium size room.

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Continued from page 12

"This is going pretty far," remarked Murray, as they watched the boys piling the stores they were saving. "But where the hell's the water here? A meat and I'll see this thing through or bust."

So they resumed their march, husbanding the water carefully.

Day after day, they struggled through the barrens. It was not a desert proper, merely an arid plain, ankle deep in fine, white dust and the tracks of their quarry showed well.

They wondered, greatly, that the Arab had done nothing to prevent their following.

That night, they found no water and they thanked the stars for their store, nor, did they find it for three more days. On the fourth day, however, marching a mile or so ahead of the porters, they ran into a sort of valley bottom. Here, there was little dust, and occasionally patches of thorny scrub. The dip swung northerly and the tracks led up it.

"Water soon," said Neale. The other nodded.

Murray pointed suddenly. "That's springbok lying down, isn't it?"

Good. To-night, we'll have fresh meat and water."

They looked to their rifles and kept on. The country was quite open and they knew that the game would stand at gaze for a few moments, giving them time to shoot.

Nearer and nearer they crept, but still the game did not take alarm, till they were close enough to see that they lay, all five of them, prone on their sides, a most unusual thing. It was now an easy shot. Murray shouted to put them on their feet. But, to their astonishment, the beasts did not move.

They hurried across the remaining distance and then looked at each other incredulously. Five springbok lay there, dead, without mark upon them.

Murray felt one.

"Where? What the devil?"

They examined all five carefully, finding them absolutely unmarked.

This must be *reindeer*. Nothing else could do it. That Arab's cattle will get scarce. Here's a go! But we'll be up to him in three days. He can't miss it."

"Damn! This will wreck everything good we've got no cattle. The water must be near that's one good thing."

They approached the carcasses to the gathering vultures and pushed on till they found up a tiny lamp of bushes green and bright, looking sheltering a deep pool.

Murray took his collapsible cup and dipped it full, handing it to his friend.

"Thanks, old man."

Neale threw back his head and raised the drink. But before he could put it to his lips the other yelled and struck at him desperately, knocking the cup from his hand.

What the deuce? But at the look on Murray's face Neale stopped and stared.

"Look there," said Murray. "Reindeer doesn't kill monkeys nor birds."

Ten feet from the pool, lay three dead monkeys, and near, a flock of tiny, brilliant birds.

Murray nodded grimly. "We've made no mistake. Neale, old man, about that Arab. He's poisoned this well! That's why he didn't care whether we followed or not."

Their faces set in indignation.

By this time, the porters were almost up. Murray ran to meet them, ordering Ufalusa to see that no man drank.

The boys muttered, sullenly, as they hung themselves down and gazed with longing eyes at the verdant clump of bushes and the tranquil pool.

Murray and Neale took stock of their water. Two small gourd-skins full only remained, and that for twenty-five. Anxiously, they held a council of war with Ufalusa.

It all turns on the next water," said Murray, "and it seems to me that I can't be very far. You see any one coming back over this route must pass through to take him to the east end of the lake. No safari could carry much more per man than we did, and as I'm certain that these eastbound parties are carrying heavy ivory they can't take much water. So, I'm betting it's within two days at the most, but if you and you, Ufalusa, don't agree, I'm ready to abandon the trip. There's the possibility that the next water will be poisoned, too, though I don't think likely."

Ufalusa spoke. "There must be water soon. How else could the Arabs cross to the eastward?"

Neale nodded. "Get 'em moving and push till we strike it."

THAT night they found no water and used last half their supply. At dawn, they pushed on, anxiously. It was blazing hot, though the trail led along the ancient water course. By noon, the two white men looked grave.

If we don't strike it to-night, we'll be in the soup," said Neale. The other nodded grimly.

A quarter of a mile ahead was a camp of boulders which both watched eagerly, hoping they concealed the longed-for oasis, but when at last they rounded them they stopped in stark amazement.

A clump of bushes ringed a lovely pool, and in attitudes of agony around it lay their erstwhile guest, his horse, his three boys and six donkeys.

The two rushed forward. All were dead, though not yet cold.

"Good God!" burst out Murray.

"We—you don't think we were mistaken about poisoning that well?" Neale said in awe. "Praps there's some new plague or something in this country."

"Why haven't we got it, then?" Looks to me as if they poisoned this and then forgot and drank here."

"But that's preposterous! He wouldn't do a ridiculous thing like that!"

Now the safari rounded the boulders and the boys yelled joyfully, throwing down their loads and charging for the water. Neale and Murray spreading their arms shouted, "Prango Prango!"

"But! But! But the negroes would not heed."

Neale sawing his rifle butt brutally to a wedge and leaping the man at which the rest scudded angrily, clustering and a bellow.

Murray felt the Arab as he lay on his face, his knees drawn up, hands at the pit of his stomach in agony.

Ufalusa strode back up the trail and came back kneeling among the boulders.

"What we do?" said Murray.

"Have to go on, can't go back."

In the massive distance, half a day's march away, they could see a distinct ridge.

I've a notion that over that ridge the country will change. We can't touch this water that's a cinch. Haven't time to bury these chaps, either. Best to 'em quickly and push on—that's all we can do."

He snatched up his rifle and put a bullet in the dust six inches from the nose of a boy who was sullenly wriggling to the water.

Ufalusa came running. "I know how do—appe to the sea, he must need to the greatest distance. In my country, there are many dangers. As you say, this was a mighty river. So, as I lived up these many years, but the sea is of rock filled with boulders and covered with a multitude of crocodiles. The bottom among the boulders was the remnant of the stream and so, most comes to the surface as they swim here and before I could get to the pool, and pointed."

At first they did not comprehend. But suddenly Murray saw

Continued on page 13

MacLean's Magazine, March 1, 1927

# "Pink Tooth Brush"

## A modern evil with a very simple treatment...

THAT slight bleeding of the gums which tinges the tooth brush with pink, is often dismissed from the mind too quickly.

Yet even if it occurs infrequently, it is the first warning that heralds the approach of more-stubborn gum troubles—troubles so prevalent today.

Taken early enough, "pink tooth brush" is not difficult to correct; it is, in fact, rather easy to combat. In itself, it is not dangerous. Its appearance is not a sign that you have pyorrhea, authentic cases of which are few and far between.

But "Pink Tooth Brush" means that your gums need care!

When "pink tooth brush" comes, your gums need your closest attention. Much worse things can follow in its train. You must restore to the gum tissues the stimulation which in the ordinary course of modern life they do not get by natural means. You must stimulate them. You should massage them. You need Ipana Tooth Paste.

\*\*\*

The primary cause of the modern break-down of the gums is easily traced to the food that we eat every day. In former generations the mere act of chewing more-fibrous, crunchy foods supplied to the gums the natural stimulation of massage. But today this modern food of ours is soft—it is lacking in fibre—it fails completely in its function of giving to the gums the massage they need so much to keep in good condition.

So gums grow lazy and stagnant. They grow tender and sensitive. On

occasion they bleed—and after that a long list of more severe, more-serious troubles threatens.

How to restore the gums to health with Ipana and massage

Dentists will tell you of the value of massage for gums that cannot, without bleeding, stand the touch of the brush. Hundreds of them recommend it and hundreds of them praise Ipana Tooth Paste as well, because of Ipana's efficacy in toning and stimulating under-nourished gum tissue. For Ipana contains ziranol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used for years by dentists in their practices.



BREAKFAST luncheon dinner—three occasions every day rub our gums and massage with Ipana. For our delicious, soft foods, stripped of their coarse fibrous elements, are also stripped of their power to stimulate the gums.



Your own dentist knows Ipana Tooth Paste. Our professional men have demonstrated its benefits to hundreds and hundreds of Canadian dentists. In fact, it was by professional recommendation that Ipana first got its start.

So use Ipana and practice massage if the health of your gums is not all it should be. This simple treatment night and morning will stir up the sluggish circulation within the gum walls and bring fresh, clean blood to clear the tiny capillaries. If at first the gums are too tender, begin by using a little Ipana on the finger. And then as the tender tissue is restored to firmness and health, the tooth brush should be used for this gentle frictionizing after the usual cleanings with Ipana and the brush.

Switch to Ipana for one month—a full, fair trial

Ipana's fresh flavor will bring you a new sense of oral cleanliness and its power to keep your teeth brilliant will delight you. Even if your tooth brush seldom "shows pink"—even if your gums are firm and hard, be thankful, and let Ipana help to keep them so. The best time to fight gum troubles is before they start.

The coupon on this page offers a ten-day trial tube. We will gladly send it, for at least it will prove Ipana's taste and cleaning effect. But as your dentist will attest, ten days is barely long enough to begin the good work. So when next you are at your druggist's, get a full-size tube—use it faithfully for a full month—and then decide whether Ipana is the tooth paste you should use for life.

# IPANA Tooth Paste

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE, without charge or obligation.

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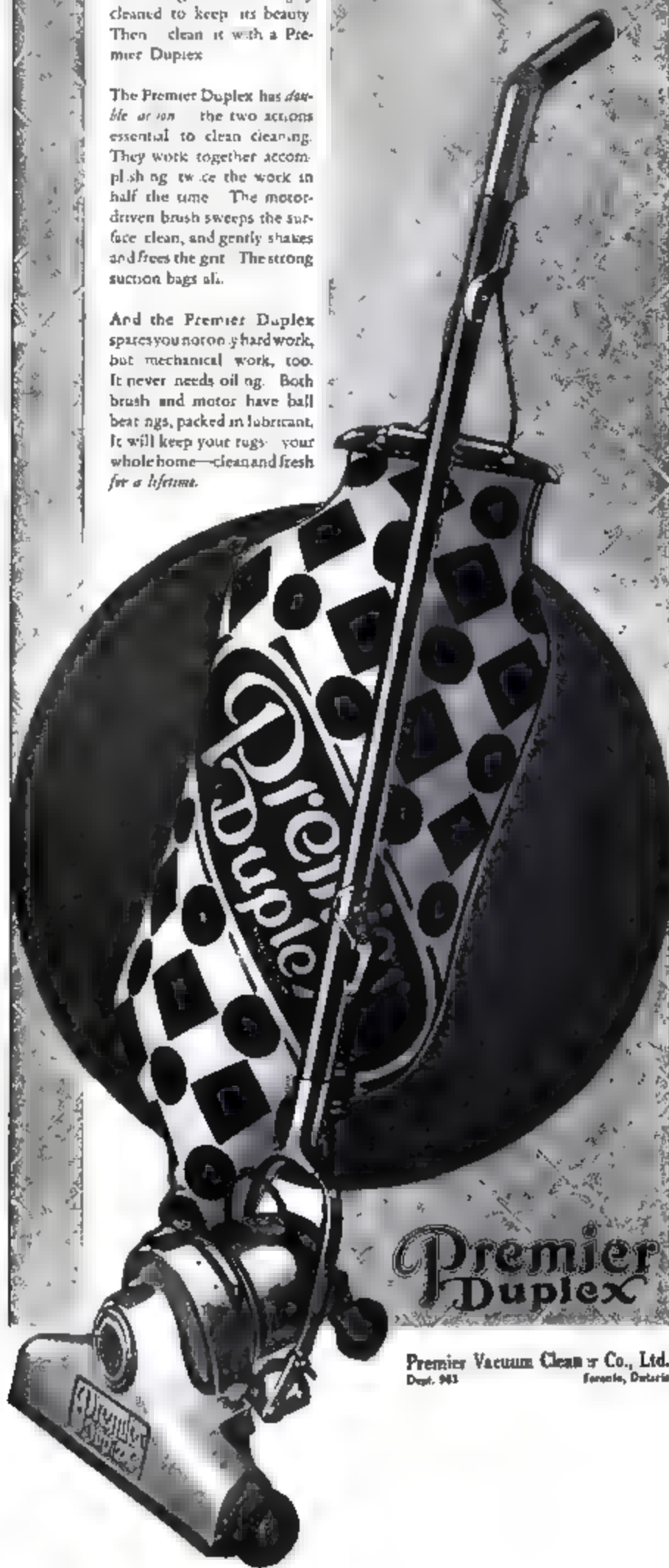


## Spare the Rod and Save the Rug!

Beating the rug to free the grit. This hard work for you and hard on the rug too. But the rug must be thoroughly cleaned to keep its beauty. Then clean it with a Premier Duplex.

The Premier Duplex has double action—the two actions essential to clean cleaning. They work together accomplishing twice the work in half the time. The motor-driven brush sweeps the surface clean, and gently shakes and frees the grit. The strong suction bags all.

And the Premier Duplex spares you not only hard work, but mechanical work, too. It never needs oiling. Both brush and motor have ball bearings, packed in lubricant. It will keep your rug—your whole home—clean and fresh for a lifetime.



**Premier Duplex**

Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd.  
Dept. 943 Toronto, Ontario

Continued from page 34  
"Gad!" he said. "Look, Neale, the scum!"

The westward edge of the pool was thick with scum—as though the water slowly flowed from east to west.

The Zulu nodded. "Lords," he said, "Mark how death came to those. The Arab poisoned the other well and marched on, camping here. But it was no well, it is a river flowing hither. The poisoned water followed. He was here at night—see his fires and the loaded beasts. In the morning, just before they marched, they drank their fill. But, by the workings of fate, the water which they had poisoned at the other pool had reached here when they drank. Now it has flowed on. Drink, Lords have no fear. Look!" He indicated a dozen blue pigeons which alighted at the water's edge.

They watched in awestruck silence, while the birds drank, then took wing and circled skyward, higher and ever higher till they were lost from sight.

Neale whistled. "Truth," said he, "is stranger than fiction! Here's a brand new miracle!"

Very solemnly they told the boys to drink.

Then they searched the Arab. Neale, with a muttered imprecation, held up a small bottle, half filled with yellow crystals which exuded a faint odor of almonds. "Cyanide," he gritted. "The brute!"

The strain of their long, forced march having told heavily on them, Murray made no attempt to leave the pool that day, but trekked at dawn next day and, by eleven o'clock, they topped the ridge ahead.

The ground fell away in a red-brown barren slope, but far to the northward, etched perfectly against the quivering turquoise was a low, flat hill with sloping sides, terminating in a jagged, horizontal plateau.

"Do you know," remarked Neale, "that looks to me like an old volcano. Don't you recognize the outline from the picture books?"

"By Gad, that would explain this barren plain though I hope it doesn't reach as far on the other side as it does on this!"

They pressed on, heading for the hill. They had a full load of good water and their men were fed and rested, so their fears were much allayed.

By nightfall, they had much reduced the distance and next morning, by ten o'clock, were within three miles of the first slopes of the jagged hill.

Neale gazed intently to the southward, and, following his eyes, the other saw at once, a tiny black object moving toward them.

"You see it, too?" Neale said. His voice held a queer note.

"Yes. What can it be? Too black for any antelope I know of."

THE air was crystal clear, though quivering with heat, and though it was very far away, the object was distinctly seen.

They studied it earnestly through their binoculars, then sought each other's eyes with blank astonishment.

"Now what in Tophet can an elephant be doing in this screaming desert. By Heck! We're coming to it, Phil! As sure as the Lord made little apples we made no mistake about this business! Make those boys lie down. I want to watch that feller!"

Proned on the burning earth, they watched the black dot crawl across the plain. It neared them, but seemed to be heading for the hill. At the end of an hour, the two sat back and faced each other in sheer amazement. The elephant had climbed the slope and disappeared behind the jagged skyline!

With their glasses on the peak top they had seen swarms of vultures wheeling over it.

Excitement mastered them. Waving on the safari, they made for the crater as

hard as they could, soon outdistancing the porters, till, at last, they climbed the foot of what was, obviously, a small but very ancient crater, three hundred yards or so to its top.

Murray spoke in a small voice, "We'll go up alone."

Ordering the headman to hold the porters, with the old Zulu, the two hurried up the dusty hillside, urged on by the most intense excitement.

The day was fiercely hot. Not a thing moved but the clouds of vultures wheeling, wheeling above the hilltop. Looking up, they could see hordes of others sitting, ghoul-like, on the boulders.

On they labored, dripping with perspiration, stumbling and climbing through the dust and rolling stones, till at last they were among the boulders which made the jagged skyline. Clambering feverishly over these, they came to where the ground sloped downwards to the crater.

Here, they stopped, confronted by a sight so staggering that they began to doubt their sanity.

The crater's mouth was a quarter of a mile or so across, and its walls sloped steeply to a bottom fifty feet below them. The floor was level, of a whiteness dazzling in the savage sun, and the whiteness was of the bleached bones of elephants.

From lip to lip of the vast round basin, even and level and bleached, they lay, huge skulls, legs, spines, ribs, jaws—but not a single tusk.

Murray gripped Neale's arm convulsively, pointing to where, on the far side, a hundred yards or so from the edge, an enormous mob of vultures scuffled black against the dazzling whiteness of the bone-strewn plain. He led down to that amazing floor.

The bones, some rotten, crunched, and the dust flew, covering them with a fine, white powder. Neale's foot went through a crumbling skull and he fell heavily, extricating himself with impatient curses, to hurry on.

"You see," said Murray. "No ivory!"

When they had crossed to where the mass of black birds scuffled, they broke in on them, kicking them aside, but could not make them leave their meal. However, they saw they fed on a great old bull, new dead, still warm.

Murray went to the head and pointed silently. There were no tusks, but the marks of the machete which had hacked them free were clear.

At this, they at once crouched low upon the bones, fearing a bullet from friends of the dead Abdul ben Asef. But nothing came, and in a little they rose cautiously, their eyes searching the crater sedge.

"There. Look there!" whispered Murray.

Coming across the whiteness, was an old, old, native, his dry and scaly skin a mere covering for an animated skeleton, his knees bent and his talon-like hands dangling very near the ground. He was quite unarmed.

As they walked to meet him, the old fellow flung himself on his face, where they found him trembling among the bones.

Murray spoke to him in the bushmen's dialect, and in a little he sat up on his heels, but did not speak. Murray tried again, using the *Nlunda*, the most primitive of all the tongues of Africa, and this time the man replied, in a reedy whisper.

They talked there in the blinding sunshine, with the charnel-house smell and the mob of scuffling scavengers, the little trembling savage on his knees before the white men and the Zulu. Then Murray turned.

"Never saw a white man before. Just asked where Abdul ben Asef was. Lives in a cave up there in the boulders and takes the tusks as the bulls come in. Twice a year, the Arab comes with a safari for the ivory. He was brought here years ago by Ibn Daoud Asef, and

Continued on page 38

# WILLYS-KNIGHT *points of preference*

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**BELFLEX SHACKLE**



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*The silent Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine plus a Belflex silenced Chassis now makes a completely silent car.*

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The new "70" Willys-Knight Six, from \$1625 to \$1945. Willys-Knight Great Six prices from \$2575 to \$3050. Prices f.o.b. factory. Taxes extra. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Limited. Head Office and Factories, Toronto, Canada. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.

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MILLIONS of people now carry keys this safe way—in a Buxton Key-Tainer. It is compact, convenient. Keys always in order, with sharp edges encased in protective leather.

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# BUXTON

## Key-Tainer

Continued from page 38

marooned. Been here ever since; scared of the desert. Once in a while, the safari brings in a wife or two for his sons. Very simple, eh?"

The old man rose, tremblingly, spoke and pointed whence he had come. They followed.

Among the boulders to the crater's brink he led, to a habitation, half cave, half lean-to, where were his two wives, his sons, their wives and a crowd of starved, old-looking children, a tragic little community, ghoul-like to see and, somehow, fitting the preposterous graveyard on the brink of which they lived.

A man led to a shelter between two boulders. Row on row stood the ivory. They counted it in awed astonishment. One hundred and sixty-eight huge tusks, more than Neale and Murray together could kill in five years under ideal conditions.

Neale spoke. "Well, Phil, I don't know who all this exactly belongs to, but I guess we're entitled to a good share of it. Ask him about the bulls. Why do they come?"

Murray talked a long time with the native. Though he was a young man, his limbs were thin and frail, and his face bore that hopeless look which seemed to come to all who lived there.

It's the same old story, Neale—you know.

Neale nodded. "Well, I don't believe that of course, but here it is. There must be some explanation, some instinct, some staid survival of age-old habit which leads them here when they begin to fail. Perhaps, aeons ago, their ancestors headed here against some stronger predatory beasts who know how deep the crater might have been."

God! Think of it! Thousands and thousands and thousands of 'em. Ask him when they come. I want to see one."

The man replied, sweeping his arm from west to south.

"He says they come any time, but always from the west and south—the bush is much nearer, there, I suppose."

Well let's go and get the boys then we'll see about gettin' these poor devils back to the green bush again. The dirty brute—that Arab! He might have relieved 'em once in a while."

They went back to the squalid dwellings covered with their swarming flies. A

boy shrieked, and the old man jabbled, pointing.

Murray's face worked. "Come on! He says one's comin'!"

They climbed a high rock overlooking both the surrounding plain and the floor of bones.

The beast was close, not more than a quarter of a mile away, and coming swiftly; the white dust bursting at his every footstep.

On he came, the watchers panting in the savage heat, till he was at the foot of the slope up which he started without hesitation, disappearing, for a moment, among the boulders at the crater-lip. Then, he emerged on the other side, some fifty yards from where they stood.

He was a huge, scarred, grey, old bull, gaunt and grim, his ears tattered from many fights, his toenails worn to the quick with old age. His hide hung on his massive frame like an ill-fitting suit of clothes.

With trunk tight-curved between his tusks, he stepped upon the floor of bones, continuing for twenty yards or so. Then he stopped, flung up his great head, seeming to sway a little, and stood with all four feet outspread, braced against his weakness, like a horse in the showing.

Neale's grip on Murray's arm grew painful. Neither spoke, dumbfounded by that incredible, fantastic sight. The wide arena, floored with white bones, the jagged, circling palisade of stark, black, barren rocks, so sharply etched against the sky's fierce turquoise; the swarm of vultures, weaving majestically to and fro above them with never a flap of their wings, the black mass of the dead beast, covered by still more rending, scuffling forms, and then, not fifty yards away, the dying bull.

For a moment he stood. They saw him sway. He moved a foot, stumbled and went to his knees, but gallantly heaved to his feet again. His trunk uncurred as he flung his great head skyward, the curved tusks gleaming. Then, his tattered ears came forward as though for one last charge. He trumpeted, high, clear, shrill, and long-drawn out, and so stood an instant, a magnificent, tragic figure. Then, in a breath he collapsed, dropping as if he had been shot upon the multitudinous bones of his ancestors.

The watchers stood, fearing to move, a long time.

## The Flying Bluenose

Continued from page 7

plished, headed for Lunenburg for repairs. It cost just three thousand dollars to repair the damage which that big shoal-water mauler had inflicted upon her bows, and her chances of making a fishing record for the 1926 season had gone a-gammering. But she was not the only record-seeking banker to be thwarted by the north Atlantic, for the *Sylvia Mosher*, named after her popular skipper's little daughter, went to her death on Sable in the first week of August, 1926, and her crew of twenty-five men, the flower of Nova Scotia's manhood, perished to a man. In the same gale, the *Sadie Kneale*, another high-ner of the Lunenburg fleet, was driven on Sable, and not one of her crew of twenty-three survived.

Old Lunenburg is accustomed to the ruthlessness of the North Atlantic, but these two disasters darkened almost every home in the town, and cast a shadow across the Maritime Provinces of Canada. I talked to an old sailing master about the exploit of the *Bluenose*. He made a rough sketch of Sable Island, indicated the position of the schooner when the storm cast her adrift, and discussed her escape.

"There's no other vessel on The North Atlantic fishin' or coasting, could have done it," he concluded, tapping the sketch

with a heavy, gnarled finger. "I never see the like in windward work, and I've seen some handy ones come out o' Nova Scotia and Gloucester. 'Course, you've got to figure that Angus was at the wheel. Dere's a sailorman for you! When Angus takes the wheel, dere's a race on. Ever hear about the record voyage he made to The West Indies a few years ago in the *Bluenose*? He left Lunenburg hawbuh on a Tuesday morning, with a load of fish, an' he was discharging his cargo at Porto Rico ten days later. He took on ballast an' sailed to Turk's Island, discharged his ballast there, and took in a load of salt. He was delayed at Turk's Island for thirty-six hours, but he was back in Lunenburg hawbuh on the fourth Tuesday. Made the round trip in twenty-eight days, he did! And, asten, sir! He hoisted the mains'l outside the hawbuh here, and never lowered it till he got back to Lunenburg. Dere's a sailing record for you!"

### A Windward Prodigy

THE *Bluenose* is what some sailors call a 'freak' ship. That is to say, her sailing qualities are freakishly perfect. There are no uneaseworthy ships in the Nova Scotia fishing fleet. A poor vessel

Continued on page 40

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IT'S so easy and convenient to bring out your Elite folding table when friends come in for tea. So handy too, for cards, sewing, writing and meals upstairs or out of doors.

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and easily tint your own hair for only fifty cents. I have used it for years with wonderfully satisfactory results. Unlike many it is safe and harmless—instantly and perfectly restores color to the exact tint I like. Only one application necessary—then just touch up the new hair as it grows in. Marcelling or other hair dressing does not affect it. Won't wash out doesn't rub—is natural-looking in strongest lights. Without the slightest experience every woman can perfectly restore her hair to its exact original shade with the very first application of BROWNATONE. Or light hair may be darkened at will. Immediately effective—does not even require a harmful peroxide wash. A sure, quick, perfect tint, guaranteed harmless to hair scalp or skin. Any shade desired from 1 to 8 colors. Don't hesitate—use it at once. At drug, no toilet counters. Two a box. 50c and \$1.00.

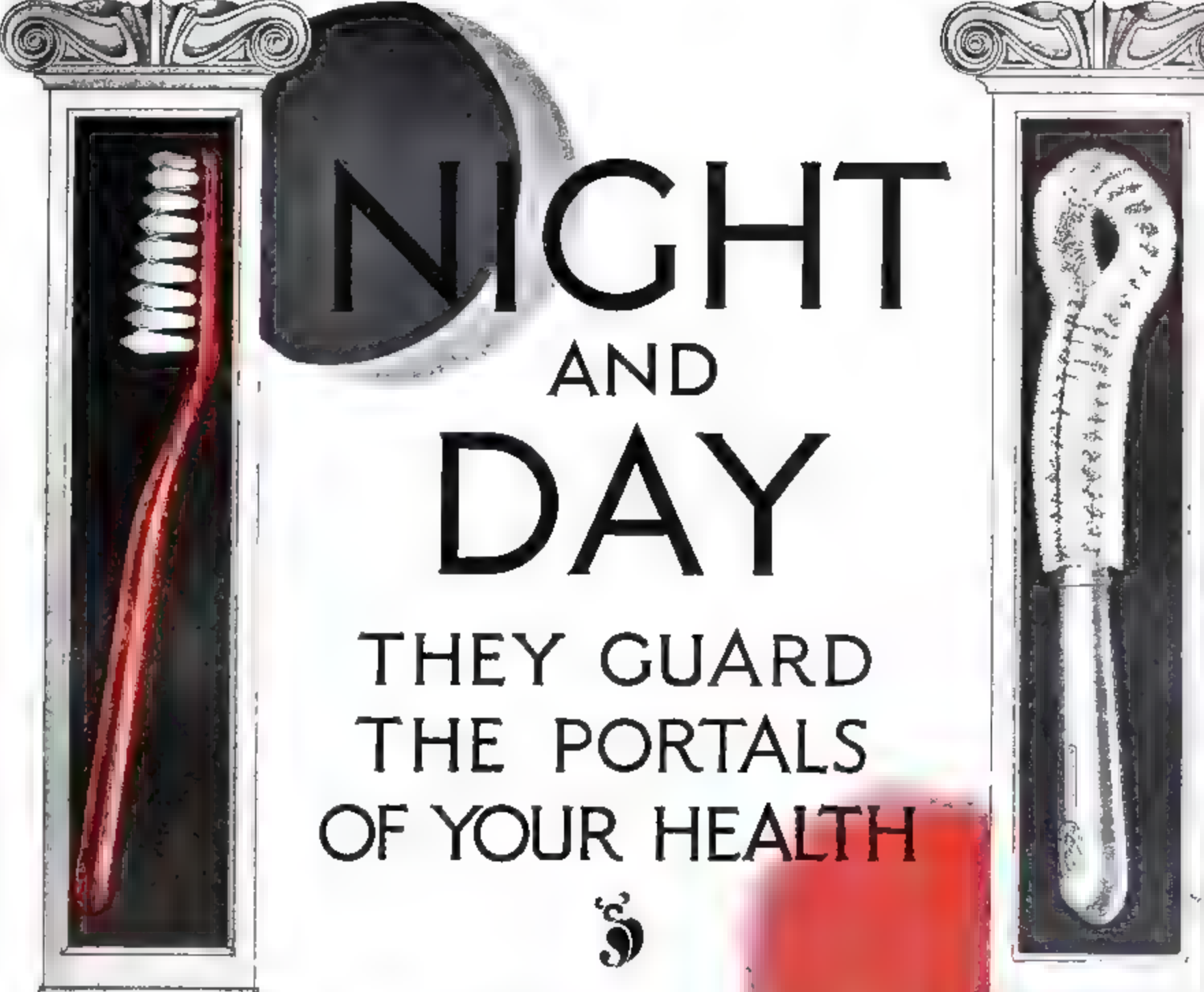
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## BROWNATONE

# NIGHT AND DAY

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Made with handles of different colors, in a year has stepped into leadership as one of the three largest selling tooth brushes in the world. First bought because of the confidence women have in the quality of any product marketed under the Fuller name, repeat sales have come because of the great merit of this different brush.

### THE FULLER DENTAL PLATE BRUSH

With stiff, white bristles and Ivory Fullers handle, ideally fits the need for a brush of this shape. It is made on the twisted-in-wire principle. The great demand for it reflects a keen appreciation by both dentists and public of a brush which does clean every part of the dental plate without slightest damage to delicate and costly work.


From twenty years' experience in designing brushes for personal and household use came the knowledge to produce these two fine Fuller Brushes. They can be bought only from the Fuller Man when he calls to supply you these and a wide variety of other brushes for personal and household use.

The Fuller Man who comes to your door lives and works in your community. He is a home town business man who represents a Canadian institution devoted to saving time and work for women everywhere in the Dominion. If the Fuller Man has not called recently write or phone our nearest sales office as listed below. Write to us at Hamilton for the new booklet "Cleaning Problems of the Home."

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**SEAMAN-KENT  
HARDWOOD  
FLOORING**

(Continued from page 38)

never would stand the storms that the bankers encounter in the tall waters, and the Lunenburg fleet, being a co-operative enterprise, has no place for such craft. As a matter of fact, during the past twenty-five years, 135 schooners have been built and launched in Lunenburg to replace older vessels. When one considers the extremely hazardous nature of the calling of these Lunenburg folk, and the fact that their fishing organization makes generous provision for women and children who are bereaved by the sea—each widow of a fisherman lost at sea receives a pension of \$30.00 a month, and \$7.50 for each minor child—it will be apparent that fast and bandy sailing ships are not uncommon in Lunenburg. But, as every sailor knows, every sailing ship is something of an unknown quantity until she has been tested by fair winds and foul. She may appear to be perfectly designed for fast sailing, and yet she may prove to be slow and ungainly, especially in windward work. The *Haligonian*, which raced against the *Bluenose* last autumn, in the great international Fisherman's classic, was designed by W. J. Roue, the man who designed the champion. The *Halifax* schooner was expected to show greater speed than the *Bluenose*. She is a thing of beauty, and went into the great race under the command of Moyle Crouse, one of the ablest skippers on the Atlantic. Off the wind, the schooners seemed to be fairly well matched. But, when they began to beat to windward, the *Haligonian* made four tacks to cover a six-mile leg, and the *Bluenose*, pointing high, made it in one long port tack. During this extraordinary performance, she was hauled as close on the wind as she would go, and she hit a ten-knot clip in a sea, showing a clean pair of heels to the government steamer *Arlex*, which was trying to overtake her.

"It's in the cut of her bottom, mostly," explained a well-known skipper to me. "They'll maybe design a schooner, some day, that'll beat her. Shouldn't wonder if they do. But," he added, "when dey design dat schooner, dey'll need to design a man, too, for Angus Walters can sure handle a ship."

There is something in that, too, in view of the sailing record of the little skipper of the *Bluenose*. Angus was born in Lunenburg forty-five years ago. He has followed the sea all his life, and his only boast is that he has lost only one man at sea. And he lost that man in Gloucester harbor when he was down there racing. His father was a celebrated Lunenburg character, a real, hard-bitten *Bluenose* skipper of the old school. They tell many stories of the elder Walters in Lunenburg. Angus is a small man, physically, but like his Scottish prototype, John Paul Jones, he is as tough as whalebone, as bold as a lion, and as full of fight as a sackful of wildcats when the need for fighting arises. That he is a sportsman was dramatically demonstrated when he raced the *Bluenose* against the *Elise*, the American challenger. The Gloucester schooner seemed to be carrying an excess of canvas in that race, and as a result, was hove down too much. There was quite a sea running, and suddenly, she lost her topsail. According to the rules of the International Fisherman's Race, of course, each skipper carries, if he can, every square inch of canvas he is permitted to carry, but nevertheless, when Captain Walters saw what had happened to the American schooner, he immediately took down his own topsail!

A contrast, that, I am sorry to say, to the treatment which Canada's crack skipper has received in American waters when the International Championship was at stake. I could tell quite a tale about his experiences when he raced off Gloucester, but let that pass. Suffice it to say, that the fiery little skipper of the *Bluenose* came back from Gloucester with a nasty taste in his mouth, so to speak, and he refuses to race again off that port.

The result of his decision has been that a few Yankee skippers and their wealthy flannelled partisans, have indulged in a little growling. They exclaim, in pained accents, that Captain Walters had spoiled the International Fisherman's Race. Well, Angus and the *Bluenose* have spoiled it for a lot of vociferous skippers by winning it so easily! That's the chief trouble with some of his critics! And Angus has always sailed a clean race—a fisherman's race. The first innovation open to criticism is chargeable to the Yankees themselves, for when the *Esperanto*, of Gloucester, raced in the 1920 classic, her anchors, chains, and deck engines were stowed below, and she was ballasted with pig iron, instead of the rocks used by fishermen. The skipper of the *Bluenose* is all for a genuine fisherman's race. He wants wind and sea, fisherman's ballast, and anchors at the bows, where they ought to be. He is ready to meet all comers, and the more the merrier, for he knows what he can do with his wonderful ship. He is perfectly willing to race the Yankees off Marble Head, or Sandy Hook, or Halifax, his only objection is to Gloucester, and, right or wrong, he is pretty definite about this.

The best sailing course, anyway, is off Halifax. The course there—it is about forty miles straight but runs to about sixty with the windward work—is an open one, and there is generally enough wind and sea on the triangular course thoroughly to test the competing schooners and their crews. Angus doesn't think so much of the Gloucester course, anyway. He says it is too much inland. One strip is sailed three times, and unless there is a sou'west wind, there isn't enough sea on to make a Nova Scotia skipper feel at home.

Naturally, they love to beat the Yankee skippers, these *Bluenose* fishermen of ours. Albert Himmelman, who skippered the *Independent*, once took the wheel, in bad water, for a day and a night, without a rest, just for the sake of beating the Yankee skippers in the 500-mile homeward races from the Grand Banks off Newfoundland. And Albert generally beat them! He was a gigantic man, and was famous, among famous skippers, for carrying canvas and defying the wind and the sea. On shore, in slightly elevated moments, he used to describe himself as 'a tall man from de eyes up!' Poor Albert! He switched to a new ship a few years ago, sailed away to the tall waters in her, and was never heard of again.

But to return to the best-known sailor of them all, and his famous ship. She is no yacht, this *Bluenose*. Her length, over all, is 142.5 feet, her width twenty-seven feet, and her depth twelve feet. She carries a crew of twenty-two men, 3,200 quintals of salt fish or 500,000 pounds, is her load. When fishing she is minus her foretopmast, which strips her of her balloon jib and fore-gaff topsail. In racing trim, she carries a mainsail, foresail, jumbo jib, balloon jib, main and fore-gaff topsail, and maintop stay-sail.

And with all this washing out and with a good wind blowing, doesn't she eat the sea! She shears through it like a high powered launch, leaving a wake like a liner. With Angus Walters crowding her she is the prettiest thing to be found on the Atlantic Ocean and one has got to see her lying at rest in the back harbor of Lunenburg to realize that she is, after all, a thorough-going Nova Scotia fishing schooner that knows no other calling. When I saw her last, she was riding at anchor, stripped, in her snug winter harbor. She will remain there till the fall ships sail away next month on the 'frozen bait' trick, when she will seek the lead again in the race for fishing records. For this flying *Bluenose* is a banker, and her skipper is a fisherman, and in old Lunenburg.

'Men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and water deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning'

after  
**SHA**

## Delightful

Here is a new treat for you. As bracing as the wind—as exhilarating as a shower bath.

Listerine after shaving. Simply deuse on the face full strength.

Immediately it sets you up. Your whole face feels cool, soothed yet invigorated. There is an amazing sense of exhilaration you'll like.

If the razor scrapes, Listerine stops the smarting. If the face turns Listerine cools it. And you are left with a nice feeling of safety—for Listerine contains antiseptic ingredients that lessen the danger of infection.

Just try Listerine this way the next time you shave. We'll wager you will be as delighted as those happy ones who have written us letters about it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, Toronto, Canada.

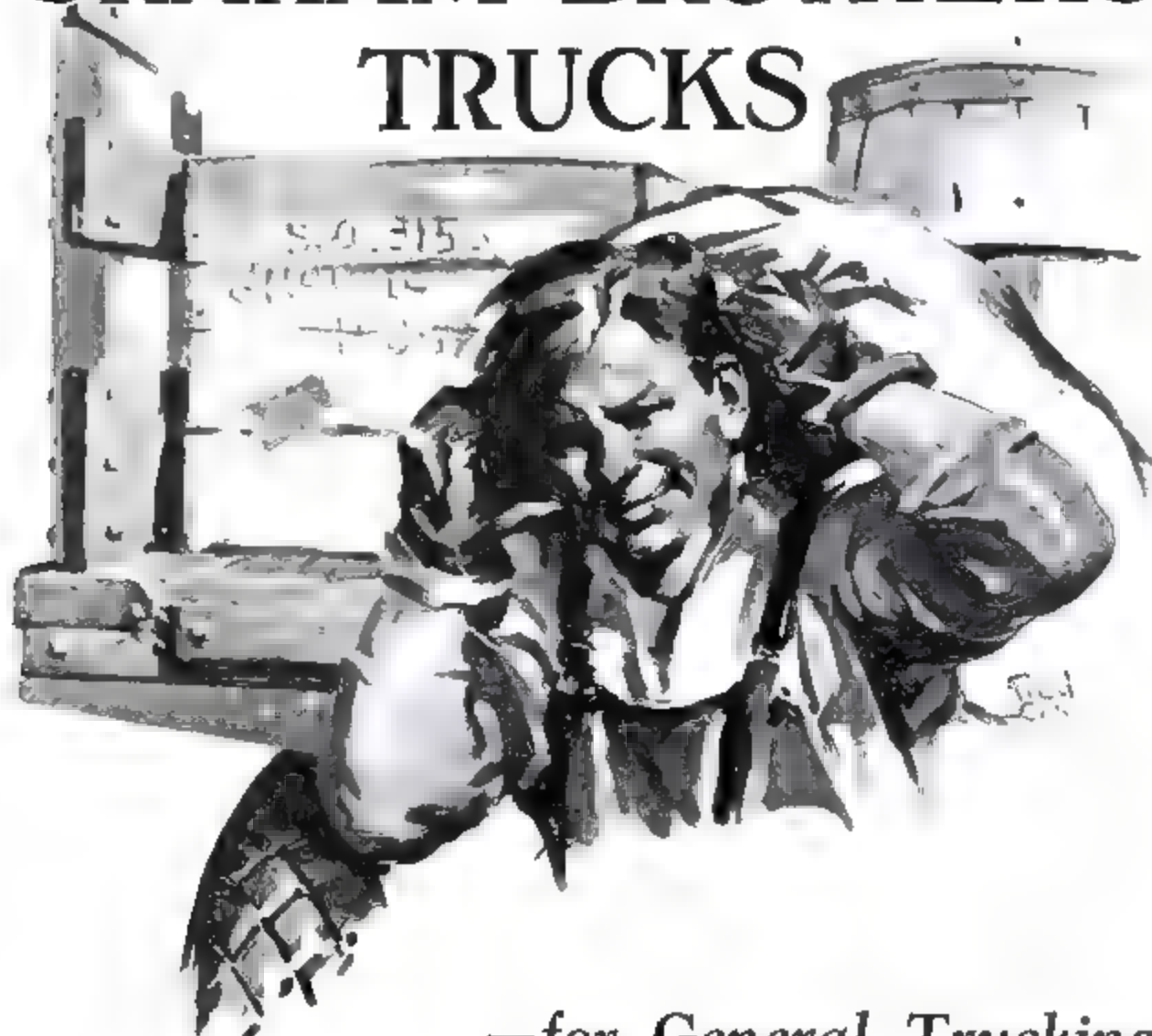
**THEY STICK TO IT**  
The way we get new users for Listerine Tooth Paste is to get people to try it just once. After that they rarely switch. Large tube—25 cents.

**LISTERINE**

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To these men their trucks are not merely a part of their business. Their trucks are their business. . . And their trucks must stay on the job, live long, serve well and earn money.

This group of shrewd, experienced truck buyers took more than 11 per cent of Graham

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## STEPPING OUT TONIGHT?

Are there going to be any regrets tomorrow about that good meal you're all set to stow away tonight? Is the old stomach going to balk? The finest thing in the world to keep that stomach of yours in tip-top shape is 15 to 30 drops of Seigel's Syrup in a glass of water. It just knocks those old enemies—gas, acidity, pain, and discomfort for a fare-thee-well. Try it and prove it to yourself. Any drug store.



## CHIVERS CARPET SOAP

The World's Remedy for Soiled Carpets.

You can so easily clean your carpets at home, and make it so fresh and new, with just a damp cloth and a bit of Chivers' Carpet Soap. It restores the color and gives 60 years' reputation. Ask for it at your store or send postcard for the sample to:

F. CHIVERS & CO. LTD.,  
71 Albany Works, Bath, England.

## Guarding the Nation's Health

Continued from page 16

by friends and relatives who take the them fruit, cakes and various other delicacies, and they lead contented and fairly happy lives. Although segregated of necessity, there is nothing in their environment which stresses that fact, and they are left as free from restraint as a proper supervision will allow. The same applies at the leper station on Bent neck Island. Here, the patients—seven Chinese, one Russian Jew and one Doukhobor, are housed in cottages, each with his own room, clean and comfortable. They do light work if they are able, attend to their quarters, do their own cooking, keep poultry, tend their gardens and hold little socials among themselves, or with occasional visitors.

The curative treatment they receive is the most modern that can be obtained, and that it is not in vain is shown by the fact that occasionally the disease has been arrested, and in some cases, has disappeared, and the patient has been allowed to go home.

The hearing of the afflicted recognizes no national boundaries, and the blessedness of mercy is universal, for the grave drugs needed in the treatment of leprosy are supplied free by the Surgeon-Director of the Leprosy Investigation Station at Honolulu, which is maintained by the United States Government.

### The Harvest of Vice

FAR more dreadful than leprosy because more widespread and less easily recognizable, is the ghastly scourge of venereal disease. The Department of Health realizes that effective control of this source of social pollution is a matter of vital importance and, consequently, a division of the department, working in co-operation with each individual province, is concentrating its efforts upon this problem. The known cases of venereal disease under treatment by physicians and at clinics totaled, last year, 29,721, and, in the opinion of the Department of Health these are outnumbered by the cases unknown and unreported.

There are in Canada to-day, fifty-six free clinics for the treatment of venereal diseases as well as additional centres for examination and treatment in hospitals, child welfare clinics, maternity clinics, day nurseries and other institutions of a like character.

The government also fights the evil by means of widely distributed literature, lectures, educational films and the giving of expert advice to parents. It makes, in addition, an annual grant to each province provided the province, itself, agrees to expend an equal amount for the work.

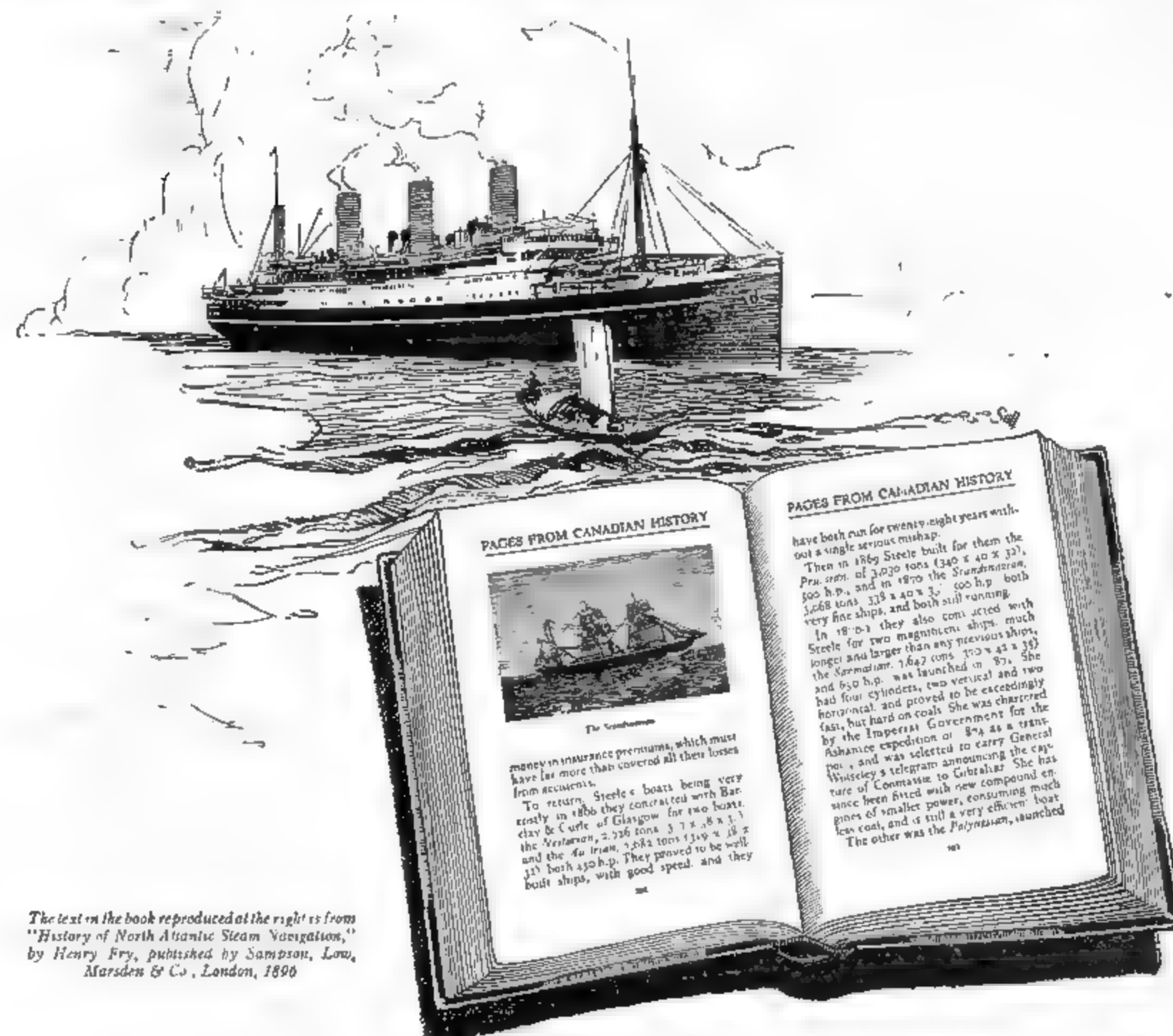
Books and pamphlets are issued free of charge to medical men, young men and women, seamen, ships' captains and surgeons. The assistance of the police is enlisted in tracing and controlling known carriers of the disease, and increasingly stringent enforcement of legislation bearing upon the evil is a powerful weapon in the hands of those responsible for seeing that Canada's reputation for good health and virile citizenship does not suffer.

### Protection Against Quacks

THE pathetic readiness of the afflicted man or woman to try a bottle of this or a box of that, has been responsible for a measure of suffering which is, blessedly, unimaginable. The Proprietary or Patent Medicine Act is administered by the Department of Health, and many a Canadian hypochondriac may be thankful for it, for it is a most potent check upon the activities of quack medicine manufacturers and vendors. The British Pharmacopoeia is the foundation upon which the

Continued on page 14

## 1867 DIAMOND JUBILEE SERIES 1927



The text in the book reproduced at the right is from "History of North Atlantic Steam Navigation," by Henry Fry, published by Sampson, Low, Marsden & Co., London, 1896.

AS early as 1833, Quebec built and sent out the first Atlantic steamship, the *Royal William*, which reached London from Quebec in twenty-five days. This was four years before any other ship succeeded in equalling this feat.

The men of the Maritimes had already won a reputation for good seamanship with their sailing vessels, and Montreal and Three Rivers had contributed their share of adventure on the sea.

The Allans, in the meantime, had established a trade between Glasgow, Liverpool, London and Montreal; and in 1852 built the steamships *Canadian* and *Indian*, of about 1700 tons gross, with engines of 350 h.p.

At the time of Confederation, the Allan Line, now incorporated in the Canadian Pacific Steamships, was running a regular and depend-

able service from Montreal and Quebec to the Old Country, and was the popular Canadian line of its time. The *Scandinavian*, pictured above, typical of the ships of that period, was built in 1870, of over 3000 tons, with 500 h.p. engines.

Such, in brief, were the beginnings of a trade which, through Canadian foresight and enterprise, now spans the world. Canada's reputation for fine seamanship has been maintained and enhanced by the Canadian Pacific, with its fleet of ocean and coastal steamships totaling 410,644 tons. The Empresses of the Atlantic and of the Pacific have become synonymous with safety, comfort and speed. On their Winter Cruises to various parts of the world, whole shiploads of passengers find them a delightful home for months at a time.

# CANADIAN PACIFIC

IT SPANS THE WORLD





## Clears Away that "Blue Fog of Dullness"

### O-Cedar Gives New Life and Freshness to Furniture

PERHAPS you think your furniture is as clean as it could be. Just to satisfy yourself give it the O-Cedar Polish treatment.

Apply this liquid beautifier—just a little of it on a damp cloth. Then rub briskly with a dry cloth. The result will astonish you. That "blue fog of dullness" disappears. No cleaning you ever did uncovered such beauty before.

Get a bottle of O-Cedar Polish today. Use it regularly, and your furniture will always glow with freshness and charm.

For daily dusting, use a few drops on your dust-cloth.

Sold at Hardware, Grocery and Departmental stores everywhere, with a money back guarantee. In 25c to \$3.50 sizes.

**CHANNELL LIMITED**  
TORONTO

Continued from page 12

manufacture and sale of medicines in Canada is set, and Canada legislation in this respect is the best in the world outside of France. It is worth noting that no medicine in this country may claim to be a cure. It may be a remedy, and thus be advertised and labelled. But the word cure must not appear, on pain of confiscation of the product, and prosecution of the manufacturer.

Medicines by which is meant in addition to bottled remedies tonics, headache powders, pills, miments, salves and so on must be properly labeled, and before a medicine is registered, licensed, and placed upon the market, the manufacturer is required to submit to the Department of Health a sample of all labels, wrappers and literature, cartons and advertisements.

Preparations containing potent drugs such as strychnine, arsenic or carbolic acid, must emphasize these on the label, with a definite scale of dosage, and no medicine may contain narcotics for internal use. It is forbidden to include cocaine in any preparation either for internal or external treatment, and the sale of remedies for venereal disease in Canada is illegal, as are all abortifacients, or compounds to bring about abortion.

Patent medicines containing alcohol in excess of two and one-half per cent must be medicated to a degree that the physiological effect of the other ingredients will neutralize or prevail over the surreptitious kick, and medicines violating this are confiscated and destroyed.

One of the gravest problems with which the Department of Health is confronted is the control of the distribution and sale of narcotic drugs. The frightful menace of narcotic drug addiction was so graphically and powerfully presented in a recent article which appeared in MacLean's Magazine that it is not necessary, here, to further dwell upon it. Suffice it to say that the Canadian government requires that importers of narcotic drugs be licensed, each licence application being dealt with on its merits, that all wholesale druggists and importers must furnish to the Department of Health a statement of sales to retailers, dentists, veterinary surgeons, and physicians, at the end of each calendar month and that retail druggists are obliged to give the Department data on sales of narcotics on prescription.

By this means, the department is able to maintain an accurate check on the importation, supply, and consumption of narcotic drugs in Canada, and can, where excessive figures are encountered institute an investigation.

#### Combating Vocational Diseases

ILLNESS affects us in so many vital ways, economically, as well as physically, that health might be said with perfect truth, to be the hook upon which our standing as a nation is suspended. There are the normal hazards which every individual must meet, and which take a large annual toll of our population, and there are conditions in many industries which affect the health of the workers, with consequent loss of economic efficiency.

Wood alcohol affects the eyes of persons engaged in the making and finishing of picture moulding; heat attacks the vision of tin plate workers, steel hardening carries the danger of lead poisoning, lead arsenic, silica, calcium, benzene, and carbon monoxide, introduced into the systems of workers, cause disease and death, tuberculosis fastens upon men employed in quarries and mines, those engaged in ore smelting and refining risk exposure to arsenic and cobalt dust, often with fatal results, and nickel rash annually claims its victims.

It is most important that occupational diseases should be controlled, and protection given those engaged in industrial pursuits, because ill-health of the worker



You, too, will welcome that relief which allows a longer day of pleasure or a lighter day of work.

By applying Absorbine Jr. to varicose or swollen veins, that disturbing or distressing ache or soreness quickly disappears. The frequent use of this soothing, pain-stopping antiseptic liniment has also restored to the skin of many sufferers its former smoothness.

You will like Absorbine Jr. It possesses an agreeable odor, and is easy and clean to use. In the medicine cabinet it soon becomes a first aid in a hundred different ways.

At all drug stores, 25c or 50c per bottle.  
Largest trial bottle, 10c, postpaid.

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## Spotless!

How very disagreeable to scrub, scour and dip water to keep the toilet bowl clean! Don't do it. Use Sani-Flush. See how every mark stains and incrustation vanishes. A clean toilet bowl. Spotless!

It's a labor saver. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. Remarkable, isn't it?

Foul odors gone, stains gone, a glistening bowl. And the whole to let really clean, for Sani-Flush gets into the hidden, unhealthy trap and cleans that too. Harmless to plumbing connections. To keep a spotless toilet bowl, keep Sani-Flush in the bathroom always.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top cans at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 35c for full-sized can.

**Sani-Flush**  
Cleans Toilet Bowls Without Scouring

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd.  
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**HOMESPUNS**  
HARRIS TWEED DIRECT FROM  
makers. Any length cut. \$2.00 per  
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## The New Trade Treaty

With Czechoslovakia and

**KOH-I-NOOR**  
The Perfect Pencil

The new trade treaty with Czechoslovakia which became operative January 1st is of interest to every user of finer pencils in Canada, because—Czechoslovakia is the home of the famous "KOH-I-NOOR" and "MEPHISTO" pencils.

Now with this treaty by which preference is given Canadian products by Czechoslovakia the goods of that country are in turn entered here under more favorable terms. This will mean a wider distribution than ever of these pencils and the assurance that they will now be readily obtainable everywhere in Canada.

For information write

A. J. McCRAE,  
Canadian Representative,  
No. 23 Scott Street, Toronto, Ont.

## Make \$2.50 an Hour

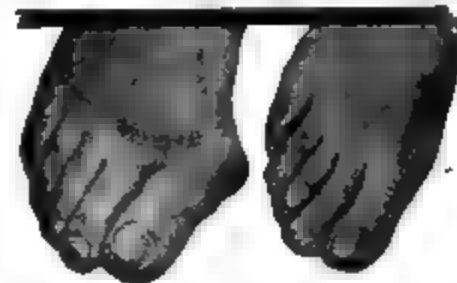
YOUR PROFITS IN ADVANCE  
STAY-FAST TROUSER  
PRESSER. Sells quick—every-  
where. Thousands in sale. Dis-  
count and commission clearing  
up. Sells on equitable terms.  
No stock. No overhead. No  
advertising. No risk. No  
loss. No trouble. No  
expense. No time. No  
waste. No loss. No  
trouble. No expense. No  
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Wonderful New Invention  
This perfect presser is compact,  
takes but one hand and works  
quickly. Easy to use. Takes  
any size trousers. Sells  
quickly. No stock. No overhead.  
No advertising. No risk. No  
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Make Big Profits—Others Do  
Jack Ames made \$24.00 in four hours.  
Handle and twenty-five the first day.  
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FREE Write us today for free  
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Prove it in 15 Days!

Can you believe your eyes? The same wonderful demon-  
stration on your feet! Free! No wonder foot  
specialists have turned their attention from surgery to  
Pododyne! The muscle of chemistry that gently  
but sure dissolves the growth.

Pododyne stops from first day with Pododyne—almost  
instantly. Actual reduction takes a little time. Two weeks  
or more. Let us wonder if you can absolutely do away  
with the ugly wart and the wearing shoe! Show us the  
time you saved two shoes again!

**Trial FREE**

The full treatment, guaranteed to bring complete results,  
may be yours to try—if you'll only clip this special coupon  
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60 Front St., W., Toronto, Ont.  
Please arrange for me to try your  
pododyne product, which is guaran-  
teed to dissolve bunion formation and  
restore normal size and flexibility of affected joints.  
Name, \_\_\_\_\_  
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not only adds to production losses, and affects the supply of labor for certain types of industry, but causes intense suffering to the victim and inflicts hardship upon his dependents, through the loss of his earning power. Many of the provinces are engaged upon chemical research to reduce or banish these dangers, assisted by the federal government Department of Health.

#### Our Food Policemen

BUT the one special branch of the Department of Health's work which comes home to each one of us is that of the Laboratory of Hygiene. Here is a little illustration of the kind of work it does.

You are going home after your Saturday night shopping but you still have the Sunday roast to buy, and sausages for the Sunday breakfast. Perhaps you have forgotten them, and you stop in front of the window of a butcher with whom previously you have not dealt. His joints are fresh-looking and bright colored, his sausage glows with healthy pink, and you go in to buy. But, somehow, those Sunday meals lack something of the appetizing quality you had anticipated. The roast is well not inedible, perhaps, but somewhat tough and stale, and the sausage it looked so nice, of course, but it seemed to be tainted. It probably is, because, like the bloom on the cheek of the flapper, the bloom on the meat was placed there by artificial means—it was treated with sulphide of soda, to conceal the fact that it was not all that fresh meat should be. But if you took that meat to your local health authority or the federal Department of Health it would introduce a little excitement with the butcher's virtuous life.

Cocoa butter no longer is used to adulterate dairy butter. The government stopped it. It also stopped the sale of coffee "compound" as coffee, not because it was harmful, but because it contained only fifty-one per cent of coffee, and the balance was ground chicory, peas and beans, and you were not getting the worth of your money. The same applies to chocolate compound. Pepper compound may be pepper and ground pepper-shells, and clove compound ground cloves which are exhausted, that is, from which the oil has been extracted.

Dr. J. A. Amyot, the Deputy Minister of Health for the Dominion states that there is no compound of anything in the food or drug line which has the value of the full article, and if you are paying coffee prices for coffee compound or nutmeg prices for nutmeg compound, you are being done. All such compounds must be labeled, or you must be told that you are buying a compound. Otherwise the merchant is liable under the legislation governing the Food and Drugs Division.

There are government laboratories at Montreal, Halifax, Ottawa, Winnipeg and Vancouver for the testing of food-stuffs. Preservatives and coloring matter are investigated, adulterations of foodstuffs are prosecuted. Every sealed package must have the contents printed on the label. For example, the use of pectin—flavored by some jam manufacturers because it supplants the use of a considerable quantity of fruit in jam of heavy consistency—must be announced on the label. There is nothing harmful about pectin, but people paying for pure fruit jam expect what they pay for, and the department sees that they get it. Glucose, because of its low price and ability to resist crystallization, is favored as a sweetener by some manufacturers, but its presence in quantity lessens the quality of the jam, and so must face the world on the label.

Giving Canadians the Right Start  
in Life

LASTLY, what is the Department of Health doing for posterity? For those who are born under the flag of its country?



## Another Widow— Looking for a Job

GEORGE MACDOUGALL'S first thought was always for his family's comfort and happiness. Nothing that he could provide was too good for them. No sacrifice that he might make was too great. He was a model of devotion. Yet—unintentionally—George MacDougall failed in his imperative duty! He failed to provide completely for his family's support.

For when he died—suddenly and unexpectedly—his widow was faced with the task of "carrying on" without sufficient funds. He left her just \$3,000.

She soon realized that the \$3,000 wouldn't go very far. It was up to her to eke out a living for herself and the children.

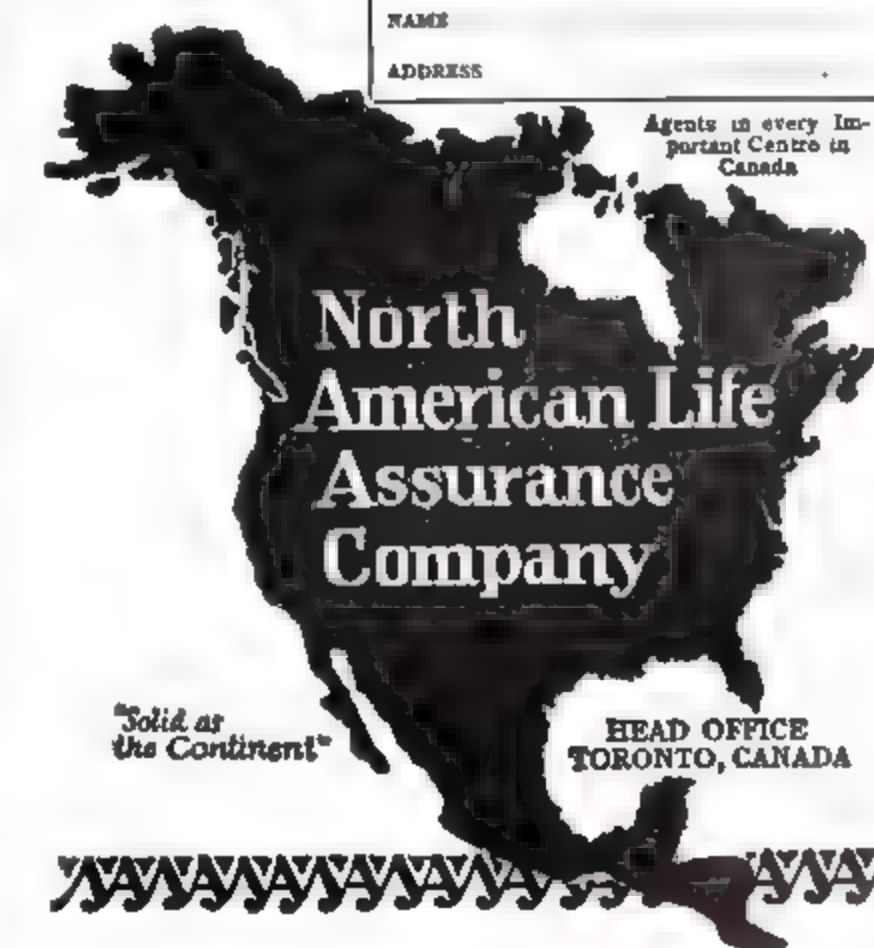
George MacDougall's widow applied for a job last week!

The pathetic part of it is that things might have been so vastly different. It would have been so easy for George MacDougall to go on supporting them for years—in spite of his death.

For \$15 a month he could have had \$10,000 of insurance under the Life Plan. This would have brought his estate to \$13,000, which would have provided an income of \$100 a month for 15 years for his widow and children. At the end of 15 years the children would have been old enough to take care of their mother.

You may feel that you can not afford further insurance. The real question is—can you afford not to have sufficient protection for your family? Under the Life Plan of The North American Life Insurance Co. insurance is easy to arrange—easy to afford. Send the attached coupon today.

Please send me information and literature about the Life Plan.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
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## Motorists

say Murine refreshes  
dusty Eyes instantly

Motoring fills the Eyes with dust and makes them feel hot, tired, heavy. An application of Murine after driving will instantly refresh your Eyes and wash away all irritating particles. Try this harmless lotion. It's so cooling, soothing, invigorating! At your druggist's.

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR  
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Have  
Lovely Hands  
This Easy Way

KEEP them soft, white and supple, free from chaps and roughness, with Campana's Italian Balm. Every time you have had your hands in water—use this fragrant, soothing balm. See how wonderfully and quickly it brings back their lovely smooth texture. A few drops of Campana's Italian Balm used daily, keeps hands attractive. Smooths chapped fingers. Keeps children's faces and hands free from chaps and chilblains. We want you to try it. GET THIS LARGE TRIAL BOTTLE.



For the baby of to-day who will be, in a few short years, the hope of the Dominion to-morrow. Nothing spectacular, perhaps, nothing to make a smashing head line for a yellow newspaper, but a work which is, nevertheless, infinitely important.

Briefly its work is that of education, and in a country of such vast dimensions as Canada such work is vitally important. For, consider the immigrant mother what means has she to learn the most scientific methods of child rearing, nay, the most elementary facts concerning the care of infants according to Canadian standards? So the Government works hand in hand with such organizations as the Canadian Council of Child Welfare, Child Protection Officers, Women's Institutes, the Red Cross, the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire and the nursing orders to see to it that Canadian citizens shall have a fighting chance in the first few months of their citizenship.

To this end it collects statistics upon maternal mortality and what is much more important, devises means of combatting it. By every known instrument of propaganda it spreads abroad among the women of Canada the facts regarding such

subjects as nursing, diet, training, care of the pregnant mother, and, in short, all of the steps, infinitely precarious and puzzling, which mark the progress of the Canadian from babyhood to adolescence.

Of great help in this work of educating an immigrant and pioneer population has been the series of 'Little Blue Books' written by Dr. Helen McMurchy, chief of the Division of Child Welfare. They are eminently practical, little books bearing such titles as 'The Canadian Mother's Book, How to Take Care of the Mother', 'How to Take Care of the Child', 'How to Take Care of the Father and the Family'. There are dozens of them and not one but has achieved its object of imparting to Canada's immigrant women some idea of what the Dominion considers a fair start for its infant population.

So, from the cradle to the grave, this Dominion of Health Department of ours is eternally asking us to stick out our tongue for inspection or offer our wrist for pulse measurement. If Canada has a reputation among her sister nations for a citizenry upstanding, broad-shouldered, red-blooded and virile this same ever watchful branch of the Government's Civil Service has done much to build it up.

## The Splendid Silence

Continued from page 22

SHE looked very charming that evening, he thought, with her hair low across her forehead, and, in her manner, a repose that suggested a quiet, latent strength. With her, was her aunt, Miss Brooks, her mother's sister, a practical, bustling woman of few words and great activity. They were on the verandah watching the lights that began to twinkle on the opposite hillside, for power was cheap at Ocean Bay, and Berry had electrified every shanty, arguing that it meant greater security from fire. Light was streaming, too, from the large windows of the mill buildings, whence came a smooth dull rumble where sections of machinery were being tested. Soon, that rumble would be permanent, never ceasing till the last monarch of the forest had crashed to earth, miles back in the mountain ravines. Sydney nodded, introduced her visitor, then held up a warning finger.

"Listen—do you know what that sound is?"

"No."

"The turbines. They drive the whole mill, and they're running for the first time. An exciting evening, isn't it?"

"It must be."

"Wouldn't it be more exciting if they didn't run?" put in Miss Brooks, calmly.

"Too much so," laughed Sydney.

"You know," went on her aunt, "there's something in what the Englishman said about Niagara, how much more wonderful it would be if the water didn't fall over You're English, Mr. Seymour?"

"Yes, but I haven't seen Niagara. I've never been in America, before."

"This is Canada. We don't like being lumped together as Americans. Geographically, you're all right, but—well—you'll understand better when you've been here longer. Have you collected many impressions, yet?"

"Only of this coast, and the woods."

Sydney glanced at him rather curiously. "I wonder what you felt in the woods."

He hesitated. They were her woods, and being destroyed for her personal benefit, so this was a difficult moment. Then his impulsive honesty spoke for him.

"I felt rather sorry," he said, with a touch of awkwardness, "which was, probably, idiotic of me."

"Sorry for what?" demanded Miss Brooks.

"To see such wonderful things cut down," he answered, flushing in spite of himself. "Of course I know it's quite unavoidable. Nice way to talk about

other people's business, isn't it? It's so different from England where there are no trees like that, but even so we hate to cut one down, and people write to the papers about it."

"Is it like killing something that's alive?" Sydney's voice was low and very comprehending.

He glanced at her, and was struck by the extreme gentleness in her face. Her eyes had shadows in them, now, and a rare delicate comprehension. Odd, that one on whose behalf the woods were being laid low could look and speak like this.

He nodded gratefully. "Something like that."

She gave a little sigh. "My aunt thinks I'm fearfully sentimental, but that's why I never have liked going to the camps with Mr. Berry. It would be foolish for me to protest," she continued with an eloquent gesture, "and I know that it's unavoidable and means a great deal to many others. So," here she hesitated, and sent Duncan a smile that he found very moving, "what I'm going to arrange is a sort of big timber sanctuary where everything will be safe, and no one may cut a single tree. It will be my apology to—" "The gods of the woods," he suggested.

"Yes, just that, exactly."

Miss Brooks sniffed, and picked up a magazine. Childish talk, she considered it, but the girl was in a position to establish as many sanctuaries as she wished. Duncan thought differently, and it was in his mind to say that he had had the same idea himself, and there was a place all ready to be consecrated not many miles away, with a bald-headed eagle on guard, and bullet-headed seals doing outpost duty in the quiet waters. He would like to go there with this girl, and learn what she thought about it. That prospect was getting more and more inviting, when Berry's step sounded, close by.

"Sorry for being late," he said, "but I had to see those wheels go round. Haven't spoiled your supper for me, have you?"

They went in, Duncan rather silent and occupied with secret thoughts. He took a random glance at Sydney, who seemed to have put away her regrets, and was asking Berry pointed questions about a number of practical things. And yet how modest she was, how unaffected by the fact that this commercial kingdom was all hers. He wondered what sort of man her father had been, and whether she inherited his traits.

Continued on page 48

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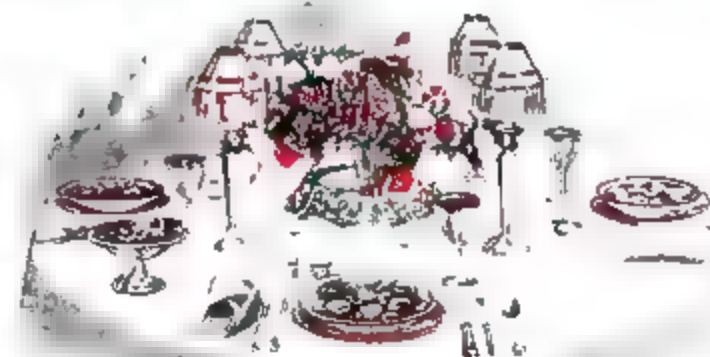
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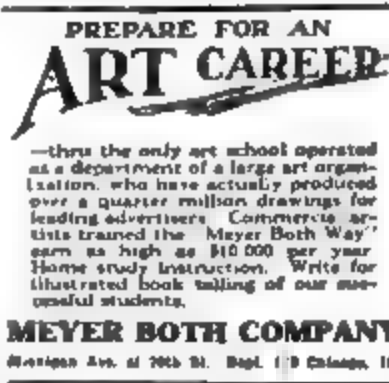


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I continued from page 48

"How do you hit it off with Kyashi?" said Berry presently.

"There isn't much to hit off. I do what he tells me, and he doesn't take any risks."

"Picked up something?"

Duncan laughed. "Nuts and bolts and general information."

"Is that the little Jap I saw to-day?" asked Sydney.

Berry nodded. "Mr. Seymour's boss, and a very skilled mechanic. They were at Oxford together so they speak the same language."

She looked enquiringly at Duncan. "Oxford?"

Yes. He seemed to remember me, but all the Orientals there, were, to us, very much alike. And as they didn't row or go in for games, I didn't remember him."

"Perhaps that's the reason he's such a good engineer."

Berry's eyes twinkled. "Score one for Kyashi. If the mill starts up three weeks from to-day it will be largely because a certain little Jap did not go in for games at Oxford."

"Three weeks from to-day will be my birthday. How nice of you."

"I was reckoning it would be sort of suitable."

"An imposing birthday present," ventured Duncan.

Well, perhaps it fits Ocean Bay better than something tied up with pink ribbon. This is a big country, you know."

The talk went on, but Duncan said little. What should he himself do at this juncture? Berry had absolute confidence in Kyashi. Was it prudent for a newcomer who had not yet got beneath the surface of things, to empty his mind and proclaim himself an armistice without further proof? Berry knew of the presence of the I.W.W. So did Kyashi. It was, therefore, imaginable that the Jap was on Berry's side, and that Hitchin, band to the truth, was playing a losing game.

This idea took form and shape. How clever and how like Berry it would be to use Kyashi, a man who knew how to hold his tongue, for this purpose, then act, finally and completely, when the moment came! What better private detective could he have? Duncan grasped at this with sudden relief, and felt a throb of admiration for the subtlety of the scheme. Then he became aware that Sydney was speaking about labor in the works.

"No more than the usual trouble," said Berry. "There are a few soreheads, but we have them spotted. It's all right." He sent Duncan a shrewd glance. "You've been with some of them. Nothing much the matter, except that they're born tired."

"There's a good deal of talk."

"They always try that out on a greenhorn. It might be more serious if they didn't talk, and if I had more time, I might be more interested in the arguments."

It seemed odd that he should talk thus, openly while Sam, with his pigtail coiled on his head, moved silent footed about the room. But this was evidently his custom, and Sam was safe. And, too, Duncan had heard that there was little love lost between Chinaman and Jap. Presently Berry looked at his watch.

"We're starting some big pumps in about ten minutes. Anyone want to go down?"

"Yes," said Miss Brooks promptly, "if I needn't get my feet wet. Sydney, you've been tramped about enough for one day."

The weather had become damp and murky, and, moving downhill, they were instantly out of sight. Their voices were audible but, for a moment, Sydney and Duncan stood on the verandah, and the girl shivered a little.

"Let us go in and be comfortable."

A pane knot was blazing on the brick hearth, and she stood for a while, hands clasped, her face very thoughtful. Sam had retreated to his own region. The silence continued, while against the

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windows the outer darkness seemed to press with an opaque solidity. To Duncan, it was as though he and this girl were utterly removed from the rest of the world. Presently she sent him a half smile.

"Is this all very strange to you, after England?"

Yes, when I stop to think of it, though I haven't had much time for reflection. Of course I had no idea what to expect. And Mr. Berry has been awfully kind.

He always is, though there's nothing in his life, now, but work. He lost his father in an accident, years ago. My father died just before I was twenty-one, and my mother, long before that. Everything that is being done here, had been arranged with Mr. Berry as manager. Are you going to live in Canada, a ways?"

He could not tell where he was going to live, because, how, he saw that men's affairs are often remodelled very suddenly and unexpectedly.

"I don't know. I can go back to England, of course."

Do you want to? I'm rather curious to know. I've been there several times, and love it, but it's not like home to me—yet."

"I'm not sure if I want to or not—yet," he smiled. "I'd like to make good first."

She made a gesture in the direction of the mills. Make good here?"

"It doesn't matter much where, does it?"

"Perhaps not. I want to, also."

"But you have."

She shook her head. "Everything has been done for me. That's not making good."

"You won't live here?"

"No, but I'd like to use Ocean Bay for something even bigger. One can't put it into words."

She leaned forward with a charming earnestness. You've been with these men in the woods. Do they talk of other things to me for instance? Or do I matter—and do they mind working for a girl. Are they jealous, and do they think it's all unfair and that I have every thing and they nothing?"

Duncan wondered what would have been the effect had Hitchin heard this.

"I don't think that occurs to many of them."

She did not seem quite convinced. "It occurs to me so often I seem to read these thoughts in their eyes and can't remove them. And, whatever happens, I must not appear to be patronizing. Do you mind if I talk like this to you? I can't, to Mr. Berry."

He assured her that he did not and she went on, giving him an insight into a heart at once gentle and very courageous. His sincerity encouraged her to speak out in a fashion she would have hesitated to use with her practical aunt, and now it was youth that listened to youth with intuitive understanding. He saw her as one conscious of her burden, and praying that she might discharge it gently and well.

"So I'll be twenty-three on the twenty-third. Then the Cartright Estate legally comes into my hands, but, of course, I won't change anything." She broke off, sending him a curious glance. "Sometimes I'm rather frightened of Ocean Bay. Mr. Berry would laugh if he heard that."

"Why, frightened?"

"Perhaps it's the Orientals. They seem to be full of secrets. Sam was on me, and I wonder all the time what he thinks about. And the Japs in the mills, they look at one without any change of expression, and that makes me wonder again. One can't get behind those masks of faces, and I get visions of horrible things beneath the surface."

She had been sitting beside the fire, but now got up with a sudden motion, and stood, tall, slight, very appealing, and personifying in a way, something that he had not so far discerned in any girl. The world was hers, if she wanted it, but it seemed that she had no desire, except some deep-rooted instinct at the strength of which he could only guess. He did not

want to compare her with Lois, but the comparison crept in and, against this picture, Lois inevitably appeared, rather narrow, a shade sefish and not nearly so capable of true emotion. But it was Lois who had his word, and she was coming to Ocean Bay. Curious that just as this thought presented itself, Sydney should look up with a little shrug that dismissed her serious reflections.

Mr. Berry tells me you know the English people who are coming out.

Not Mr. Wragge. I know the others.

Tell me something about them.

Mr. Chester doesn't do much except golf, shoot and bridge. Lois hunts a good deal, and travels with her father.

How old is she?

Just about your age.

Sydney smiled a little. Is she coming to see you?

She doesn't know I'm in Ocean Bay unless she's heard from my aunt.

What?

He laughed. "I didn't want to say too much till I got a bit settled somewhere. There was a sort of a row at home and I cleared out."

I'm sorry. She was surprised, but, curiously enough, felt no doubt about any part he had taken in this.

"I don't know that I am," he said, pulling down his brows.

Followed a little silence, during which Sydney became absorbed in the embers of the pine knot and it struck him that perhaps he had said too much. He was noting again the supple strength of her figure, and the frank reluctance that was her chief characteristic, when, as though mesmerized, he felt his gaze drawn to the side window.

There, framed in darkness and pushing close against the pane, was a brownish, yellow face. Its lower part was covered by the collar of an upturned coat and a soft cap was pulled down far over the forehead. Between these only the eyes were visible, satanic and satanic. Orbits eyes narrowed to pinpoints of light, shining in a sort of madness. They were veiled with a nameless threat, and suggested unholy revenge. To Duncan, as he stared petrified, they seemed like the eyes of Kyashi. Then, as in a dream the thing vanished.

He suppressed an involuntary quiver and sat very still. Sydney had seen nothing, and he knew that she must never know of this. But Berry must, and at once. He wanted to go to Berry now, on the instant, but dared not leave the girl alone. Then, thankfuily, he remembered Sam. The Chinaman could at any rate be trusted.

"By Jove," he said, "I'm awfully sorry, but I must go. I have to help the night shift in an hour."

She nodded understandingly. "I'm afraid my birthday is a fearful nuisance to everyone. You must come again, soon. It's so nice to have someone to talk to."

"I'd love to. Sure you don't mind being left alone?"

"Not a bit. Sam has always looked after me, and you'll probably meet the others on the way down. And," she hesitated with a charming smile, "thanks so much for your comprehending."

He could not say what he desired to, which was that for this past evening, he had been happier than since he left Most House, and that he had begun to wonder whether an impulsive promise—a promise that was not fully returned—and given to a girl who, perhaps, did not care at all deeply—should hold a man bound if he happened to find the ideal companion, elsewhere. No, his mind being full of these and other matters, he went into the kitchen. Sam was reading a month old Canton paper that would shortly go the rounds of the Oriental quarter.

"I have to leave, now, Sam, and Miss Cartright is alone."

Sam put out one hand, opened the table drawer and exposed a long, wicked looking knife.

"Me sit here till Mr. Berry come home," he said calmly and went on reading.



## "The best decision we ever made"

"I GUESS we're like most families. We always seem to want more things than our income will provide. Bob wanted a radio. Marion was going away to school and needed a whole new outfit. I had been hoping to get a new sewing machine, but everything else seemed more important. 'Can't you wait another year?' the family asked."

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## Grain King Wears a Double Crown

Continued from page 10

construction on the Chilcoot tramway, out of Skagway, Alaska, when a snowslide killed his whole gang of 120 men, he, himself, having been off work that day with a cold. Subsequently, he entered British Columbia, where he became a foreman of construction in erecting tippers and power plants for the mines then being opened up on the Alberta side of the Crow's Nest Pass. He also had a lumber yard in Frank. On April 29, 1903, occurred the great landslide which nearly wiped out that town. Some of the rocks hit the Trele doorstep.

Storing his goods at the new mining location of Blairmore he took the family, for a four-months' visit to Germany returning the day after a hurricane had unroofed the house, exposing to theft much silverware and clothing. From Blairmore they moved to Coleman, where the recent mining disaster occurred. It was then a frontier town and Herman, having reached the public school leaving class, was sent with his sister to Alberta College at Edmonton for the winter of 1905-06.

### The Beckoning Peace

IN THE winter of 1907-08 the family moved to Edmonton, where Trele, senior, engaged in coal mining. He was stricken with typhoid. When convalescent he took a trip with his son through the Yellowhead Pass and down the Fraser. In the mountains they met some old prospectors who told them of the Peace.

The summer of 1909 saw the first considerable trek to the Grande Prairie district, the largest and most southwesterly park-prairie area in the Peace drainage basin. One noted party had left Edmonton in March with seventeen teams of oxen on a 550-mile trail via Athabasca Landing, Lesser Slave Lake, Peace River Crossing, Dunvegan, and Spirit River, to Beaverlodge, where they arrived in three months. The new mecca was beckoning. The settlement of the territory as a world-faceted romance.

In the autumn of that year Herman became chummy with a boy whose father had arrived from Saskatchewan, moving into the house across the way. Some canvas cabooses were being built to be loaded on sleighs and made ready for a winter's trip.

"What are they for?" was the natural question.

"Oh," replied the new-found companion, "we're going up to the Peace River country."

Interest kindled. The father's health was still indifferent and after repeated urging by his son he went over to see the builder of cabooses. In a fortnight he had two such 'schooners' ready for himself and started out with Henry Roberts on the 450-mile winter trail to the Peace Valley via Athabasca and Sturgeon Lake.

Arriving about February with a South African Veteran's script, a homestead right, and the privilege of reserving quarter for his son, Mr. Trele chose two adjacent half sections south of the west end of Saskatoon Lake, beside which Alex Monkman, who has since given his name to the Monkman pass through the Rockies, had raised in 1903, if not earlier, the first grain ever grown on Grande Prairie. The land selected was the usual black-brown loam, much of it prairie but with the usual patches of poplar and willow scrub. It lay with an undulating slope toward the water. Elevation combined with this to render it an exceptionally frost-free area during the pioneer stage of the country.

Having started the kitchen of a house, the father returned to Edmonton in October and made two trips 'in' during the winter of 1910-11, one before Christmas and one after, the son accompanying on both. They freighted millwork and hardware for the house and the first

windmill to be taken into the district. It was erected on the first shingle-roofed barn on the prairie.

Mother and daughter came in on the second trip. It was the year of the early break-up and the last leg was finished on bare ground. Five horses were lost. The new home was reached on March 11. Eight days later they were working on the land.

Mr. Trele put up a fine set of buildings, including a roomy, comfortable, well furnished house, in which a good piano had a place, but regarded his land much as a speculation and did not break a great deal. He had a grain crusher and used to grind whole-wheat flour, besides chopping feed. The neighbors recall how in his absence his wife would get up at night if the wind rose and attend to the custom grists. The family were hard workers, hustlers, and money-makers. Withal, the home was an attractive one in which to be entertained.

Three months each year Herman went to school, never entering before Christmas, yet covering three years' work in two. He passed his second-year high school examination about 1909 or 1910, scoring highest total marks out of 647 candidates in the province. He could not answer the question about summerfallowing but was strong on physics and science generally. As a boy he had a bent for mechanics and even yet would not be content on the farm without mechanical appliances.

In 1913 he passed the Dominion Land Surveyors' examination, having spent some time on surveys. He surveyed north of the Peace and actually ran twenty miles of the sixth meridian. For the surveyors' examination he covered three months' work in eleven days by cramming formulae. It could not have been a thorough grounding he got that way but out of thirteen candidates he was the only one to pass.

In 1913 he was gold-medalist in the high school oratorical contest, speaking on the Peace River Country. He became editor of the first boys' newspaper in Alberta and in athletics held two Dominion field records besides being amateur heavy-weight wrestling champion of Alberta in 1914-15. Trail-blazing and pace-making seemed a habit with him. He was the kind of boy likely to reach the top in whatever he undertook. In 1914 he entered the University of Alberta, taking Applied Science, having been coached by his high school teachers with a view to the Rhodes scholarship.

Then the deluge! The war cut off all chance of the scholarship. On top of that after spending a year in the Officers' Training Corps and passing the examination he was refused admission to the corps in which his pals were enlisting, because of his ancestry.

"It was the greatest blow I had ever had," he confided pensively as we ebbed in his Wembley home. "I was prepared for the other—the war I saw it coming. But this was a complete shock. I couldn't go back and face my classmates after that. I felt up against it, and so to make myself useful, I went farming."

### From the University to the Farm

IN 1916 he became of age and commenced farming on his own account. Leasing his father's land, he took over the equipment on a note. It was the year of the August frost but he got by with a good crop, and that summer, with one man to help him, he broke 279 acres and disked it down ready for crop, as well as handling some fifty acres of summerfallow. The next year he had one of the largest wheat crops in the district. In 1918 the year of the blossom frost, he had half a crop.

He was conscripted that year; was exempted because of extensive farming.

Continued on page 57

This makes the difference



*It pays*  
to know the difference between  
**The HOOVER**  
and a vacuum cleaner

If you want easier, faster, deeper cleaning of floor coverings, you want

**"POSITIVE AGITATION"**  
and you can have it now, not only in the world-famed Model 700 Hoover, but in a lower-priced Hoover as well!

Both the Model 700 Hoover and the lower-priced Model 543 Hoover can be purchased on easy monthly payments if you prefer.

*The new* **HOOVER**  
*It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans*





Thirty  
Cash Prizes  
for  
Winners

**\$400**  
PRIZE MONEY

Double  
the Amount  
formerly  
offered

Six Times the Number of Prizes Offered in Previous MacLeanagrams

These challenges to the intellect have aroused such interest among our readers and Canadians at large that we have added 25 prizes in the contest, and doubled the prize money.

Each test is complete in itself, and in its very simplicity lies its greatest appeal. No element of chance enters in, no trickery, and you don't have to sell anything to qualify.

### How many words can you make from the name A. C. VALENTINE

When you send in your entry according to the rules, you are eligible for one of the prizes

All you have to do is see how many words you can make from the key words "A C VALENTINE." Let's try one or two. "vat," "can," "lane"; now carry on yourself! How about "entwine"? No, that won't do. It has a "W" in it, and that letter does not appear in the key words.

Also you cannot use any letter, in any one word, oftener than it appears in the key words.

A good dictionary you will find of great assistance; also list your letters like this, A B C and so on.

With these suggestions, and after reading the rules, go right ahead. Get all the family to help you; you will find the tests exceedingly interesting.

If you are doubtful of the eligibility of word, put it in anyway. It will not disqualify your entry. Thirty opportunities of winning a cash prize.

You have until March 15 to complete and mail your answer.

### Read these Simple Rules Carefully:

- Each entry must be addressed to the  
Text Campaign Editor  
MacLean's Magazine  
Toronto, 2
- Entries will not be accepted through salesmen or on special offers.

words will be disqualified, as well as words changed or corrected.

- All answers to this Test, together with the subscript on payments, must be mailed by contestants at their post office not later than March 15th. Answers for this Test mailed after this date will not count.

- In determining the winners, the judges will count only printable and recognized words of the English language. Do not use obsolete words, abbreviations or contractions. Where the singular of a word is used, do not use plural or possessive and vice versa. Do not use hyphenated or compound words. Do not use proper names such as Christian names and surnames (biblical names and geographical terms).

- MacLean's Magazine reserves the right to disqualify any person, for any reason deemed sufficient by it and the judges who are the contestants' representatives.

- No discussion can be entered into by telephone or otherwise in reference to these tests and all entrants are understood by the fact of their entry to agree to accept as final the judges' decision on all matters relating to this competition.



A. C. Valentine, whose illustrations on often are a feature of MacLean's, is a general artist who works and dwells in Montreal. "Val" as he is known to the world, had made a name for himself as a commercial designer before he raised the illustrative field. His skill is kept as busy as his wit in his commercial work, but his leisure is spent in the study of the magazine and book work, and he never is kept so content as he is while illustrating the word puzzles from a story that is to appear in Canada's National Magazine. Valentine's hobbies are painting, radio, reading, small model building and summer retreats to the Laurentian mountains for the purpose of doing more painting.

Continued from page 54  
then finally volunteered for the air force and was en route to the training camp in Toronto when the Armistice was signed.

Before the 1917 crop was harvested his father had drawn up an agreement on a fifty-fifty basis. The parents moved to the Pacific Coast that year, settling in California in 1918. This added 'batching' to the young homesteader's trials.

The latter handicap was presently overcome. On Christmas Day 1919, he married Miss Beatrice Burdick, also a genuine Peace River pioneer. Born in Minnesota, Miss Burdick had lost her mother at five and had been raised by her grandparents. Her grandfather, E. S. Zimmermann, was one of the early settlers in the Peace River Block of British Columbia, still sixty miles from steel by winter trail and more by summer route. He had lived on land near Rolla in 1913 and had taken his family in next year. With the exception of two years in St. Paul, Minnesota, Mrs. Trelle has never until quite recently been outside. There are two children, a girl, aged four and a boy two.

Hard times came. The post-war slump pressed heavily upon districts with long freight hauls. A series of dry years occurred during which grasshoppers multiplied. In 1922 the fine house burned down. Three months later the first child was born. A very modest shack has since been the dwelling, but it is a homelike home nevertheless.

As far back as 1914 the young pioneer had been interested in growing pure seed grain.

"What started you in pure seed," I asked him.

"I am not sure it didn't date from an inspection of the experimental farms' first plots back in 1914. I didn't like the mongrel stuff and thought I saw an opportunity to develop strains acclimatized to the district. I talked it over with F. H. Reed, Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station at Lacombe, asking him to send me some pure seed. He sent me Marquis and Ruby wheats, which you will remember inspecting in 1922. A sample of the Ruby was sent to the agronomist of the University of Alberta. He put it in the Provincial Seed Fair and it won first prize for the variety."

"Then G. H. Cutler, Professor of Field Husbandry at the university, interested me in the Alberta Seed Growers' Association, and through him I obtained in the spring of 1923 a bushel each of Marquis wheat and Victory oats. I made hand selections of both and ever since have been repeating this and multiplying my selected stock. The Ruby was discarded and I have grown since then only one variety of each kind of grain except in a few small test plots."

"I sent a peck each of the wheat and oats to university in 1923 and exhibited at Chicago. The wheat won third in its class but the oats nothing although they weighed fifty-two pounds per bushel by Canadian standards. There were too many twin oats and pin oats."

In 1924 Trelle obtained a quantity of new Marquis seed and sowed a considerable acreage. To his great disappointment this proved to be of a mixed strain, and this portion of the crop was refused registration. He cleared it out and went ahead with his own selections, also obtaining, on the advice of L. H. Newman, now Dominion Cerealist, seed stocks from Dr. Seager Wheeler and Major H. G. L. Strange, both world champion growers. From these strains also he made selections in the field.

The wheat that won in 1926 was a blend of the three strains, mixed after threshing but he is going to carry on with his selections from the Strande stock, considering it the most promising yielder. The Victory oats which won world laurels have been propagated uninterrupted from the bushel secured by Trelle from the university in 1923. By continual selection and reselection he has

developed a strain of Victory that is almost entirely awnless, uniform and productive.

#### Preparing For the Big Show

AFTER threshing was completed last autumn, Mr. Trelle at his fall work stand and concentrated upon his exhibits.

"Something told me I was going to win at Chicago," he says. "I had samples of the prize-winning grains at previous shows and compared them with mine. I tested them for weight, measured them for size, balanced them for color, and by every test I felt sure I had better wheat than had won there before. I had written G. M. Stewart, of the Seed Branch at Calgary asking him for full directions about exhibiting at the International Show at Chicago. He wrote me a long letter. I studied it carefully. I decided to go down with the exhibit."

A fortnight before leaving for Chicago, Mr. Trelle came to show me his samples. We live only eleven miles apart. He had Marquis wheat weighing sixty-seven pounds per bushel. Garnet weighing sixty-eight and another kind, sixty-nine. This last I had given him for trial only, it could not be released for sale or exhibition. The Garnet was a wonderful sample but we feared it would be unfamiliar to the American judges and in a close decision, therefore, might be at a disadvantage. There were two lots of Victory oats but the plumper sample had been stained from hanging in a loft before threshing with too little air circulation. It tested about fifty-two pounds to the bushel. Which lot of oats and which wheat to choose? On the whole, we favored the plumper oats and the Garnet wheat.

I lent him our hand screens and gravity scale. Ten days later he telephoned that he was taking the Marquis. He had gotten it up to over seventy-one pounds per measured bushel.

"By those screens and the scale I discovered that wheat," he declares. Drawing upon his knowledge of physics he devised a system of screening which took the crease out of the wheat. That is to say, it eliminated all but the plumpest kernels. After that he felt confident of the wheat championship, and thinks he could have won it with any one of the three varieties. The Dominion Cerealist who was at Chicago and saw the grain, assures us Trelle was an easy winner. Trelle, however, was not at all confident about his oats as their color was against them.

After reaching Chicago, he spent three strenuous days in the final preparation of his exhibits. Even after the entries were made, he had his hands full.

I roved around those exhibits. Five times the glass case covering my wheat was broken and once durum kernels were introduced. But I got permission to pick them out and do not think such opportunity as for tampering will be liable to recur. The management met us quite satisfactorily.

When it came to judging Trelle's wheat was outstanding. It weighed 65.6 pounds per Winchester bushel or more than seventy-one pounds by Canadian measure. It was 2 pounds heavier than the famous Montana wheat that won in 1925. The 1926 first-prize winter wheat was 11 pounds heavier than Trelle's spring wheat but it took only two minutes to decide the championship on uniformity and color.

Some of the Canadian boys thought it was all over, but the wheat champion insisted that watch still be kept.

"You don't think you're going to win the oats sweepstakes, too, do you?"

"If it comes to Canada my oats will get it. I know what's in those oats," was the significant reply. Sure enough, the double championship was his. Some of his competitors had clipped their oats too short. They looked good but did not handle so well, and the ends were mushroomed, leaving air spaces that reduced the scale. At 49.1 pounds a Winchester bushel,

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Be on your guard against facial fatigue. It is an unseen thief that steals away your good looks... unless you take precautions.



## Facial Fatigue yields quickly to the scientific cleansing treatment with this two-purpose cream.

By MARAME JEANETTE DE CORDET  
Beauty Editor, Toronto

WONDER how many of my readers realize that every emotion they experience through just an average day lays its little mark of reaction on the complexion. These marks are the beginning of the lines that indicate tired muscles! Yet these annoying marks—the result of strenuous hours of modern day living—need not remain on your face... unless you let them.

You need not suffer premature lines. You need not look older than you are. In fact, the clever woman of today always looks younger than she is. Her skin is smoothly youthful—not one trace of aged Facial Fatigue.

Does your skin look as fresh as youthful, as it did a year ago? If not, Facial Fatigue is beginning to show. Now there is a simple scientific way to remove it—a cleansing, youthifying treatment with Pompeian Night Cream.

My Facial Fatigue treatment is given in detail in my book that comes with every jar of Pompeian Night Cream.

It contains each step in this scientific treatment, the same that you find in the most exclusive beauty salons. Now you can give yourself this treatment in your own home. It is the very same cure that many women annually pay large sums for at famous beauty shops.

Pompeian Night Cream comes in 6½c jars. Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

#### GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

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**Pompeian  
Night Cream**  
for facial fatigue

#### TEAR OFF NOW! YOU MAY FORGET!

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THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES  
400 Windsor Ave., Windsor, Ont.  
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First Prize \$100 Second Prize \$75  
Third Prize \$50 Fourth Prize \$20

5 Prizes of \$10 Each  
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#### The Judges Are

DR. E. J. PRATT, Lecturer in English Victoria College, Toronto University

MISS PANSY ATKINS, Teacher, Brown School, Toronto. A well-known writer on Children's Topics.

J. HERBERT HODGINS, Speech feature writer, and finance expert.

The decision of the judges will be final and absolute, and in a case of a difference of opinion, the Concise English Dictionary will be used as the final arbiter.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, Toronto 2,  
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I attach my entry in your contest for words made from letters in the words  
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**CHILDREN** just love them and all the family gives Clark's Pork & Beans the most cheerful welcome.

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Among these are **CLARK'S SOUPS**—Each one delicious and true to its name. Simply add an equal quantity of hot water, bring to a boil and serve.

**CLARK'S CANADIAN BOILED DINNER**—A complete meat and vegetable course: prime beef, boiled potatoes, onions, carrots, etc., and a rich beef gravy. Heat and serve. It's excellent and saves all the time, work and fuel required for a boiled dinner.

**CLARK'S COOKED OX TONGUES**—In tins or "in glass"—these are prized the world over. **POTTED & DEVILLED MEATS, LOAF MEATS & PATES.** **CLARK'S TOMATO SAUCE**—Canada's favorite condiment.

## Marie-Louise

Continued from page 13

pouring tea from Marie-Louise's wedding silver teapot into Marie-Louise's best wedding china! Through much travail, Marie-Louise had learned to perform this office with distinction: she was immensely proud of it. Ashcroft knew that, had himself praised her. It was a little thing, perhaps, but I heard Marie-Louise catch her breath, to see the girl there pouring tea as if she were the mistress. "Lorry was famished," Pat explained coolly, "so we went ahead. How do you take yours, Mrs. Ashcroft?"

Poor Marie-Louise crimsoned, stumbled over words. I don't believe she knew how she took her tea. It was always her delight to serve others, her own cup she filled mechanically if at all. "Mrs. Holling spoke to you!" said Ashcroft sharply. "Cream and two lumps, isn't it?"

She nodded quickly. If he had said four lumps and no cream, she would have known no difference. Irritation showed in his eyes that his wife should appear so stupid before his guests. I rose and transferred the cup from Patricia to Marie-Louise, drawing a small console-table near enough to her elbow to set the thing. Her hands were beyond the power of holding it, I felt.

You know how a little thing like that can create a most fearful abyss of silence, and how one is apt to topple unwise words into it.

"I was admiring the pussy-willows in the hall," I began. "By jove, they make you feel the winter's broken at last! I'd like to be going up with you to the old spot, Lorry!"

Pat's eyes flashed up, to me and then to him.

"Going where?"

"St. Lemaire," said Ashcroft shortly. "Marie-Louise's home. She hasn't been home, you know, since we were married!"

Patricia nibbled at her toast.

"When did you say?"

"April!" nodded Marie-Louise eagerly, childishly snatched from her depths by this turn of conversation, and the joy of anticipation.

"April?" Pat turned to Ashcroft, brows puckered. "Oh, Lorry! How could you plan that—when you know my recitals are to be then?"

"But I didn't know they were coming off that soon!"

"Well—they are!" She bit decisively into her toast. I knew, intuitively, that she had decided on the dates definitely at that moment. Marie-Louise looked small and frightened, forgetting to eat or drink, not understanding the subtleties of polite composure. Ashcroft did not look up from his cup. "We'll have to see about it," he said, non-committally, but I heard the quick intake of Marie-Louise's breath.

The anger that blazed in me found vent when Marie-Louise accompanied the visitor to get her wraps. I suppose I spoke more harshly than I had business to, or than was wise. Ashcroft, as if fearing we might be overheard, drew me into the music-room adjoining. He listened silently somewhere, a telephone was ringing and I wondered if it was to that rather than to me he was giving attention. But when I stopped, he swung upon me. "If it was anyone but you, old chap, I'd call you a damned meddler. You don't understand about Pat. She's vital to my work!" He paced up and down twice. "I've got to have that sympathetic and yet critical understanding. You can't just understand, of course!" I tried to stop him then, for a mirror behind him, which he could not see, showed me the door into the hall, and Marie-Louise approaching. He waved aside my words.

"With Marie-Louise it's awful—awful! Everything I do is good—as if I were a god creating—she doesn't understand the first thing, the first thing in a critical sense. I tell you Pat is vital to me!"

It was then that he saw for himself what the mirror had betrayed to me. Marie-Louise trying now to escape from the doorway.

He called out "What is it?"

"The telephone—for you!" she said.

How she managed the words I do not know, nor where, for the moment, she disappeared to.

**PATRICIA** was in the living room, her outer wraps on, waiting. I had no desire for conversation, and halted at the entrance from the music-room. Ashcroft's footfall sounded. He entered by the other door. She went swiftly to him.

"Lorry, you haven't promised!"

"What?"

"About April?"

He stood for a moment, stroking his face thoughtfully. She drew nearer.

"Lorry—don't you care—enough for me—to do this much for me?"

When he answered, he said "The kid would be so disappointed. She's such a child that way!"

Pat drew her furs impatiently about her. She moved toward the table where the new edition of his poems lay, and picked it up. She looked up in her quick little way.

"Do you think it's fair, Lorry? When we have our work to think about? I've tried to give you the best I had!"

He took the thin volume from her, fingering it. Eavesdropper though I was, I held to my place. The telephone rang again. Marie-Louise called h.m. He set the book down decisively.

"You're right, Pat!" he said. "I'll have to manage it some way!" He excused himself. She lifted the volume thoughtfully, her face being toward me and in the glow from the shaded light, I could see the nervous twitching of her lips. Her victory seemed bitter to her.

"Damn his old work!" she flared, and flung the book from her to the floor.

Ashcroft, returning, said from the doorway "Meriden calling. You remember Meriden, chap who works in oils in the Japanese style? I'm going down to his hotel, and I'll drop you anywhere you say!" She glanced quickly at the book on the floor, which he could not see, hesitated, caught her wraps about her, and went out with him. That was Ashcroft all over, forgetting any duty as host when something concerning art was afoot.

I was about to go and get my own things on, when I saw Marie-Louise slip into the room. She halted, then ran forward with a little cry, and picked up the fallen volume, smoothing, with infinite care, one page which had turned under. She kissed the thin volume, caught it to her breast almost crooningly, as if it were a child and hurt at this treatment. I coughed then, embarrassedly. She glanced up and saw me. There was a quite peculiar calmness about the way she said "I do not understand—no, not as she! But I love—I love every word, every comma, because it is his!" She sprang up and came to me swiftly. "You must not tell him, m'sieu, what she did. To him, you understand, she is—how is it you say that which I am not?"—vital!"

The broken sound of that last word tore at me. I think I looked away from the tragedy of her young face. I know that when I turned again, she had gone. The thin volume of Ashcroft's poems, a new edition but containing much of his old work, lay in its place on the table. I went and picked it up. It opened, naturally, at the place where the page had been crushed by the fall. A curious wet blot had fallen upon the page.

**MARIE-LOUISE** made no complaint at all. Her manner to him did not change, unless indeed it was in a refinement of her watchfulness for his comfort, and a quietness above the ordinary



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Twice daily she brushes her teeth with this dual-action tooth paste.

**DAZZLING** teeth, an unfailing personal asset, are more a matter of intimate care than a gift of nature. A few minutes of your time devoted to the use of this dual-action dentifrice will bring new beauty to your teeth, greater charm to your smile.

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Hupmobile again sets new standards of beauty and value in this compact yet thoroughly comfortable five-passenger closed car.

Nickel trimmed head lamps, short, curved integral visor and the large trunk rack at rear, give individuality to its appearance.

Door openings are 36 inches and afford ample room for entrance or exit to any seat. Individual front seats tilt far forward to permit easy access. Both seats are heavily cushioned, shaped to give maximum comfort and adjustable for height.

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Clear Vision Bodies—Color Options—Mohair Upholstery—Walnut Finished Instrument Board and Window Ledges—Contrasting Window Reveals on Closed Bodies—Instrument Panel Under Glass Indirectly Lighted—Vision Ventilating Windshield—Automatic Windshield Cleaner—Solid Walnut Steering Wheel—Rear View Mirror—Tilting Beam Headlights—Headlight Control on Steering Wheel—Both Manifold and Thermostatic Heat Control—Dash

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Brougham (illustrated) five-passenger, two-door \$1910. Sedan, five-passenger, four-door, \$1910. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, \$1910. Roadster, with rumble seat, \$1910. Touring, five-passenger, \$1825. All prices f. o. b. Windsor.

# Hupmobile Six

Old man, the pulse is gone. I never felt a springlike that spring. I didn't—credit it—to Marie-Louise—that way!" "It's not too late!" I said. He shook his head.

"She's not Spring now," he said, gravely. "She's Winter now. That's my doing. Spring beat itself to death against my window. I didn't understand—I didn't open in time!"

The telephone rang, presently, as we sat there in silence. He roused himself to answer it. I heard his returning step at last. I saw, by his eyes, his whole demeanor, that something was up.

"It was she!" he said, jerkily, after a moment. "Pat, I mean! To apologize! Overfatigued last night, didn't know what she was doing, what would I think of her?—that kind of thing. I didn't understand at first!" He began pacing the floor, wringing one hand curiously with the other. Then his finger sprang at me, leading his words: "Why didn't Marie-Louise say? Why didn't she tell me?"

My intuition leaped to it. "Perhaps she cared too much," I said, a little scorn creeping into my voice. "Perhaps she would not snap a link that was so vital—to you!"

Ahcroft was shaking all over. He was utterly broken, and any anger I had for him, any scorn for his blindness, died in that moment.

He went over and touched the white hyacinth with his lips.

"Marie-Louise!" I heard him say. "Marie-Louise!" And then, thickly, "Open that window, will you? I'm suffocating!" I obeyed. He drew in great breaths. "By George," he said, "that's good!"

"It's Spring!" I told him. "It's just Spring, old man!"

## People Must Eat

*Continued from page 9*

reached out to the vaster spaces of the grocery business, while he visualized things to be done by the man of ideas who, after long waiting, came into a partnership.

He tore off a long, narrow strip of wrapping paper and, having rung up a sale, began to get down the ideas which came crowding into his head. Grant, in these twenty years, had over-ruled a multitude of ideas Mr Flook thought promising.

Red Tenney, finishing some sketchy sweeping in the back store, edged up to Mr Flook. His manner was portentous. He winked. He joggled his shoulder toward the office enclosure. He at last found voice. "Say, Flooky, what d'you think of the new boss?"

"Eh? What?" Mr Flook was still day-dreaming.

"He looks like he'd starve even the rats in the basement. Well, if he's that sort, I ain't tied to Kensington."

Mr. Flook was awake now. "What d'you mean?" he demanded.

But, he knew. He stared down the long, bright store at the railed-in office enclosure. He saw Mr Hugh Pemberton Grant, white-moustached, ruddy-cheeked, dignified, and Mr George A. Wintermute, sharp-eyed, thin-faced, hook-nosed, and irritatingly alert. The buzz of their voices, a moment earlier devoid of significance, now came to Mr Flook like the musical activities of a persistent mosquito.

Yet Mr. Flook did not erupt, beyond a mild suggestion.

"Suppose you finish that sweeping, Red?"

"Oh, I've heard enough," cheerily retorted Red. "So's Cornish. The only person around this dump who never hears anything is Mister Spencer Flook. Because," he added, bent on irritation, "you spend so much time toiling upward in the night, you never wake up in the daytime."

Mr. Spencer Flook, had he questioned the inquisitive underling, would have



## Icings that never fail

The secret of the smooth, creamy icing on the cake that everyone praises is a little Cox's Gelatine—a baking knack known to but few women.

Mix Cox's Gelatine with your next cake icing and see how much firmer and delicious it will be.

### Inch-high icing

2 teaspoons Cox's GELATINE, 8 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup hot water, 2 egg whites, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix the sugar with hot water and boil until syrup will spin a thread. Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve over steam, then strain into syrup. Have egg whites beaten very stiff on a platter, add syrup, beating constantly with a wooden spoon. When icing is so thick that it holds its shape, it is ready for use.

# COX'S

Instant Powdered

# GELATINE

Made in Scotland

Buy Cox's Gelatine from your grocer and use it every day in one or more of the delicious ways to be found in the free book—

### Cox's Gelatine Recipes

A copy will be mailed on request. It contains recipes printed in both French and English that cover the entire menu. Address the

COX GELATINE CO., Ltd.  
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Cox's Gelatine is always sold in the red, white and blue checkered box



despised himself. He despised himself, anyway, for hungering to question him. His eye fell on a long, narrow strip of wrapping paper, headed in his own neat chirography.

### Ideas of Partnership

And the ideas had got this far

Xmas Cake in Oct.  
Coffee Special  
Customers Select  
Ribbon Recipes

Mr Hugh Pemberton Grant did not see Mr Flook crumple the sheet. Mr George A. Wintermute missed the sudden little gesture. Their interminable mosquito buzz went on and on disregarding Mr. Spencer Flook who turned to greet a customer with a mechanical smile, and, a moment later, cut a pound of cheese instead of a half-pound.

Mr Hugh Pemberton Grant was not meditating a partnership in which the patient, long-suffering, self-trained and grocer-minded Mr. Spencer Flook would dominate. Mr Hugh Pemberton Grant was selling out, body and boots, to Mr George A. Wintermute, of Toronto. In the deal, Mr. Spencer Flook, with his wealth of carefully accumulated knowledge regarding Valentias, pomegranates, macaroni and gorgonzola, was treated as a fixture, a little more useful than the meat slicer, and a little less intelligent than the refrigerator.

Mr. Spencer Flook gazed down the long, bright store at the railed office enclosure. He disliked Mr. George A. Wintermute more than ever, but, for the first time in his life, he hated a fellow-being. And that fellow-being was, like himself, a grocer, and his name was Hugh Pemberton Grant.

AN UNSEASONABLE pelting of sudden rain that morning had driven Grace's washing indoors. The thin-accented steam of clothes drying on the radiators filled the house to overflowing, that, and the clamor of the bawling brood at table.

Three simultaneous arguments deafened Mr Flook.

"Mom! Doesn't Jack look real chick-shut up with that jam on his face?" Peggy, you're an old hen!

Mamma, Buster's sticking his finger in the jam. Shut up, you Doll-rus! You pig! Shut up, you! Mom!"

Mr. Spencer Flook sat down, heavily. At forty, he felt like a centenarian. The minute Grace knew, she'd tell him. "I just knew you'd never get that partnership! Why, didn't I tell you?"

So he'd tell her nothing till he conjured up some sort of answer to her inevitable reproaches.

Get another job? "Experienced grocery salesman in a rut for twenty years" A traveler, perhaps "Unaggressive order-taker, twenty years experience as champion goat. Reference, Hugh Pemberton Grant."

Or go in business for himself with capital sadly depleted to make up the difference between what it cost to live and what Grant paid him?

That problem, though, could wait. The desperate, the pressing, the immediate problem was to keep Grace from guessing to postpone, as long as he could, the inevitable, "Didn't I tell you, Pen Flook?"

Dolores and Buster were fighting, crying loudly, kicking vigorously. The origin of their feud lay in the dim, forgotten past.

"Aw, Mamma, Look at Freddie. He's got a plate," shrieked Margaret.

Grace gazed resignedly at Freddie. If a plate, or even two plates, kept Freddie from climbing out of his high-chair, well and good. Maybe, he wouldn't break the plate.

But he did. The resounding crash brought a momentary lull to the tumult.

Spencer Flook wondered if his immin-

ent crash, when it came, would be audible above this ceaseless turmoil.

He felt cheered, somehow, by the breaking of the plate. It relieved a certain tension, that grew and grew so long as the plate hung poised over the edge of the high chair. It represented action—or destructive action, a type of action "Sixteen Secrets of Success" and "Annals of Achievement" never approved—yet action of some sort.

But action for himself—no! Mr Flook escaped to his thoughts. He tried, calmly, to analyze his situation, to determine just why he had failed. In his younger years, he had thrilled with calm certitude that his day would come. Let the baby brawl; he could, if he choose to exert himself, quiet the bawling. Let Hugh Pemberton Grant scoff at his impractical ideas and the other clerks laugh at his plodding study—when his chance came, he'd show them.

But he hadn't shown them, then! They'd got into the habit at the store of regarding him as quite negligible, just as five younger Flooks for lack of discipline had grown up to disregard his existence. With business, as with the younger Flooks the habit was set now, since others refused to take him at his own estimate, he took himself at theirs.

It was all clear as noonday. A fierce altercation broke forth at Mr. Flook's elbow.

"Pen," shrieked Grace, "can't you make this Doll-rus behave?"

Mr Flook, interrupted at the crucial moment when, his problem analyzed, he was about to seek a remedy, glared at the disputants.

"What is it?" he barked.

Instantly, he was the target for a deafening volley of explanation, protest and denial. Dolores and Buster each presenting a case, with corroborative evidence of fierce dispute from the others.

"She hit me! I wasn't doing a thing to her!" Buster stuck out a defiant tongue.

"Buster says currants are just dead bugs," shrieked Dolores. "He's a liar. They come off bushes. I wouldn't eat them if they were dead bugs."

"They're dead bugs and you did eat them!"

"Liar! Liar! They come off bushes. Say they come off bushes Daddy?"

"They don't come off bushes. Do they, Daddy? They're dead bugs." Then, in derisive sing-song, "Doll-rus, Doll-rus, ate a walrus."

Mr. Spencer Flook glanced at the clock. In twenty minutes more, he had to positively had to—tear himself away from this restful domestic haven and return to the grinding toil of Grant's grocery. Twenty minutes—twenty long minutes. If he could only, in some way, bridge those twenty minutes why, then he could postpone explanations and announcements to Grace until that evening.

By dint of superhuman effort he made himself heard. "I'll tell you the exact truth about currants. They aren't dead bugs." A shrill of triumph from Dolores. "And they don't grow on bushes but on vines." Buster whooped.

Currants? Mr. Spencer Flook had been learning about currants for twenty years. Where were currants grown? And how? Where did they get their name? From Corinth the famous city in Ancient Greece. How were currants grown and harvested and processed and got to Kensington, Ontario? With ever in his mind's eye the hope of postponing uncomfortable explanations, with ever before his physical eye the hands of that clock, creeping, snail-like, from minute to minute.

Mr. Spencer Flook even ventured a guess beyond the realm of exact knowledge, to St. Paul's epistle to the Corinthians.

Not till he finished his dramatic monologue did he realize it was monologue that for the first time in years the Flook feeding-trough had become an orderly dinner-table. Quite without threats, by mere dint of taking his right-



## The Proud Privilege of Outselling Throughout the World

Champion Spark Plugs have earned the proud privilege of outselling all others in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America.

This overseas tribute to a Canadian product is made doubly impressive by the fact that in the United States also, Champion Spark Plugs outsell all others combined two to one—supplying nearly 70 per cent of the total demand.

Champion Spark Plugs have won this world-wide dominance as the result of perfectly plain, easily recognizable structural and operative superiorities which make Champion the better Spark Plug.

The Champion insulator is of sillimanite, a rare mineral which Champion controls by right of discovery. Its electrodes are of special analysis alloy, developed by Champion. And it is of two-piece, absolutely gas-tight construction, which assures better operation but also allows the plug to be taken apart for cleaning. It is for these reasons that you can buy dependable Champion Spark Plugs with every assurance of better and more economical car operation.



# CHAMPION

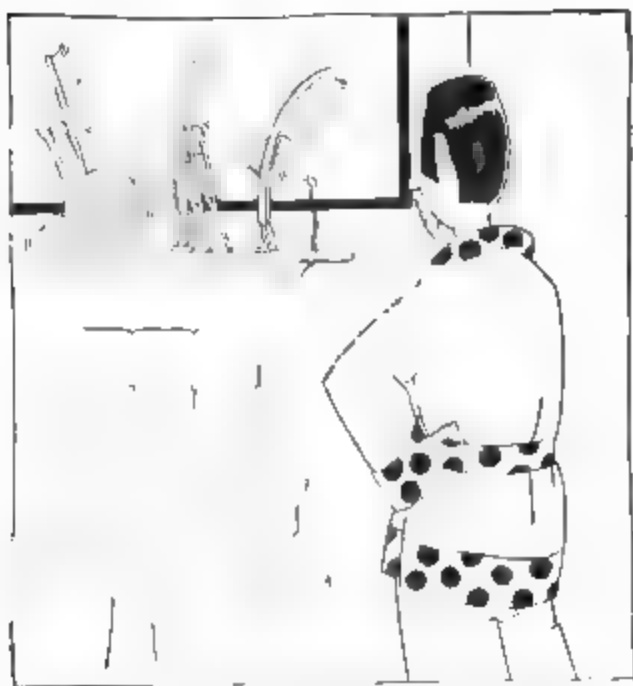
## Spark Plugs

A Canadian-Made  
Product

Champion Spark Plugs have been standard equipment on Ford cars and trucks for 16 years and the Fordson tractor since it was introduced.

Champions are standard equipment on the entire range of motor cars from Ford to Buick. And there is a correctly designed Champion for every type and kind of engine.





## THE TRAGEDY OF THE BATHROOM

How we unconsciously neglect our teeth

THE bathroom—a modern institution! The tooth brush—gentility's own insignia! And yet—

What a travesty on actual cleanliness the combination of these two elements of civilized existence often presents!

Model bathrooms. Tooth brushes—one—two—three—often half a dozen of them. And all of them aged, decrepit wreaths of departed usefulness.

But, because they do not look worn out, we go on using them—busily believing we are caring for our teeth. Actually, we are neglecting our teeth just as surely as if we left them unbrushed.

That is the pernicious thing about using tooth brushes too long.

Let's stop taking chances with our teeth! Let's pension off the old brushes! To-day, get a new Dr. West's the convex brush with special bristles that not only clean inside, outside and between the teeth, but polish as they clean!

Proper brushing with a Dr. West's—away from the gums—two minutes in the morning, two at night is bringing to the teeth of

millions a whiteness they never before believed possible.

And here's a secret! If you would keep your teeth brilliantly polished, never try to "wear out" your Dr. West's. So long lived is this brush that it is often serviceable months after its special polishing ability is gone. Change often enough to have fresh, firm, lively bristles always.

After all, how little it costs to enjoy the benefits of this cleansing, polishing brush! The Adult's size Dr. West's is but 50c; the Youth's, 35c; the Child's, 25c; the Gum Massage Brush, 15c. Get a new one today.

Every Dr. West's Tooth Brush is Sterilized and Sealed for your protection. It is safe from Tooth Bacteria. Superior of each set are divided up for exclusive use in the handy cabinets on your dealer's counter.

### Dr. West's Tooth Brush—a Biography

A good tooth brush is more than a handle and some bristles. Dr. West's is scientifically designed to combine all the features that make a tooth brush good.

The brushing surface of Dr. West's is double-convex, being curved from end to end and from side to side. Thus it fits the frequently neglected inside contour of the teeth.

Accurate spacing between its fine serrated rows of bristles enables Dr. West's to penetrate the interdental crevices. And its tuftless, sloping end reaches easily into the furthest cheek corner with bristles firmly erect for proper cleansing. Insert on Dr. West's—the brush with the specially selected and shaped bristles that clean off the teeth and polish as they clean.

Dr. West's Tooth Brush is a Biography of a good tooth brush.

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Dr. West's Tooth Brush is a Biography of a good tooth brush.

fully dominant place, he had silenced the entire bawling brood.

He experienced amazement, triumph, and a certain curiosity. "I've got to go now," he said.

"Anything doing at the store?" Grace asked, perfunctorily.

Mr. Spencer Flook regarded her, gazed oddly at the children in their well-worn coats making ready for school, and then did the very thing from which, twenty minutes earlier, he had been desperately shrinking.

"Grant," he said, "is selling out to a chap named Wintermute."

"And," exclaimed Grace, "you don't get your partnership?"

"I'll be lucky," grinned Mr. Flook, "if I'm not fired."

An awed gasp went up from the children. With all his weaknesses Mr. Spencer Flook was at least their tower of strength.

"Oh, Dad!" exclaimed Margaret. "What will we do?"

"That old bar, Grant," commented Jack, "he's nothing but a big tub of lard, anyway. I'll bust his old head for him."

Dolores was silent, a meek eloquent of feeling.

Mr. Spencer Flook laughed. "We'll take a holiday and then start new. Eh, Grace?"

Grace was amazingly serene. "Well," she said, "you've always had ideas, Pen. Now, perhaps, we'll get ahead."

MR. SPENCER FLOOK whistled his way back to work. He no longer hated Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant. He hardly disliked Mr. George A. Wintermute, even.

Entering the back store, he decorously stilled his whistle. As he hung up his coat and hat, Mr. George A. Wintermute bustled aggressively into the railed enclosure; Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant lumbered sedately after him.

"What's this?" barked Mr. Wintermute.

He picked up a long, narrow sheet of wrapping paper from Grant's desk.

"Some of Flook's nonsense," laughed Grant. "I found it on the counter just now. I suppose Flook's heard you're taking over the store, and he means to spring his impractical ideas on you."

Mr. Flook's hat, poised midway to the hook, somehow found its way back to his head. Except for that, he did not move.

He hardly breathed. He experienced every emotion, most of all the smart of Mr. Grant's derision. Every emotion—except shame at thus listening in.

"About Flook?" briskly questioned Mr. Wintermute.

"You'll speak to him?"

"But—you see, he's been with me so long—"

"So long," scoffed Wintermute, "you'd rather unload on me the odium of letting him go? My dear Grant, I appreciate your outlook, but we threshed all that out. You said, and I agreed, he was mere dead wood. And I'm the one who has to carry on in Kensington and build up the business. I insist on you lifting the millstones off its neck."

"But how can I?"

"You want a pretext? Take this."

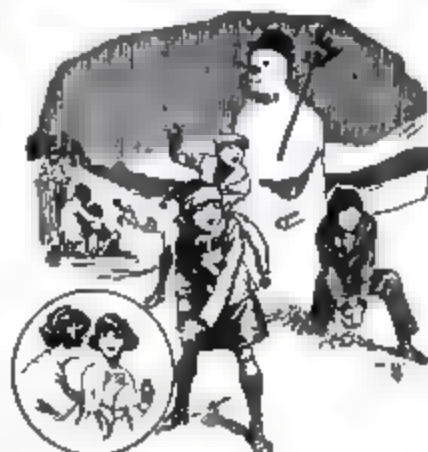
Mr. Wintermute fingered the long, narrow slip of wrapping paper headed, "Ideas for Partnership."

"Call Flook in, when he gets back from dinner, show him this, and make it the text for a little sermon on minding his own business."

Mr. Flook's frayed, three-year-old winter coat followed his hat from hook to floor. He slipped out the back door.

Five minutes later, he entered Grant's grocery at the front door. He came in whistling, and he was whistling when he got to the office, he went inside, still whistling, and, still whistling, and without doffing his hat, he regarded Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant. Not as a cat looking at a king, but as one grocer looking at another.

Then his eyes, as if by chance, shifted to



## Let Kiddies romp!

Vicks will stop their colds without "dosing"

IT IS health that sends children scampering joyously over the landscape and taking a thousand-and-one risks.

That's why mothers worry. Children need to play outdoors. Yet, how to avoid the danger of colds? For children will play in the rain, romp for hours in the snow, come in sniffling and sneezing. They will catch cold.

### Relieves Overnight

For all cold troubles, the safe effective thing to do is to rub Vicks VapoRub on throat and chest at the first sign of every cold. Vicks avoids "dosing" and relieves colds overnight in two ways:

(1) Medicated vapors released by the heat of the body are inhaled direct to the inflamed air passages.

(2) At the same time Vicks stimulates the skin like a poultice, and thus helps the vapors inhaled to break up the congestion.

This two-fold action usually checks the worst cold by morning. Equally good for children and adults.

### Make This Test

If you have never tried Vicks yourself, take a moment and test it. Melt some in a bowl of hot water and inhale the vapors. You can feel the immediate effect of the medication in the air passages and lungs. If you haven't Vicks in your home you can get a free sample if you will write direct to:

STENHOUSE LIMITED

25 St. Francois Xavier St. Montreal, Que.

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**VICKS VAPORUB**  
Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

that long, narrow slip of wrapping paper headed,

### "Ideas for Partnership"

"Mine," he said. "No use to you, Grant. Good ideas. Live ideas. No possible interest to the sexton of a business cemetery like this."

The extinct volcano was erupting with true Vesuvian suddenness. Mr. Grant looked like Herculaneum also Pompeii. He grew red. He grew purple. He grew at last a beautiful red brown. Even his white hair and white moustache and pale eyes seemed to take on color.

But, even more astounding was the change in Mr. George A. Wintermute, of Toronto. Mr. Wintermute half turned, regarding Mr. Spencer Flook with head cocked to one side, very much like a bright little bird—an alert, amused bird who very much enjoyed the sight of volcanoes in eruption and stout, elderly grocers suddenly turning the hue of red boots.

TWENTY years, Mr. Spencer Flook had worked and waited. Through twenty years he had accumulated a fund of knowledge about the foodstuffs he sold and the best ways to sell them. Twenty years he had spent mastering the idiosyncrasies of People Who Must Eat, but whose appetites were often precarious and capricious.

Twenty years—for this? No. Rather for the glowing, triumphant climax of a promised partnership come true. But, failing partnership, Vesuvian eruption relieved his soul.

"Eh? Eh?" sputtered Grant. Then remembering his sixty-seven years of somewhat dignity, "You forget, sir, to whom you are speaking. You forget that you are in my employ."

"Not at all. I remember that I was in your employ. I remember, very distinctly, that I am speaking to the biggest four-flusher in Ontario, a man as devoid even of old ideas as he is impervious to new ones. And, now, Mr. Grant, if you hand me that slip—"

Mr. Grant stretched for a shaking hand, but Mr. George A. Wintermute with a characteristic quick movement intercepted the slip.

"What's all this?" he demanded.

Mr. Flook's pent up dislike became vocal. "If it's any of your business—"

"It happens," said Mr. Wintermute, with surprising equanimity, "to be some of the wrapping paper I use in my business." He smoothed out the long, narrow strip. "Ideas for partnership? Whose partnership?"

"Mine."

Mr. Grant had recovered his importance. "Rather presumptuous to expect."

"Especially," cut in Flook, "after you'd promised me."

"Ah I see, Mr. Flook. Mr. Grant promised to take you into partnership. When?"

"He talked of it as long as twenty years ago."

"Mr. Wintermute shook his head. "Anyone who waits twenty years for a partnership is a fool. Well—Xmas Cake in Oct.?"

Mr. Spencer Flook disliked Mr. George A. Wintermute but, somehow he found Mr. Wintermute rather compelling.

"Grant's grocery," he explained, "never tries to sell Christmas currants and raisins and peels till the end of November. I suggest starting to push their sale in October—"

"You see," said Mr. Grant, "how impractical—"

"Decidedly impractical," agreed Mr. Wintermute. "It's just an old superstition that Christmas Cake and Christmas pudding are the better for standing a month or two. My mother had that silly idea. I agree with you, Grant—such an idea would never do for Grant's grocery. But—"

"Ribbon recipes?"

Mr. Flook, rebuffed, was reluctant. Yet the mind behind the hooked nose was compelling as ever.

"Oh," Mr. Flook hurried, "the idea is, get a string of good, tested recipes for Christmas cake and pudding and candy and bulletin them in a ribbon across the window, on a level with the eye. Yes, and maybe, a cook book, to send to a mailing list with a letter inviting folks to make these things early."

"That," said Mr. Wintermute, practically, "would cost money. For printing. And postage. Eh, Grant?"

"I certainly wouldn't think of it."

"And let's see 'Coffee Special'?"

Flook gripped his waning courage, spurred it to one last hurdle. That had been his pet idea all these years. Again and again, Grant had scoffed at it, yet he had most persistently come back. As he did now.

"Do you realize, Mr. Wintermute, how Kensington regards this store? It's reputation for quality helps with a few select customers."

Grant beamed.

"But its reputation for high prices repels the average customer. And most folks nowadays figure close. They have to. We should have a special feature at an attractive price to reach every person in Kensington. Now, see, Mr. Wintermute. Every home in Kensington uses coffee. I'd feature one popular blend—"

Grant sadly shook his head.

"—at one popular price. The best coffee in Kensington at the lowest price. If we make the price and maintain the quality we'll sell carloads where we now sell bags."

"But," argued Grant, contemptuously, "what blend can you sell, by carloads?"

"Let our customers select the blend."

"How?"

"I've experimented. I've worked out nine good blends, and a tenth that will knock the spots off all the others. Get up an assortment, ten different blends in ten little packages, all numbered. Sell the assortment at a feature price and give each customer a cash refund when he turns in a coupon indicating his preference. I'm betting my chosen blend will swamp all the others. Kensington selects the popular coffee, the contest advertises it, and we sell it. That's all."

"Yes," scoffed Grant, "but think of the work."

"Think," said Mr. Flook, "of the advertisement for Dempsey's or McWhirr's when they realize it's worth the work."

Mr. Hugh Pemberton Grant sat rigid. Mr. George A. Wintermute, his black eyes agleam, got up and paced the railed enclosure.

"That," he snapped, "is what you mean by 'Customers Select'?"

"Yes."

Mr. Wintermute went on pacing.

"Ever suggest this to Grant?"

"A score of times."

"Why didn't he fire you?"

Grant spoke up. "Well, you see, Wintermute, I had to consider a man with a family worked for me a long time but," he beamed with sudden relief, "you or you referred to your employment here, Flook, in the past tense? Implying you were or thinking of had actually quit? Now, while I regret that the friendly relations so long maintained between us are to be thus suddenly terminated."

Mr. Grant's dignity was reasserting itself despite Mr. Spencer Flook's lateful eruption. Herculaneum and Pompeii were being uncovered once more.

But a new volcano erupted with bewildering suddenness.

The new volcano was Mr. George A. Wintermute, of Toronto.

"Cut out that nonsense, Grant, and telephone that lawyer I want to see him again, right away. Tell him I've found what I despaired of finding: a man of ideas to run my Kensington branch for me."

"And I want to see him p.d.q. about drawing up a partnership agreement."

## Serve SLICED PEACHES often!



Their fresh, enticing flavor makes any number of good dishes better

And it is this variety that makes menus tempting—this novelty that gives flavor and interest to the meals you serve.

DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches, with all their fresh delicacy and appeal, offer scores of tempting adventures among the dishes you like so well.

For instance, they're always delightful with cereals these crisp, cold mornings. They make one of the finest shortcakes you can serve. Left-over sponge-cake becomes a royal dish when covered with the tender slices and topped with whipped cream.

Best of all, they are an ideal dessert by themselves—a quick, easy fruit treat that everybody likes.

Just be sure of their quality. Insist on DEL MONTE. Then you know in advance exactly what you're getting—the same dependable goodness and flavor, the same uniform assurance of satisfaction—no matter when or where you buy.

Just be sure you say

# DEL MONTE

"The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" has many suggestions for the service of sliced peaches. Send for free copy. Address: P. O. Box 32, R. California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.



Other Del Monte varieties you should know

Peaches, Melba halves  
Peach halves, both yellow  
Cling and freestone  
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Asparagus, Spinach  
and many others



**Preparing for Spring!**  
**Cash's Names**  
for marking clothing and items.  
SAVE CONFUSION AND LAUNDRY LOSSES.  
15 Dec. 55, 6 Dec. 52, 4 Dec. 51-50.  
J. & J. Cash, Inc., 5 Crider Bldg., Baltimore, Md.



# I Want More Workers Work at Home—No Canvassing

NEVER before in the twelve years history of my business has the demand for Auto Knit socks been so great. Last month I sold a quarter of a million pairs of these home knit socks to wholesale firms. And during 1926 I mailed over Ten Thousand Dominion Express Money Orders to those who work at home for me. I make no extravagant claims, but if from \$35. to \$55. a month for your spare time at home interests you, I would like you to send me your name.



T. W. CHADBURN, President

## Here is the Whole Plan

EMPLOY men and women all over the Dominion who knit socks for me with the Auto Knitter—a hand operated knitting machine that knits socks from top to toe. I pay a guaranteed unchanging price for every pair and keep each worker supplied with the necessary yarn. A set of simple instructions teaches the work. Young people, old folks, even children all work for me.

The splendid thing about Auto Knitting is that you need not neglect your regular occupation or housework. It is truly a spare-time occupation. You may work as much or as little as you like, filling in the hours that best suit your convenience. Every member of the family can learn the work. And in any home where extra money is wanted the machine need never be idle.

## Money When You Want It

A Bobbin of Yarn—A lightly turned Handle—A few dozen Socks—And then a Pay Cheque! If this is really all there is to Auto Knitting wouldn't you like to work for me? Wouldn't you be glad to exchange your spare hours for money and the things that money will buy? Not by hard unpleasant work, but in the pleasant surroundings of your own home. Good times or bad times make no difference to my workers because, with an Auto Knitter in the home, they have a bank account at their finger tips.



## Read This Letter

"At first I did not want my friends to know that I had an Auto Knitter, but now I am pleased to tell them what it has done for me. This last fall, from October until two days before Christmas, it brought me in \$400.00. Two weeks after receiving the machine I could knit a pair of socks in thirty minutes. I must say that the Company is very prompt in sending wages and new yarn."

Mrs. J. Stewart, Ontario

## I Have Paid Mrs. Gauvreau \$1,385.00

Mrs. E. Gauvreau of Quebec has a family of seven to look after, yet she earns in her spare time over \$50.00 every month. I know she does because I mail the money to her. Now if one woman in a little Quebec village can earn hundreds of dollars in this way—is there any reason why you can't?

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Publication MacLean's Magazine, Mar. 27



## Under the Sign of the Shamrock Decorations and tasty dishes for the St. Patrick's Day entertainment

By EDYTHE ANN PALMER

WHEN gay St. Patrick's Day comes along, many hostesses greet it as a welcome opportunity to entertain, for March is usually an uneventful month and everyone is ready to enjoy a party. The happiest and most informal way to entertain is, of course, in the evening, when the men can be present, and the guests can choose their own games. Luncheons and afternoon parties are usually restricted to bridge, but, in the evening, dancing and all sorts of favorite games may be enjoyed.

Lovely green, symbol of St. Patrick's Day may be employed with delightful effect both in the food and in the decorations and you may serve your refreshments in any simple, convenient fashion—either as a buffet supper, served from the dining-room, or at cosy, small tables, each set with a pale green crepe paper tablecloth with 'Paddy' green paper napkins making a pleasing contrast. Small vases, each containing but a few flowers, effectively arranged, should grace each table, and small green crepe paper baskets, shamrock-shaped, to hold nuts and candy. If you decide to serve your supper buffet style, the table can be made very lovely the flowers, favors, table linen, and even the food carrying out the color note of green. Arrange your table so that the food china and napery are nicely balanced and do not make it look unattractively crowded. Early spring flowers: daffodils and narcissus arranged tastefully with a generous amount of fern, make as lovely a centerpiece as you could find. And if you have pretty candlesticks by all means use them—with green candles, of course!

You will not need to puzzle over the problem of what to serve for I think you will like, very much, the three suggested menus below, and the recipes.

### Menus For St. Patrick's Day

#### Menu 1

Irish Cocktail  
Molded Salad  
Shamrock Rolls  
Pistachio Ice-cream  
Small Cakes  
Coffee

#### Menu 2

Creamed Chicken  
and Peas in Bread  
Cases  
Rolled Watercress  
Sandwiches, tied with  
green ribbon  
'Paddy' Cake  
Salted Nuts  
Hot Chocolate

#### Menu 3

St. Pat's Special Club  
Sandwich  
Coffee  
Vanilla Ice-cream  
with Marshmallow  
Mint Sauce  
Vanilla Wafers  
Shamrock-shaped  
Irish Mint Candies

Irish Cocktail  
Take equal parts of  
grapefruit pulp,  
shredded pineapple,

and orange pulp and mix together. To each serving add several slices of banana. Make a dressing of one-third cup Sherry, one-half cup raspberry juice or cherry, one-half cup sugar and a few grains of salt and pour over fruit. Chill and serve in cocktail or sherbet glasses, and garnish with creme de menthe cherries green and fresh mint leaves.

**Molded Tuna Fish Salad**—Four cupfuls tuna fish, one cupful celery (cut in small pieces), two tablespoonfuls chopped onion, half cupful chopped stuffed olives, two tablespoonfuls gelatine, four tablespoonfuls cold water, one teaspoonful salt, salad dressing.

Flake tuna fish, place in sieve and pour boiling water over it. Drain and cool. Add celery, onion, salt, olives and two cupfuls of cooked salad dressing, and mix thoroughly. Soak gelatine in the cold water five minutes and dissolve over boiling water. Add to the fish mixture, stir well and put into individual molds which have been dipped in cold water. Chill thoroughly, and when ready to serve remove from molds and serve in nests of lettuce leaves. Garnish with celery curls and thin slices of green pepper.

**Shamrock Rolls**—Two cupfuls scalded milk, three tablespoonfuls butter, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two teaspoonfuls salt, one yeast cake dissolved in quarter cupful lukewarm water, about five and a half cupfuls flour, quarter cupful butter.

Add butter, sugar, and salt to milk, when lukewarm, add dissolved yeast cake and three cupfuls of flour. Beat

thoroughly, cover, and let rise until light, cut down, and add enough flour to knead. Let rise again, toss on slightly floured board, knead pat and roll out to one-third inch thickness. Shape small pieces of dough into balls. Fit three balls together into greased muffin-pans. Bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

**Pistachio Ice Cream**—Four cupfuls scalded milk, two tablespoonfuls flour, two cupfuls sugar, two eggs, quarter teaspoonful salt, two quarts thin cream, one tablespoonful vanilla, one tablespoonful almond extract, green vegetable coloring.

Mix flour, sugar, and salt add eggs slightly beaten, and milk gradually, cook over hot water ten minutes, stirring constantly at first, if the custard has a curdled appearance it will disappear in freezing. When cool, add cream, flavorings and coloring. Strain and freeze.

This is a large quantity recipe, making enough for twenty-five servings.

**Bread Cases for Creamed Chicken and Peas**—Cut stale bread in two and a half inch slices and then in circles. Remove centers with a fork, leaving a case quarter inch thick. Fry in deep, hot fat until a delicate brown. Drain on glazed paper.

**Rolled Watercress Sandwiches**—Cut fresh bread very thin, using a very sharp knife. Remove crusts and spread with soft butter. Put fresh watercress between slices, roll and tie with green baby ribbon.

**'Paddy' Cake**—Three-quarters cupful shortening, one and a half cupfuls sugar, four eggs, three cupfuls flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, three-quarters cupful milk, two teaspoonfuls vanilla.

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add beaten eggs slowly and mix well. Mix and sift flour, baking-

powder and salt together and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add vanilla and beat thoroughly. Pour into three greased round-layer-cake-pans. Bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes. When cool ice with the following.

Half cup butter three cupfuls confectioner's sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla, one and a half cupfuls chopped pistachio nuts, cream.

Cream butter and confectioner's sugar together. Add cream a little at a time until the icing is the right consistency for spreading. Add vanilla and mix well. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake. On the top of cake make a shamrock with the chopped pistachio nuts. (Before putting the nuts on it is best to draw the pattern of the shamrock with the point of a knife.)

St. Pat's Special Club Sandwich—Arrange lettuce leaves



A symphony in green—a cocoa-set in reseda, green lies for the sandwiches, and a shamrock of pistachio nuts on the St. Patrick's Day cake.





## The ELIZABETH ARDEN method— which keeps your skin healthy— will keep it lovely too

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on slices of freshly made buttered toast and cover with thin slices of cooked bacon, cover bacon with slices of cold roast chicken, cover chicken with slices of tomato and cover tomato with Mayonnaise dressing. Then put another piece of buttered toast on top. Through the centre of the sandwich stick a small Irish flag, which, besides being decorative, will hold the sandwich together more firmly.

**Marshmallow Mini Sauce:** Half cupful sugar, quarter cupful water, eight marshmallows, white of one egg, one drop oil of peppermint, green coloring.

Boil sugar and water to the consistency of a thin syrup then add marshmallows cut in small pieces, (use scissors) and add gradually to white of egg beaten until stiff. Flavor, color, and chill.

**Vanilla Wafers:** One-third cupful butter and lard in equal proportions, one cupful sugar, one egg, quarter cupful milk, two cupfuls flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls vanilla.

Cream the butter, then add sugar, well-beaten egg, milk and vanilla. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Chill thoroughly. Put one-fourth of mixture on floured board and roll as thin as possible. Cut with a shamrock shaped cutter, first dipped in flour. Place on buttered sheet and bake in a moderate oven for about ten minutes. Use the remainder of the dough in this fashion.

**Irish Mint Candies:** Three tablespoonfuls gelatine, half cupful cold water, two cupfuls sugar, half cupful cold water, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, four tablespoonfuls Creme de Menthe, few grains salt, green coloring.

Soak gelatine in water for twenty minutes. Put sugar and water in saucepan, bring to the boiling-point, add gelatine and let simmer twenty minutes. Remove from fire, add remaining ingredients, and color green. Turn into a pan, to one inch thickness and cool. When cool cut in cubes and roll in confectioner's sugar.

## MacLean's Question Box

By EDWINA SETON

**NOTE:** When a personal reply is asked for, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications. Writers must sign their names, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Information about educational institutions and business places is confined to Canadian ones.

**Question:** A reader: Kindly tell me what requirements a man must have to become a mail carrier?

**Answer:** For full information write to the Civil Service Commission, Ottawa.

**Question:** J. A. P. - Please will you tell me the names of one or two wholesale jewellers from whom I can get catalogues?

**Answer:** Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and this information will be forwarded to you. Trade addresses cannot be put in this column.

**Question:** B. Nova Scotia: I have heard there is a school in England which trains lads for work on Canadian farms, and that it has a distributing centre in, or near, Toronto. Having been unable to procure further information, can you kindly furnish me with the address of this institution?

**Answer:** The Barnardo Home for Boys maintains in England a school where farm work is taught in preparation for life in Canada. Their Canadian headquarters are at 538 Jarvis Street, Toronto. But these boys are not sent to farms anywhere outside of Ontario. Try the Church Army Sheltering Home, Sherbrooke, Que.



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**Sloan's  
Liniment  
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## Spinach and Asparagus Aids to Beauty

By NELLIE REGAN

Spring vegetables are Nature's tonic for jaded appetites

NOW that the warmer weather is here the wise housewife will cut down on meats and fats and fried foods and use fresh spring vegetables generously. During the winter months we have required a larger amount of food but unless we adjust our diet to the warm weather we suffer from headache and lassitude. Of course, we can obtain green vegetables and salad plants in some form all the year around, but the fresh early vegetables are rich in the tonic-giving qualities we require.

In ancient days the Romans lived largely on their small, well-cultivated gardens. Lettuce, onions, cabbage, endive, beets, turnips, radishes, asparagus, leeks, are to be found in their menus. It was claimed that the life of the Emperor Augustus was saved by his physician, Musa, ordering him to eat lettuce. The Romans believed that onions were good for the stomach and that they acted upon the spirits. Leeks were said to impart a wonderful clearness to the voice. And here, after two thousand years, we still find the medicinal qualities of fresh vegetables in much the same way. We know that chives, leeks and young onions will quicken a sluggish liver, and will aid in overcoming constipation. Asparagus has slightly laxative and diuretic properties. Spinach is rich in iron and salts. Pigweed and dandelion also contain valuable salts, and all are rich in life-giving vitamins.

Last year the British National Milk Publicity Council issued a pamphlet entitled, "Nature's Vanity Case," in which "Coco's Vanishing Cream" was recommended for young and old for white teeth and sparkling smiles. A good complexion powder it said could be extracted from wholesome cereals: porridge, rice and barley. The best powder puffs were fluffy potatoes, baked in their skins, and eaten, skin and all. Eye sparkers were to be obtained from the phosphorus in creamed onions. Since no dressing table is complete without rouge these days one was recommended, "Rouge de Carrot," nature's own paint or complexion brush—meaning that carrots should be eaten cooked or raw twice a week. Another sentence in the pamphlet read: "We have also vanity cases in several shades of green, made from leafy vegetables. The spinach case is perhaps the most popular." It finished by saying that "All these beauty secrets are yours, for the eating."

### Two Valuable Vegetables

SINCE spinach and asparagus are now plentiful on the market I shall concentrate on recipes for these two, and hope you will make good use of them.

When cleaning spinach put a handful of salt into the second water, and the sand from the greens will sink to the bottom of the pan. Runse in a third water. Never pour the water from the pan when washing spinach, but lift the greens from the water to a tray. In cooking, add no more water than that which clings to the vegetable from the last rinsing. Add a little salt, cover and cook till tender. Drain well, and it is ready to prepare in any way you prefer. Do not throw away the water drained from cooked spinach as it contains rich mineral salts. Use it as stock for soup.

You will find the following suitable for luncheon dishes. The recipes call for about half a peck of spinach.

**Baked Spinach:** Take three cupfuls of cooked and chopped spinach, combine with three tablespoonfuls of butter and simmer gently for five minutes. Stir in a quarter of a cup of grated cheese, one cupful of white sauce and two egg yolks, well beaten, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Well grease a baking dish, coat it with breadcrumbs and pour in the spinach mixture. The dish should then be set in a pan of hot water. Bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

**Baked Spinach with Ham and Eggs:** Add to two cupfuls of cooked spinach, one tablespoonful of butter, and spread half in a buttered baking dish. On this put

a layer of minced ham and two or three hard-boiled eggs, sliced. Pour a white sauce over these and cover with the rest of the spinach. Put a good sprinkling of grated cheese on top and brown in a hot oven.

**Spinach Baked in Ramekins:** Line buttered ramekins with cooked and chopped spinach, break an egg into each and add a sprinkling of salt and pepper and a small piece of butter. Place the ramekins in a pan of hot water in a medium oven until eggs are set.

**Spinach with macaroni:** Put a layer of the spinach in a deep pie dish, moisten with a little of the sauce, or it was cooked in, then add a layer of cooked macaroni and a good sprinkling of grated cheese, adding salt and pepper to taste. Bake half an hour.

**Spinach with minced ham on toast:** Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and rub smooth, add gradually one cupful of good stock, stirring constantly until thick. Now add a few grains of cayenne pepper, a dash of nutmeg, a grating of lemon rind, half a teaspoonful of sugar, salt to taste, and the cooked spinach. Have ready some nice rounds of hot buttered toast spread with minced ham, and heap the spinach mixture on top.

**Spinach with curried eggs:** Have ready as many hard-boiled eggs as you need for serving. Make two cupfuls of curry sauce with stock, or by using bouillon cubes and water. Fry about a tablespoonful of chopped onion to a golden color in a good tablespoonful of butter. Shake in and rub smooth, two tablespoonfuls of flour in which is mixed a half teaspoonful, or less, of curry powder, and add the stock gradually. Turn into a saucepan and allow to simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Cut the eggs in halves and lay them carefully in the sauce to heat through. On a platter arrange a border of cooked and chopped spinach, and turn in the curried eggs. Garnish with small triangles of toast.

**Spinach Salad:** To the cooked and chopped spinach, add salt and paprika to taste, one tablespoonful of melted butter, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Slightly butter some small molds and pack solidly with the mixture. Chill remove from molds and arrange on thin slices of cold meat, cut in circular pieces. Hard-boiled eggs may be used for a garnish as illustrated. Or you may simply decorate the top with a star of cold boiled potato. Serve with dressing.

**Spinach Soup:** Rub the cooked spinach through a puree strainer. Melt one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter or bacon fat will do. In a double boiler, add one and a half tablespoonfuls of flour and rub smooth. Pour in gradually two cupfuls of hot milk and allow to cook for half an hour. Combine the two mixtures and season to taste.

### Some Asparagus Dishes

**ASPARAGUS** is one of the most delicate and agreeable of vegetables, and is strongly recommended in affections of the lungs and chest. Like spinach, it lends itself to the making of a variety of dainty luncheon dishes.

When using asparagus simply as a vegetable, scrape the stalks well and lay them in cold water. When ready to cook, place in slightly salted boiling water and cook till tender which will take from fifteen to thirty minutes. Serve hot with plenty of butter.

**Baked Asparagus:** Cut the tender part of the stalks into inch lengths and cook in slightly salted water. When tender lay the asparagus in a well buttered baking dish, sprinkle thickly with fine bread crumbs, then cover with a good cream sauce, season with salt and pepper and put a layer of buttered crumbs on top. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

**Asparagus Baked With Eggs:** Cook the asparagus as in above recipe, drain and place in a buttered baking dish. Beat



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four eggs until light, and add to them two tablespoons of butter, melted, and salt to taste. Pour this over the asparagus and place the dish in the oven for about five minutes, or until the eggs are set. Serve hot on toast.

Or you may prepare the stalks and eggs in this manner: Drain, and lay the cooked asparagus in a baking dish, pour in a thick drawn butter sauce, and on this break as many eggs as you will need for serving, taking care not to break the yolks. Season with salt and pepper and little bits of butter and place in the oven until the eggs are set.

**Asparagus Croquettes**—To one and a half cups of asparagus pulp, add one and a half cups of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of finely chopped onion salt and pepper to taste, and lastly, one beaten egg. Allow the mixture to stand for one hour, then roll in small balls, dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. These are nice served with cheese sauce.

**Asparagus in Ambush**—Take half a

dozen rolls, cut the tops off to be used as covers, and scoop out the crumb. Now set them in the oven to get crisp. Have ready sufficient cooked asparagus, chopped fine and seasoned, and mix with the following sauce: Beat three eggs and pour upon them one and a half cups of hot milk, stir over a slow fire until it thickens, and add a spoonful of butter rolled in flour. Fill the rolls with the mixture, set the tops in place and serve hot.

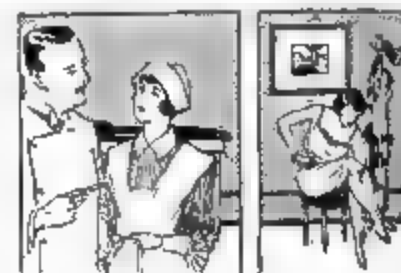
**Asparagus Mold**—Make two cups of lemon jelly, pour it into a mold and when ready to set, place cooked asparagus tips upright in the mold. The tips should come about an inch above the jelly. When firm, remove from mold, place on lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise.

Another nice salad is made by cutting the tender, cooked stalks fine, mixing them with mayonnaise and filling sweet pepper shells with the mixture. Or you may leave the stalks whole, chill thoroughly, and arrange on lettuce leaves with French dressing.



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## LEA & PERRINS SAUCE



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Thirdly, the political and economic outlook of Australia is tinged with a radicalism that has made the continent the home of interesting and far-reaching experiments. In the old penal days the government had to do things because there was no private enterprise available; later the state had to build railway lines because no one else would, and the habit of letting the state do things which elsewhere would be regarded as jobs for private individuals or voluntary groups has become deeply ingrained. Then again, among those who went, or were sent, to Australia in the early days, there were men who were rebels against the existing political and social order of Europe; Chartists, trade unionists, co-operators, socialists, home rulers, republicans, all went, believing that in their new home they would be able to build a commonwealth free from the injustices and tyrannies of old Europe.

When the labor unions turned to capture political power after 1890, a Labor Party was born which was destined to dominate the political life of the continent. This party rested on no profound philosophy or body of doctrines such as was held by the German Social Democrat or the modern Communist. Its policy was described by a French observer as "socialism without doctrines," but if there was little doctrine there was less socialism. The new party stood for the full development of democratic government, for free education from the Kindergarten to the university, for the establishment of a high standard of living for the eight-hour day, for strict regulation of working conditions in factory and mine, and for the regulation of wages by the state in order to preserve industrial peace and guarantee to every worker a decent living wage. All this involved comprehensive state action, and there was no objection to the state passing from the regulation of private enterprise to the undertaking of public enterprises if by such action the public could get a better service or the depredations of monopolies and trusts be held in check.

The planks of this political platform no longer seem to be painted a deep red, for they are part of the general stock of politics in most countries. Australian Liberals accept the doctrine of state regulation and enterprise almost as completely as their opponents, the principle of the living wage has been adopted in many lands, and the belief that the community may wish, or be compelled, to run its own public utilities, is no longer a revolutionary creed.

**Australia and the British Navy**

**FINALLY**, a word about Australia's attitude to the British Commonwealth of Nations. Like Canada, Australia guards and fosters her right to self government, and resents any action which suggests that in any way she is tied to the coat tails of the British Cabinet. She suspects that British people do not really endorse her White Australia Policy, feels that she must have her own navy, and sometimes does not approve of British policy in foreign affairs. But alongside this definite fostering of a national spirit and independence, there is the recognition that in the last resort Australia's very existence as a nation rests on the protection of Great Britain and the British navy. Sink that navy, and Australia's doom would be sealed. She would put up a brave fight and make an invader pay dearly but with her sea routes closed with her broken railway gauges, with her inadequate industrial equipment, and with her six million people defending a coastline of 11,000 miles, the final decision would not long be in doubt. Hence Australia is vitally interested in the problem of imperial defence, in the Singapore Base and in the fruits of the Washington Conference. For Canada, defence problems may seem unimportant and unreal, for Australia they may spell the difference between national life and death.

**'SALADA' TEA**

**Flavour**

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## Springtime Garden Planning

Adequate care in the preparation of the soil and thoughtful selection of plants explain much of the beauty of the successful garden

By ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

WHEN March comes, we might just as well forget everything else and begin gardening! Catalogues, probably, will be the first form of the urge to seize you: but there are even more satisfying pursuits that have to do with actually getting back to the earth as well.

The time to get the manure on your garden, is while the soil is still frozen, and spread it and dig it in. You will be too busy next month, with the more important things, to leave it until then. The lawn, too, should now have a dressing of fairly well-rotted manure, or a mixture of six parts of finely screened fertile soil, one part of chicken manure, a little bone meal and wood ashes. Fruit trees are ready for pruning in March. Apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, vines and bushes such as grapes, currants and gooseberries should all be pruned and thinned. The raspberry plantation will require attention. All last year's canes must be removed. Thin out all young weak ones, leaving only the robust, spaced four to six inches apart. Cut these to about three feet six inches from the ground. Within doors, you will have a little duty to perform for the winter house plants, the bulbs such as tulips and daffodils. These will be passing out of flower as water is withheld. Let them dry and lay their pots on their sides in some out-of-the-way place. They will do for out-door planting in the fall. It is now time to re-pot many of the house plants, especially those which may be pot-bound. Use pots an inch or so larger than those from which plants are removed.

Dahlia tubers may be taken from storage and started growing in boxes of soil in warm sunlight indoors, reproducing as nearly as possible greenhouse conditions. They soon will be ready for planting out.

Then there is the always exciting business of indoor seed-growing for seedlings. It puts the garden weeks ahead to be able to get such flowers as snapdragon, penstemon, verbenas, and petunias blooming early. Ageratum, lobelia, Alyssum, aster, celosia (cockscomb) may be sown now. Most other annuals and perennials may be sown out-doors in May, but the above selection is recommended for early seedling growing indoors in March. A good planting rule is to sow hardy annuals the first week of May between latitudes 43 to 44 degrees. North of 44 degrees, sow eight days later for every degree of latitude (60 miles).

A planting of the following perennials will yield a fine and varied border giving cutting flowers all through the season. Where bulb or corm varieties such as iris and peony are mentioned, the inference is that grown plants are available for setting out in early spring if a planting of bulbs has not been made in your garden. We are dealing with flowers entirely from the spring gardener's viewpoint. The following is a partial list of perennials with their times of blooming.

- Achillea Ptarmica*, Perry's White—Blossoms July, August.
- Alyssum Saxatile Compactum*, yellow—Blossoms summer months, excellent edging plant.
- Anchusa Italica Dropmore*, dark blue—Blossoms June to August.
- Anemone Japonica*, Varieties, white, pink and red—Late Autumn.
- Arabis*, rock cress, white—Blossoms early May, splendid for border or rockery.
- Perennial asters in variety—Michaelmas daisies—August to October.
- Boltonia Asteroides*, white, *B. Latifolia*, pink—summer and autumn.
- Campanula Carpatica*, blue, white *C. Persicifolia*, blue; *C. Latifolia*, bell flowers—summer months.

- Cerastium*, snow in summer, white—summer months.
- Chrysanthemum Maximum*, Alaska Daisy, white.
- G. Indicum*, early full-flowering kings for border—summer months.
- Delphinium*, perennial larkspur, *D. Beladonna*, *D. Formosa* and many beautiful varieties—summer months.
- Dianthus Plumarius*, Garden Pinks, *D. Barbatus*, Sweet William—all colors, *D. Mrs. Sinkins*—white—summer months.
- Digitalis Foxglove*—summer months.
- Gaultheria Grandiflora*, Varieties—summer months.
- Gypsophila Paniculata*, baby's breath—summer months.
- Helianthus*, Miss M. Lish, orange—August to September (perennial, sunflower).
- Hemerocallis*, the Day Lilies, in yellow, lemon or deep orange—July to September.
- Hollyhocks in variety—Summer, early autumn.
- Iris Pinnata*—Varieties, *I. Germanica*, varieties, including *Pallida Dalmatica*, one of the best, blue—Early May.
- Lathyrus*, perennial sweet pea, pink, beauty and white pearl—July to September.
- Lupinus*, *Polyphyllus Alba*, and *Roseus*, the Lupines—summer months.
- Paeonia Chinensis*, *Festiva Maxima*, white, Alvert Crousse, pink *Eduis Superba*, mauve pink and others equally beautiful (paeony)—July.
- Phlox Decussata*, varieties, perennial, *Phlox Wilder* shades of red, Frau Anton Buchner, white, *P. subulata*, moss pink phlox—The tall phlox flowers in autumn, the dwarf in spring.

*Pyrethrum Roseum*—Double and single kinds. Many beautiful colors—All Summer.

*Rudbeckia Newmanii*—Purpurea, Corn flower, yellow and purple—August to September.

*Scabiosa* in varieties, pin cushion flower—late summer.

*Spirea Palmata*, meadow sweet, white—June, July.

*Veronica* in variety, Speedwell—May, August or later.

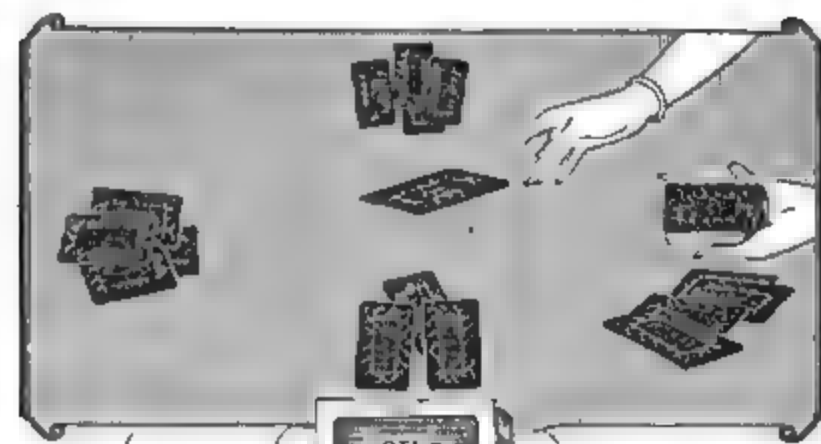
A perennial bed is a permanency which gives you a background on which to rely and to which variations may be added from year to year. The annuals furnish the means for differing effects each season, if you are minded to experiment with color and bloom.

By writing to the Experimental Farm at Ottawa you can secure lists of annuals and perennials as well as roses which do well in Canada.



A perennial bed gives the garden a permanent background, which always can be relied on.





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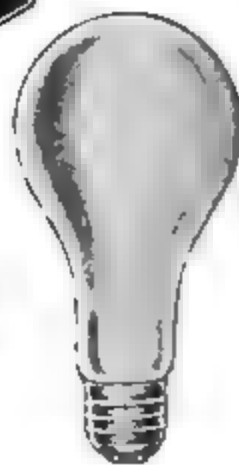
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**LACO MAZDA INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS**

THE sweetest and most endearing flowers are annuals, it seems to me. Take for instance the pansy, and forget-me-not, the mignonette and the soft candytuft. The following list covers a few which should be garden stand-bys, but there is a myriad choice for variety and experimentation.

**Ageratum**, H.A., prickly poppy, white, lemon yellow - Blooms July-August. Sow in border May.

**Candytuft**, H.A., Sow indoors April. Plant out or sow in beds May. Crimson, white, carmine, rose, blue, lavender. Blooms early summer to fall.

**Coronilla** (Calliopis) H.A. - Sow indoors April. Sow outdoors May. Orange, yellow, gold, scarlet, red. Late June-September.

**Cosmos** Mexican Aster, H.A. - Sow indoors April. Sow outdoors late May. Crimson, rose, white, orange, red. Early varieties August, September. Late varieties, September, October.

**Helichrysum**, H.A. (everlasting). Various colors. Late summer-autumn. Cut and dried for winter decoration.

**Margold African** (tagetes) H.A. - Orange, light yellow. Indoors April, outdoors May. August, October.

**Mignonette**, H.A. - Copper, brick red. Sow outdoors May. July-September.

**Nasturtium**, H.A. Dwarf and climbing varieties, out-doors mid-May.

**Nicotiana**, tobacco plant, H.A. - White, rose, carmine, crimson. Indoors, April, plant out late May. Sow outdoors, mid-May. Blooms late July, October.

**Poppy**, H.A. White, scarlet, rose, salmon. Sow, outdoors, May. Blooms summer.

**Zinnia**, H.A. - Yellow, orange, lemon, pinkish purple, red and other desirable shades. Sow indoors, April, plant out or sow, out doors, May.

CULTIVATED violets are really hot-bed flowers, but I have had great success with transplanting the hardier wild wood violets to heavy shaded and well-watered soil nourishing them well, and watching them spread and improve in size and quantity of bloom from year to year. From one little clump, which I bought from a small boy in a large clod of their own woody soil was still clinging to their roots. I had, in two years, a bed a yard square—so thick and sturdy as candytuft.

Lady Byng made a great study and collection of Canadian wildflowers. She took for her garden at Rideau Hall, and also back to England, specimens from every section of Canada. The orchids, calopogons, snake-mouth and blood-root she found to be flowers of unusual hardiness, for their type, in Canada. Arbutus and hepaticas she found in abundance in the remote woods of Quebec and the Maritimes. Trilliums, of course, she found in abundance. Around Ottawa she found Erythronium Americanum taking the place of grass, and bellworts of lemon-headed fragility.

Aquilegia Canadensis nodded from between rock crevices, while Dutchman's breeches and squirrel corn were everywhere in their feathery beauty. Forget-me-nots, countless ferns and monarda and varieties of flowers innumerable, she preserved and is now successfully growing

in conditions as much like their accustomed habitat, as possible.

ROSFS, of course, are a study in themselves. There are many varieties which have proved excellent for Canada, and a good deal of climatic knowledge has been amassed on their successful growing. This information, as I mentioned before, can be obtained from the leaflet sent from the Experimental Farm at Ottawa.

Select for your roses a sunny bed, but one where reflected heat, as from a wall, will not affect them. If the position is very exposed, a wind break is necessary. For the usual sunny garden, however, any location is, as a rule, sufficiently protected. Roses require, more than any other flower, special soil. One composed of fifty to seventy-five per cent clay, the balance of organic matter and a bit of sand is excellent. If your soil has more of one of these properties than another, it is easy to adjust a given bed to these proportions. Cow manure is ideal for roses because of its rootiness, and tree-mould is a veritable gold dust for them. Good drainage is a necessity, and for this reason the soil should be dug to a depth of twelve to eighteen inches.

When roses arrive from the grower, it is a good refreshment after their journey. If they are plunged in a bucket of water for a few hours. They require firm and uncramped planting. Cultivate the soil tirelessly. Hoisting is excellent because it admits air.

In planting, you will realize the various types which you have purchased. Hybrid perpetuals are planted three feet apart, hybrid teas, two feet apart. standards five feet, weeping standards considerably more space.

And spring is also rose-pruning time. Hybrid Perpetuals require strenuous pruning the first year, then not so strenuously. Hybrid teas are pruned even more heavily than Perpetuals. Polyantha and Baby Bush require to have only the dead wood and faded flowers removed. If ramblers have become blackened while lying on the ground during the winter, all black wood must be cut away. Bush roses bloom on the wood of the current year, climbers of the year before.

ALTHOUGH shrubs are entirely for fall planting, it is well to consider them in the springtime if you are laying out a garden and make provision for their arrangement. The planting of shrub beds should be made so that their mass serves the purpose of softening, otherwise hard lines, and for a background for either flowers or ornament. The selection of the shrubs should be made, in every case, to conform to the purpose of each bed, and with due consideration of which will do best there. Those flowers thriving in shade, such as spirea, hydrangea, viburnum dog wood and honeysuckle should be used at the north side of houses and fences. Those of dwarf habits, such as the Japanese barberry, kermis, Indian currant, and the dwarf spirea, should be used where space is restricted.

THIS year, have you bethought you of a rockery or a water-garden? Space limitations prevent my giving instructions for their making here, but I shall be glad to furnish full details for their construction on the receipt of fifteen cents in stamps to cover typing and postage.

## A Page About People

Continued from page 16

returned to make his permanent home in Vancouver. He went overseas in 1914 as second in command of the 7th and remained for the duration. When the war ended he went back to Vancouver and loaded himself down with enough interests for three men. Now the only opportunities he has for relaxation are the few hours he sleeps, and the

week ends which he spends clearing brush on his summer home at Fisherman's Bay. Premier's Messenger for Thirty-Nine Years.

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the qualities on which the Vicar of Bray prided himself with such good cause. And yet Charles H. Chase who has been prime minister's messenger for thirty-nine years, confesses that on one occasion he was obliged to offer a challenge to physical encounter to no less a personage than the Hon. A. S. Hardy and that of all the officials under whom he has served, he has a sneaking regard for Sir James Whitney because, as he expresses it, "he was a man after my own heart. He said what he meant and said it once and for all."

Mr. Chase was appointed by the late Sir Oliver Mowat, in 1886, and he proudly acknowledges that he was the nominee of the old Toronto Trades and Labor Council. "The post on was then known as 'private messenger to the premier,'" he recalls, "and when I was appointed to it that was about all I knew concerning it. However I found Sir Oliver Mowat one of the kindest men I have ever had the good fortune to meet. At the start of my service to him he made me promise that I would attend no political gathering anywhere at any time. I consented to this and I have kept my word to this day. Sometimes I don't think I have missed much."

Among all the thousands of people who have wanted to see the various premiers he has served, Mr. Chase can recall only one dangerous individual. This was a man from the West who cherished the delusion that he was instrumental in putting the Hon. A. S. Hardy into power. This individual declared his intention of taking a shot at the premier when he had a thoroughly good opportunity and Mr. Chase had a curtain placed across the window in the study of the premier's room in order to hide Mr. Hardy should the lunatic decide to take a pot-shot at him. It was a day of re-echoing for the premier's messenger when relatives of this man arrived in Toronto and took him to a lunatic asylum where he died.

For Sir George Ross, who suffered from an ailment which frequently made him very lame, Mr. Chase was able to perform an unusual service. At the time Sir George was at Embury and had a nearby called for a speech at Niagara Falls. A horse and cutter had been chartered the night before, but both horse and driver failed to put in an appearance a few minutes before train time. Nothing daunted, Mr. Chase got hold of a friend, Archie Huslop, the member for Huron and getting between the shafts himself, the two men pushed and pulled the lame premier to the station. In turn Sir George insisted on placing his messenger well within the champagne belt at the banquet which followed.

The busiest season Mr. Chase can remember was the one during the premiership of the Hon. A. S. Hardy when a great deal of bothersome liquor legislation was before the house and more whiskey was floating around the House, supplied by lobbyists, than in all the other sessions put together. "It was after this session that Mr. Hardy resigned," Mr. Chase remembers the premier saying to him, as they were riding in a carriage to the old Roman House. "Chase, if I could control my temper and disposition I would give my right arm."

Born in Rochester, N.Y., seventy-five years ago, Mr. Chase has served every premier of Ontario since Confederation with the exception of the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald who predated over the first Administration, and Hon. Edward Blake who was premier for a few months before the advent of the Mowat Administration.

He has a truly remarkable memory for all things relating to Toronto and Torontonians and is much sought after by antiquarians. A number of his reminiscences of men and buildings were incorporated by Mr. Ross Robertson in his book Landmarks of Toronto and anyone fortunate enough to get him yarning may learn much about the astonishing growth of the city of Toronto that cannot be found in books.

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## BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

### Fruits of Cereal Research Worth Millions to Canada

By J. HERBERT HODGINS

THERE is both the element of romance and considerable food for economic consideration in this "rolling back the boundary of the agricultural belt in the West", as the *Toronto Globe* expresses it.

It was little more than one year ago that the Canadian public first heard about Garnet wheat. The *Ottawa Journal*, at the time, hailed this new wheat as a ringing answer to the supplication of millions "Give us this day our daily bread." At that time the possibilities of Garnet wheat were merely being guessed at.

Now at the outset of another harvest season, we have the results of 1926 to guide us. These will be accepted as the first definite achievement of a new wheat, aside from the demonstrations which Garnet has made in the Experimental Farm. Garnet wheat the *Financial Times* tells us is "pushing the map northward."

The report of the Dominion Cerealists, according to a statement lately issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, indicates clearly that finality in producing superior varieties of wheat has not been reached. In short, the experiments in new wheat at Ottawa are assuming increasing significance each year. We can scarcely more than guess at the possibilities of the new wheat in their relation to Canadian business.

Compared with Marquis, which was long accepted as the Canadian standard in wheat, many of the new varieties give excellent promise, not only in early ripening, but also in yield and in weight per measured bushel. The Canadian business man immediately senses the importance of an early ripening wheat and a wheat which shows greater yield tendencies. Whereas Marquis took 109.8 days to mature in 1926, Reward took 102.8 days, Garnet took 104.2 days, while Huron, another promising variety, took 111.8 days. In the matter of yield, Reward gave 92 per cent. as high as Marquis and gave grain weighing 65.8 pounds to the bushel as compared with 63.8 for Marquis. Garnet yielded at the rate of 108 per cent. of the rate for Marquis and weighed 64.9 per cent. pounds to the measured bushel. The yield of Huron was 109.8 per cent. of that of Marquis and its weight per bushel 64.1 pounds.

These varieties were included in tests made with eighty-seven named varieties, thirty-nine numbered varieties of common spring wheat, nine Durums, and four varieties of emmer and spelt, records of all of which are shown in the report of the work done in the cereal division of the department of agriculture in 1926.

Garnet's achievement is expected to make possible the maturity of wheat one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles farther North than other varieties, stresses the *Toronto Globe*.

Page your high-class statistician! Only an expert juggler with figures could hope to sketch the definite possibilities opening up with the further development of the new wheat's possible maturity in a northern belt one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles beyond the region where wheat is now harvested in Canada. Marquis wheat dipped off the growing season as

compared with earlier kinds. Each step in this direction widens the land of the prairies available for cultivation and adds millions of bushels to the potential production of Canadian farms.

"Altogether amazing is the yield of Garnet wheat in some sections," says the *Saint John Telegraph-Journal*. "We are told of one small farmer who harvested sixty-four bushels to the acre. Where other varieties of wheat are matted by the early frost, Garnet, ripening earlier, escapes. Just what this means in terms of wheat production in Canada it is not easy to estimate."

The *Calgary Alberta* welcomes the Hon. W. R. Motherwell's announcement that Garnet wheat has made good during the past season. "How much this single discovery has added to the wealth-producing power of Canada is a subject for speculation," the *Alberta*, reminds us, adding "The fruits of it will be gathered year after year for generations to come."

#### Benefits of New Wheats

"THOSE benefits," the *Alberta* further notes, "are not restricted to making wheat growing possible at points farther north than it has hitherto been possible. An earlier ripening wheat not only widens the area in which wheat can be grown, it also lessens the likelihood of frost damage in the area in which wheat growing is the dominant branch of agriculture."

The *Calgary* editor has no vision of the 'settlers plunging next summer into the northern wilds because Garnet wheat has made it possible to grow wheat in higher altitudes', but is content that farmers all over the wheat-growing section of the prairie provinces will, this coming summer, get the benefit of an earlier ripening crop, and, therefore, more freedom from the frost menace.

The discovery of Garnet wheat's possibilities, in the opinion of the *Toronto Globe*, is the more important at this time when the United States has almost ceased to be a wheat exporting country. Moreover the demand for natural products from the Far East has increased the purchasing power of some of the Eastern peoples and caused a larger use of Canadian wheat as food in the Orient. This should react on Canada as one of the few remaining large wheat areas of the world.

#### Stimulus to Science

THERE is yet another angle to the Garnet wheat discovery. There is the stimulus which the Garnet result is certain to give to experimenters. Garnet is not the last word of the experimenter in the production of early ripening wheat, as the *Calgary Alberta* points out. A year or so hence, no doubt, some new variety requiring still fewer days to mature will be announced. On y time and experience will show how much the period between seed-time and harvest can be ultimately shortened.

As a matter of fact, as the *Toronto Star Weekly* tells us "Word has been received from Olds Agricultural College, Alberta, that Professor Grisdale, principal of the college, is experimenting with a new kind of wheat, which, if it does all that is

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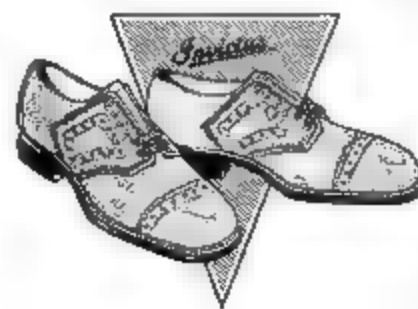
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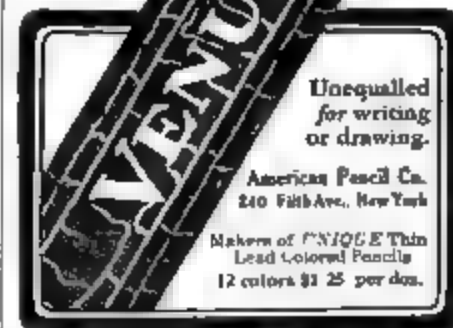
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claimed for it, will mean millions of dollars to the farmers of the West, where the wheat season is short." Some of Professor Grisdale's new wheat was planted in June of last year on a farm near Olds. It is reported to have matured even before the new Garnet wheat. The bundles were not permitted to be threshed out on the farm, but were carted to the college. Professor Grisdale, when interviewed, refused to talk, saying he was not ready yet. It is thought the reason for the delay is that the wheat is being treated as to its qualities for producing good flour.

What will be the reward of the wheat experimenters? The *Calgary Alberta* reminds us that Canada has never been over generous with the men who have served the country in such ways as these. In some instances, it says, the treatment of them has been positively shabby and for this reason it urges that "it is time to recognize that the laborer in the field of experimentation with plants and animals is worthy of his hire, and that when he succeeds, he enriches the country out of all proportion to any hire he is at all likely to get."

In this connection, it is interesting to find that Manitoba is now rewarding one of the hardest working experimenters the prairie provinces has known S. Larcombe, of Birtle, Man. Axminster, one of the new wheats that has added to the wealth of Western Canada, was developed by Mr. Larcombe an Englishman who came to Canada about thirty years ago since which time he has done wonderful work in raising the standard of wheat, other grains, grasses and vegetables in Western Canada. He has just been appointed an agricultural advisor for the Province of Manitoba, a sound and business-like move on the provincial government's part, it would seem.

Clearly the wheat experimenter who evolves a cereal, which adds potentially to the harvest of the Dominion is worthy of substantial reward. It is impossible to measure the extent to which he creates new wealth with the country.

Who will question the economic importance of cereal evolution? Undoubtedly it is a factor in our national progress which extends from our very breakfast tables to the farthestmost points reached by international commerce.

## Financial Queries

Question—Kindly give me some information regarding the financial position of the Sun Life Assurance Company. Is this a strong company? J. W. L., Ontario.

Answer—The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada continues to eclipse its own records. At the annual meeting for 1927, which has just been held, President T. B. Macaulay was able to report that the total business paid for in 1926 amounted to \$265,889,546, double that of 1924. The assurances in force now exceed one and a quarter billions of dollars.

The Sun Life has become one of the leading life insurance companies of the world. Its growth is equally arresting whether compared with its own record or with the totals of insurance on this continent. The increase of its business at risk in 1926 is greater than the entire business carried by the Sun Life at the outbreak of the war. It has now more business in force than the total life insurance in force in all Canada, with all companies, Canadian and foreign, when war was declared. Latest reports indicate that the general increase in life insurance secured during 1926 in the United States and Canada is six per cent. in excess of 1925. The Sun Life's increase for the year is 37 1/2 per cent.

Fully keeping step with this great access of business, the assets of the company have increased during the past twelve months by \$42,195,000, to \$345,251,000.

The company's successful investment

## Service

THE SERVICES of the statistical department of this company are available to investors at all times. Because of the vast amount of data which this department has gathered together and filed during the past years it is well equipped to compile and supply information and statistics on all matters relating to investment, and to make intelligent analyses of security holdings.

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## FAITH

THERE is in the organization and the service and contracts of The Travelers something of a stability, a progressiveness, an economy that appeals to the keen business mind of to-day whether in the United States or in Canada.

With Canadian liabilities of slightly over eleven millions of dollars, The Travelers companies combined have Canadian investments and deposits of over thirty-three millions—three times as much. Such is our faith in Canada.

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NEVER HAD FAITH IN BANKS,  
NOW MOURNS LOST FORTUNE

SAVINGS OF \$7000 STOLEN.  
Man Was at Theatre When Home  
Was Entered.  
He was robbed of his savings amounting  
to \$7000.

HELD UP  
AND ROBBED OF  
\$1500 AT HOME  
MOSTLY CASH TAKEN  
When Farmer Held Up  
In His Own Home

\$7,000 STOLEN AT  
CHARLOTTETOWN.  
Notes, Bonds and Artil-  
cles Taken From Res-

ALL LIFE'S SAVINGS  
TAKEN BY THIEVES  
KEPT MONEY IN CIGAR-BOX  
Thieves forced an entrance to the  
apartment, stole the money and made  
their escape.

THIEF REMOVES \$88  
FROM DRESSER DRAWER  
Mrs. Bagg, 34, 400 St. John St.,  
St. John's, Nfld., was robbed.

LIFETIME'S SAVINGS  
STOLEN FROM FLAT  
Mrs. Bagg, 34, 400 St. John St.,  
St. John's, Nfld., was robbed.

Where do  
you keep  
your money?

The Royal Bank  
of Canada

policy is reflected in an analysis of its securities. Government valuations appraise a further increase in the excess value of the company's securities over cost, of nearly \$7,000,000. A profit of \$1,700,000 has been realized by the redemption or sale of municipal debentures and other holdings which had risen to high premiums. The rate earned on the mean invested assets for the year rose to the phenomenal figure of 6.69 per cent., this being contributed to by dividend increases, bonuses and other privileges granted on the Company's holdings.

From the total surplus earned during the year, \$20,457,077, the company has made prudent appropriations. After these allocations, which add substantially to the security of the company, an addition of \$5,715,564 has been added to undivided profits, bringing the total surplus over all liabilities, contingency accounts and capital stock to \$34,011,565.

Perhaps, however, the features of the report of outstanding interest to the public are those relating particularly to benefits to policyholders. During the year profits amounting to \$9,235,526 were paid or allotted to policyholders, this amount being eight times in excess of the amount paid out ten years ago. For six years past increases in profits to policyholders have been announced, resulting in a doubling of the profits scale during that period. For the seventh successive time a further increase is announced. The great total of \$38,576,453 has been paid out during the year in respect of death claims, matured endowments, etc., bringing the total so paid since organization to \$257,816,174.

Question—I am interested in building and loan stock, but being a Canadian I would rather see my money helping some Canadian to settle the country and build a home, so I would appreciate receiving the names of some reputable Canadian Building and Loan Association.—Madame H., New York City.

Answer—We have not had a great deal of experience in Canada with this type of security—certainly nothing to warrant advising your considering this type for an investment, although we understand there have been a number of companies in the United States which have operated successfully. It is largely a question of efficient management. There is considerable background of experience in the Old Country—that is, in England—where building associations have flourished for a number of years.

As a matter of fact, we understand that proper legislation still needs to be enacted in this Dominion, legislation which perhaps might be similar to that which has been enacted in the United States, as a full safeguard to all parties concerned.

Question—What would be your advice to a young chap re cashing two good \$100 bonds and buying with the proceeds, mining stock of El Dorado Mines Ltd., and of Red Lake Bay Syndicate?—M. R.S., Ontario.

Answer—We consider it would be unwise for any young and inexperienced investor to cash in bonds in order to speculate in mining stock. The first consideration of a small investor should be to build up a sound and firm financial foundation with good and well secured bonds, particularly government and municipal securities. Possibly it may be true that a few men "get rich quick" by speculation but too many suffer loss which confirms our convictions that it is better to "make haste slowly."

Question—Do you consider it a good time to purchase common stock in Lake of the Woods?—Chicken Farmer, British Columbia.

Answer—Canadian milling enterprise has suffered an unhappy experience during the past two seasons, the export situation being an extremely difficult one. The situation has brightened, however, and it

is possible that the worst is now behind the industry; from now on both export and domestic market—it is anticipated—will improve, although there can be no certainty regarding the export situation.

It is generally expected that while the annual report of the prominent flour millers for the fiscal year just finishing will not make particularly cheerful reading, better results may be looked for earlier in the coming year. The fact that Lake of the Woods maintained its generous common stock dividends throughout the difficult period which has prevailed appears to indicate that the company had confidence in its ability to maintain its position without impairing its balance sheet. Had there been any doubt on this score the dividend would, in all likelihood, have been pruned.

Lake of the Woods ranks second in importance among Canadian flour milling companies. The stock yields 7.3 per cent. at 164 which is considerably above the low market price for 1925 of 140. If dividends are to be maintained as appears a reasonable supposition, an enhancement is a reasonable expectation.

## Insurance Queries

Question—Kindly give me information regarding the following companies and let me know if in your opinion they are safe companies in which to insure. The Anglo-Scottish General Commercial Insurance Co.; Stuyvesant Insurance Co.; Yang-tze Insurance Association; Cornhill Insurance Co.; Provincial Insurance Co.—M.G.H., New Brunswick.

Answer—The Anglo-Scottish General Commercial Insurance Co. Ltd., (T. W. Greer, chief agent, Vancouver, B.C.) has a federal license to transact business in fire, limited explosion, sprinkler leakage and tornado insurance.

The Stuyvesant Insurance Company (Herbert Begg, chief agent, Toronto) has a federal license to transact business in fire, sprinkler leakage, and tornado insurance.

The Yang-tze Insurance Association Ltd. (Wm. Butchart, chief agent, Vancouver) has a federal license to transact fire, limited explosion, sprinkler leakage, and tornado insurance.

The Cornhill Insurance Company Ltd. (O. W. Dettmers, chief agent, Montreal) has a federal license to transact fire, automobile, limited explosion, sprinkler leakage and tornado insurance.

The Provincial Insurance Company Ltd. (Wills-Faber and Co., of Canada, chief agents, Montreal) has a federal license to transact fire, automobile, limited explosion, sprinkler leakage and tornado insurance.

Companies which possess a federal license maintain the necessary government reserves and come under the immediate supervision of the Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa. They should be safe concerns with which to transact insurance business.

Question—I am a student attending university with the aid of a certain amount of borrowed money for which I shall have to take out insurances at security in case of death. I expect to be studying for six years. I shall be glad to have you give me your expert advice regarding the best form of insurance to take out in my case.—Vareity, Ontario.

Answer—It is difficult to give a complete answer to your letter without more intimate details concerning the source of your borrowed money and your other resources.

Undoubtedly it is your hope to repay the borrowed money within five or ten years after graduation. Your insurance would, therefore, be required for a long period and we would, therefore, suggest that you put on insurance which would at a later date form part of the insurance

Continued on page 82

# SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA A TOWER OF STRENGTH

1926

ASSURANCES IN FORCE (net)	\$1,256,490,000
An Increase of	\$235,393,000
New Assurances Paid For	265,889,000
An Increase of	\$72,412,000
Total Income	78,972,000
An Increase of	\$9,825,000
Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries	38,576,000
Total Payments Since Organization	257,816,000
Reserve for Unforeseen Contingencies	11,000,000
Surplus over all Liabilities and Contingency Reserve	34,011,000
An Increase of	\$5,371,000
ASSETS at December 31, 1926	345,251,000
An Increase of	\$42,195,000

Dividends to Policyholders increased for  
seventh successive year

## EXTRACTS FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT

The operations during the past year have resulted in substantial advances in all departments....

The new policies paid for....almost double the figures of two years ago.

The assurances in force, after deduction of re-assurances....show an increase of.....over twenty-three per cent.

Policies and group certificates now outstanding aggregate well in excess of half a million. The figures relating to resources and earning power are equally satisfactory.

The high quality and profitable character of our investments has again been demonstrated. As a result of continued reduction in prevailing rates of interest, and of satisfactory industrial conditions, there has been a further rise in the market values of our long-term bonds and of our preferred and other stocks. The appraisal of our securities made by the Government Insurance Department shows that the excess of market values over cost has increased during the year by \$6,894,266.26. In addition, the sum of \$1,729,364.52 has been realized as net profit from the redemption or sale of municipal debentures and other securities which had

risen to high premiums. The rate of interest earned on the mean invested assets has also risen to the remarkable figure of 6.69 per cent., as the result of substantial dividend increases, bonuses, and stock privileges received in connection with many of our holdings.

The quality of the investments listed in the assets may be judged from the fact that on 99.55 per cent. of the bonds and on 99.71 per cent. of the preferred stocks, not one dollar of interest or dividend is in arrear for even one day. On our common stocks the dividends now being received are greatly in excess of the dividends payable on the same stocks at time of purchase.

The total surplus earned during the year amounted to \$20,457,077.28. From this the following appropriations have been made:

The sum of \$2,000,000 has been deducted from the official valuation of our securities to provide for possible fluctuations in market values. This raises the amount set aside for this purpose to \$5,000,000. In other words, the value at which our securities are carried in the balance sheet is \$5,000,000 less than the appraisal made by the Government authorities.

The account to provide for unforeseen contingencies has been increased by \$1,000,000, bringing the total under this heading to \$11,000,000.

The book value of our Head Office building has been written down by a further sum of \$250,000, though it certainly could not be replaced at even its original cost.

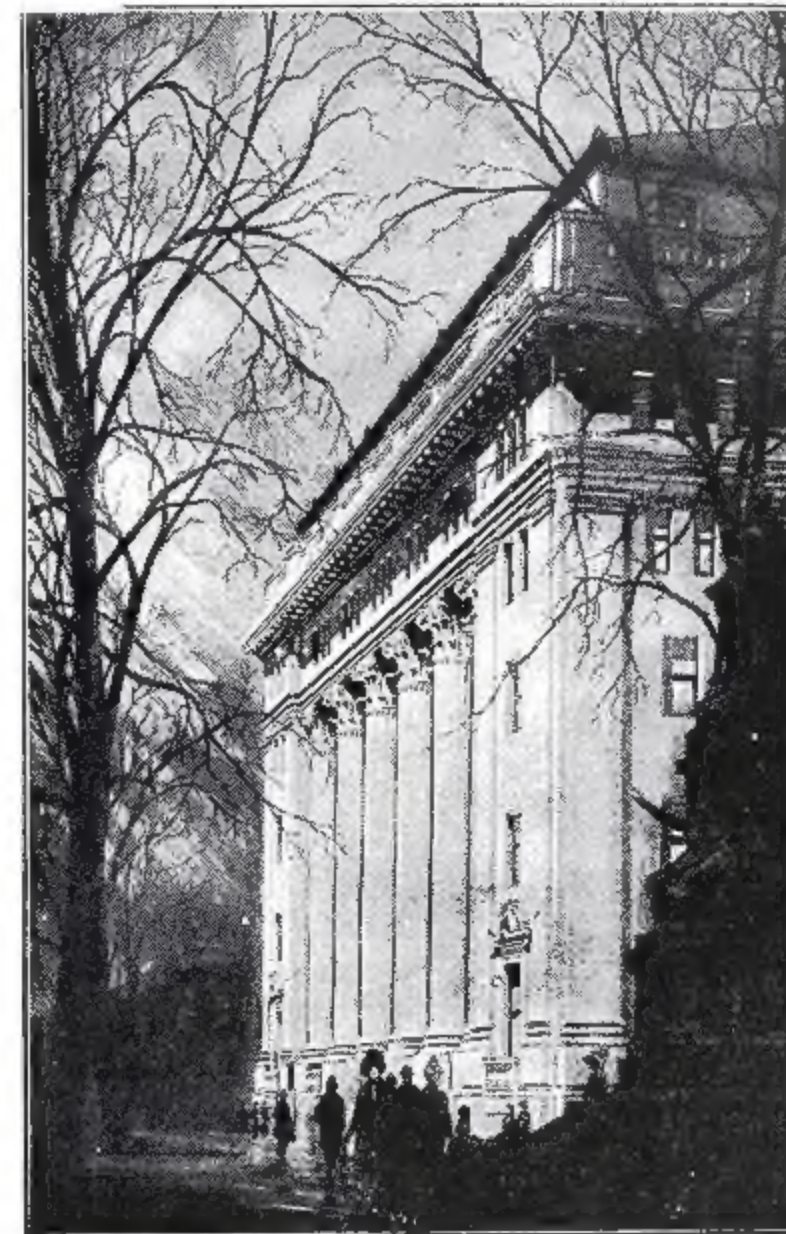
An additional amount of \$400,000 has been set aside to provide for greater longevity of annuitants. The total held under this heading in excess of Government requirements, is now \$1,500,000.

The reserves on the newly acquired business of the Cleveland Life, and on other reassured policies, have been raised to the same high standard as that used for the valuation of liabilities under our own contracts.

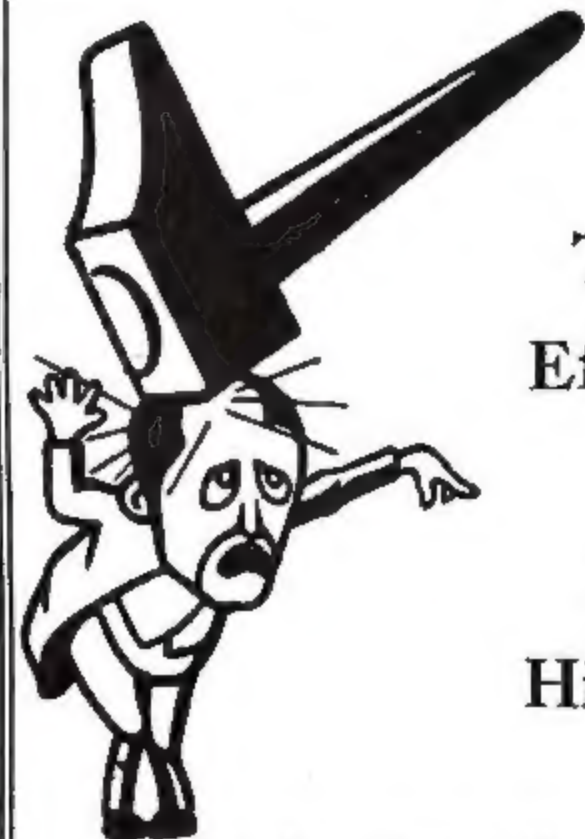
To our policyholders, profits have been paid or allotted during the year amounting to \$9,235,526.50.

After making these deductions and allocations an addition of \$5,371,564.56 has been made to the undivided profits. The surplus over all liabilities, contingency accounts and capital stock, now stands at \$34,011,565.26.

For six years in succession we have increased the profits to participating policyholders. During this period our profit scale has been doubled. While the assurances in force have multiplied two and a half times since 1920, the amount paid or allotted as profits to policyholders has multiplied five and a half times. We are gratified to announce, for the seventh consecutive time, a further increase in the scale of profits to be distributed to our policyholders in the ensuing year.



# SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA



To Be  
Effective  
It  
Must  
Hit Right

If you wish to have your legitimate share of the business in French Quebec, you must take the means of properly reaching the customers.

CONSULT our technical advertising department. We may be of some assistance to you.

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aging editor of the French Advertising  
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We offer for investment First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds of this character. Write for full particulars and special circular.

**W. A. Mackenzie & Co. Limited**

Investment Bankers

217 Bay Street

Toronto

Continued from page 80  
which you will undoubtedly need for the protection of your estate or of future dependents. As the amount of the premium would be, no doubt, a consideration, we would suggest a long term endowment policy, maturing at 65 or 75. Either of these policies would be sufficiently elastic to be moulded in any programme of insurance which you might have, when you become definitely established either in business or in a profession.

**Question—**Kindly give me your opinion on the advisability of taking insurance against sickness and accident with the Monarch Accident Insurance Company.—L.W.N., Toronto.

**Answer—**The Monarch Accident Insurance Company, (L. M. Thompson, chief agent, Toronto) is licensed by the federal government. As the company thus comes under the immediate supervision of the Department of Insurance in Ontario, and as it maintains the required government reserve, it should be a safe concern with which to do business.

**Question—**Is the Travelers' Life Insurance Company a reliable company to insure in?—Ehyle, Ontario.

**Answer—**The Travelers' Insurance Company (Hartford, Connecticut, Hon. George G. Foster, attorney, Montreal) is licensed by the federal government to transact life, accident and sickness insurance. This company maintains the

required government reserves at Ottawa; comes under the immediate supervision of the Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa and should be a safe concern with which to do business.

**Question—**Would you give me information as to the reliability, etc., of the Montreal Life Insurance Co.—Doctor, Vancouver, B.C.

**Answer—**The Montreal Life has, according to its January 1, 1925, statement, had \$22,557,459 worth of life insurance business in force. At the same time the company shows assets amounting to \$2,933,011.

This company is licensed by the federal Government to transact life insurance business. It thus comes under the immediate supervision of the Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa, carrying the required Government reserves and should be a safe concern with which to transact business.

### PERSONAL SERVICE

Subscribers to MacLean's Magazine desiring advice in regard to Canadian industrial investments, or life insurance problems, will be answered freely. Inquiries should be addressed to the Financial Editor of MacLean's Magazine and a stamped, addressed envelope enclosed.

If your inquiry concerns insurance, please give full details of your own financial and family position, so that definite and individual suggestions can be given.

## Maybe Adam Laughed at These

**A-la-mode—**"Jack's always up-to-date, isn't he?"

"I'll say so! He's trying to put four-wheel brakes on his bicycle now."  
—Texas Ranger.

**Charon—New Style—**"That jitney driver has discovered a side line that earns him a lot of cash."  
"What doing?"  
"Ferrying pedestrians across the street."  
—Judge.

**Food Adulteration—**Little Girl (whose mother has bought her a pair of woollen gloves): "Oh, but, Mamma, I wish you had bought kid gloves. This kind makes my sweets so hairy!"—Dundreary Autocrat.

**Possession Is—**Kind Lady (to small boy playing in a puddle of water in the street): "My dear boy. Come right out of there at once."

**Small Boy:** "All right, but I saw it first."—Till-Bits.

**Expertise—**Motor Cop (to professor of mathematics)—"So you saw the accident, sir. What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"

**Professor—**"I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."—Caledonian Jester.

**What Of It?**—Although she has an assortment of hats, she wants a new one. (That's the woman of it.)  
He says he thinks she can get along without it.

(That's the man of it.)  
She insists that she can't, and she's going to get it.

(That's the woman of it.)  
He says "not if he knows it."  
(That's the man of it.)  
She breaks down and weeps.  
(That's the woman of it.)  
He gives in.  
(That's the end of it.)  
—Caledonian Caperer.

**Old Ways Are Best—**Detroit woman broke a leg when she stepped on the soap Tuesday night.

**Moral:** Wait till Saturday night.  
—St. John Times-Star.

**The Only Test—**"I want—er—some—er—face powder for—er—a present for a young lady."  
"Yes, sir. Would you care to taste some?"—Windsor Magazine.

**Explicit—**Stranger: "Can you direct me to the village?"  
Native: "Yes. Keep straight ahead and turn a sharp left where the old elm tree used to be."—Frisols and Flutters.

**A Canine Pedant—**First Tramp (coaxing dog): "Lay down! Lay down, carn't yer!"  
Second Tramp: "Try 'im with 'Lie down,' Alf. P'raps 'e's well bred."  
—Punch.

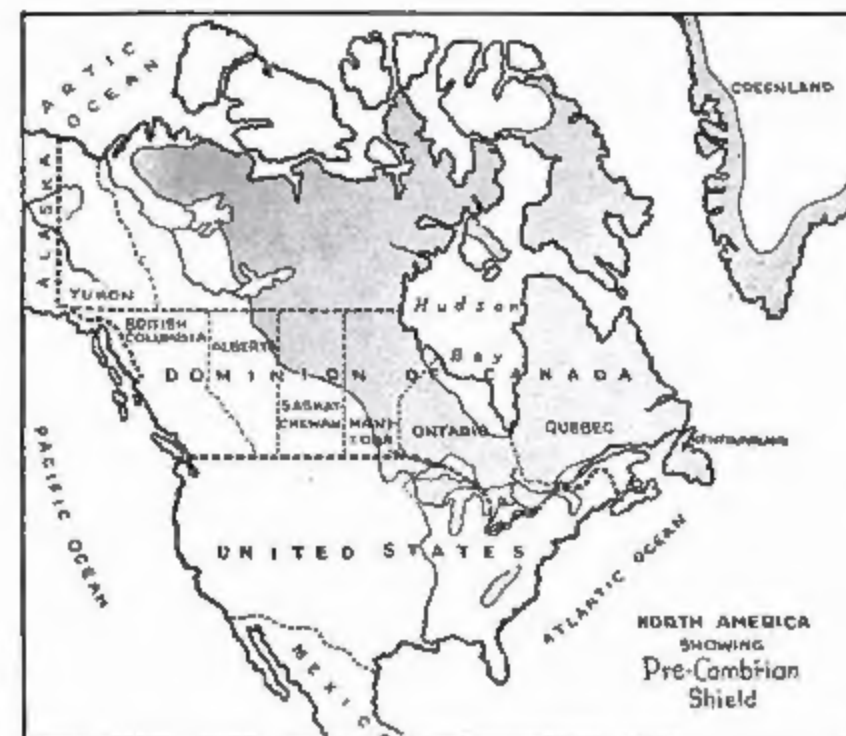
**Sinister Suggestion—**Her Father (to Sutor): "My daughter doesn't want to be tied to an idiot all her life."  
Sutor: "Just so, sir. Why not let me take her off your hands?"—Sydney Bulletin.

**New Approach—**"I say, old chap, didn't I borrow five dollars of you last week?"

"No, you didn't."  
"How careless of me. Could you let me have it now?"—Boston Transcript.

**Candid Indeed—**A western chain store is reported to have an advertisement as follows:  
"Apples, oranges, imported nuts, fruit cake. Come early and avoid the rush. The early bird gets the worm."—Outlook.

**Going Cheap—**Agent: "I'm representing Miss Violet Ray, who has written a true confession story which she will sell for twenty-five dollars."  
Editor: "What's the story called?"  
Agent: "How I bartered my soul for a million."—Life.



Shaded portion shows the extent of the Pre-Cambrian Shield in North America.

# The Great Pre-Cambrian Shield

## and its contribution to our National Heritage

It is doubtful if many readers of "MacLean's Magazine" have ever seen a sketch of the great Pre-Cambrian Shield, although it is daily becoming the dominating subject of interest among those who are watching Canada's development.

A very few years ago Canada was believed to be an agricultural country, broken in two by a barren waste lying north of Lake Superior. To-day it is realized that this barren and desolate stretch of country, which Sir William Van Horne described as two hundred miles of engineering impossibilities, is the centre of what is likely to become the world's richest store of minerals.

Note first the tip of this irregular shield which lies in the United States around Lake Superior, and consider the fact that this tip, which constitutes not more than 3% of the whole of this vast rock formation, has produced the iron and copper which for generations has been the foundation of the industrial life of the United States. The remaining 97% is in Canada and belongs to Canada.

In less than five years the whole conception of our

destiny as a nation will in all probability be changed by the unfolding of the possibilities of this 97%. There is ample evidence to-day that these possibilities are becoming realities, but public opinion has not yet begun to associate the great mining development to date with a vast related formation of which only the fringe has been scratched.

The Harvie organization, created by Dr. Robert Harvie, who for 16 years was associated with the Dominion Geological Survey, are dedicated to the view that the Canadian people must have a safeguarded opportunity to participate in the wealth that is flowing and will flow in increasing volume out of the mineral storehouses of this our Canada.

The first step necessary to the individual who would become interested in mining for the first time is knowledge, and for such individuals, literature dealing with various phases of this great subject has been prepared. This will be of interest not only to those who seek opportunities for investment, but those who are anxious to learn more about Canada. Both of these classes of people are welcome to any of our publications.

## HARVIE, SMITH & CO., LIMITED

616 Canada Cement Building, Montreal

Out of the experience gained through the association of a quarter of a century with mining operations—with the Quebec Bureau of Mines, the Dominion Geological Survey, and as President of the Harvie Mining Exploration Company, and Harvie, Smith & Company, Dr. Robert Harvie has prepared a booklet entitled, "Safeguarding the Canadian Mining Investor." Copies will be gladly furnished on request.





THE job of an editor who wants to be right up to the minute and whose magazine is printed a week or two ahead of publication date, is akin to that of a chameleon on a kaleidoscope. For instance, take the case of MacLean's, Herman Trelle and W. D. Albright. Mr. Trelle, of course, is the Peace River farmer who makes a habit of hopping down from the fastness of his acres and collecting world championships in the realms of wheat and oats. Mr. Albright, whose official vocation is that of superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Farms at Beaverlodge, Alberta, is MacLean's well-qualified biographer of Trelle. He lives twelve miles from the Trelle farm, has known him for thirteen years, and has several times inspected his grain for registration.

Mr. Albright sends us an all-embracing story of Mr. Trelle and his achievements. The matter is put into type. The type is put into a form. The form goes to press. Time, Tides and Presses wait for no man. And then Mr. Trelle says to himself: "Let me see, now. It must be six weeks since I won a championship." With that he hops down to Olds and wins sweepstakes on wheat and oats by a six-point margin, and a first on white potatoes. Then he runs up to Edmonton and collars more prizes at the seed fair there. Obviously the only way in which a magazine can present an up-to-the-minute record of Mr. Trelle's achievements is for Mr. Trelle to stop growing things for a while.

VICTOR LAURISTON, author of 'People Must Eat,' resides in Chatham, Ontario, and lives off the fruits of his pen.

J. A. McCulloch, who tells of the 'Flying Bluenose,' is a Toronto advertising man and journalist who recently spent some time on the Nova Scotian coast. He came out of the West, being well known in Calgary, Vancouver and the Cariboo. Mr. McCulloch has published one novel and threatens another some day.

Frank Miell, who wrote 'The Return Match,' has his mail addressed to Rocky Mountain House, which, according to the old timers there, is the oldest settled place in Alberta, having been a Hudson's Bay fort as long ago as 1802. Mr. Miell is municipal and school secretary-treasurer of the district, and writes fiction between spells of secretarialy, wandering over large sections of the country as a census-taker, and, as he puts it, 'farming a little.' In a recent letter Miell says: "One has to wander the more or less sylvan glades for seventeen miles before

## MACLEAN'S

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY  
On the First and Fifteenth of Each Month.

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editor.

GEORGE H. TYNDALL, Business Manager.

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Cover painted by L. Edwards.

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—Edwina Seton	

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arriving at the little log bungalow with the mountain view, known as the Home Sweet Homestead. There's always an outside chance of scaring up a moose in the fall, and a poor tired editor might even forget rejection slips in the peaceful atmosphere. Do you feel tempted? If so—

More than one author would like to see an editor in full cry down a sylvan glade with a moose after him.

AND once more our editorial contents are one hundred per cent. Canadian.

IN THE course of an article entitled 'Humble Pilchard Becomes a Blueblood,' published in MacLean's January 1 issue, the author, L. V. Kelly, declared that British Columbia canneries had attempted to make the pilchard edible, but had 'given up in disgust.' I have received from the Nootka Packing Company, Limited, of Nootka, Vancouver Island, a letter which states: "We might draw to your attention the fact that since the summer of 1917, almost ten years ago, this fish was canned and submitted to the market and found to be a great success as an edible food. Since that time the market has steadily increased to the extent that there are now being packed on this coast about 50,000 cases per year, and the demand is still becoming greater. To our knowledge, the pilchard has never been rejected as a palatable canned food."

MacLean's is glad to print the statement of the Nootka Packing Company. Mr. Kelly regrets overlooking the operations of this particular concern. In fairness to him it should be stated that he has submitted statements from other prominent packing companies, the experiences of which differ from those of the Nootka Company.

In a short story contest conducted by The Writer's Magazine, open to teachers of the United States and Canada, first prize was awarded to 'Yellow Clay,' written by R. B. Forsyth, of Calgary. When Mr. Forsyth entered his story in the contest, he also submitted it to MacLean's, and an acceptance from us reached him simultaneously with the announcement that he had taken the above-mentioned prize. 'Yellow Clay' is on its way back from A. C. Valentine, the illustrator, and will appear in the next issue of MacLean's.

*H. Napier Moore*

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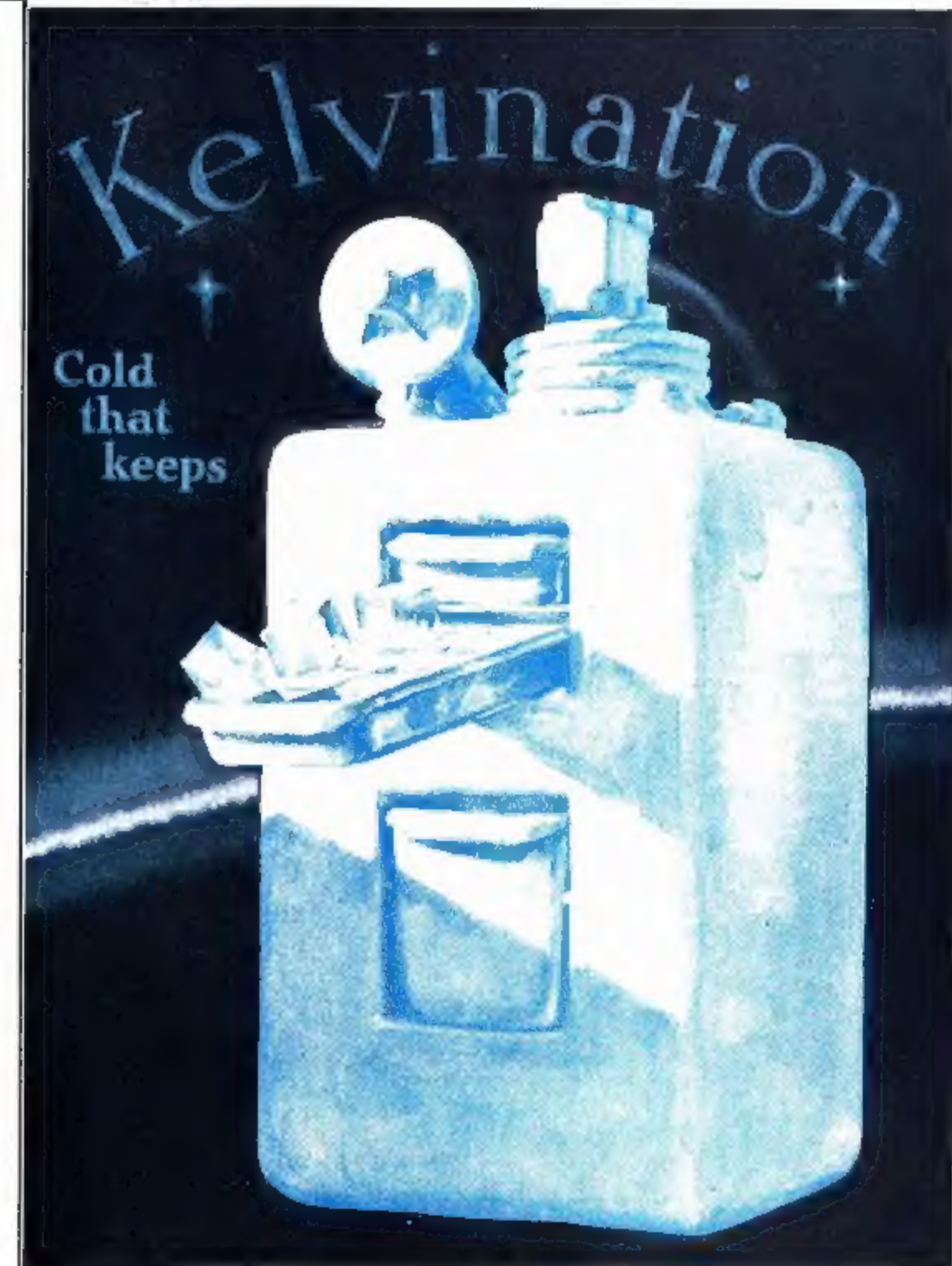
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